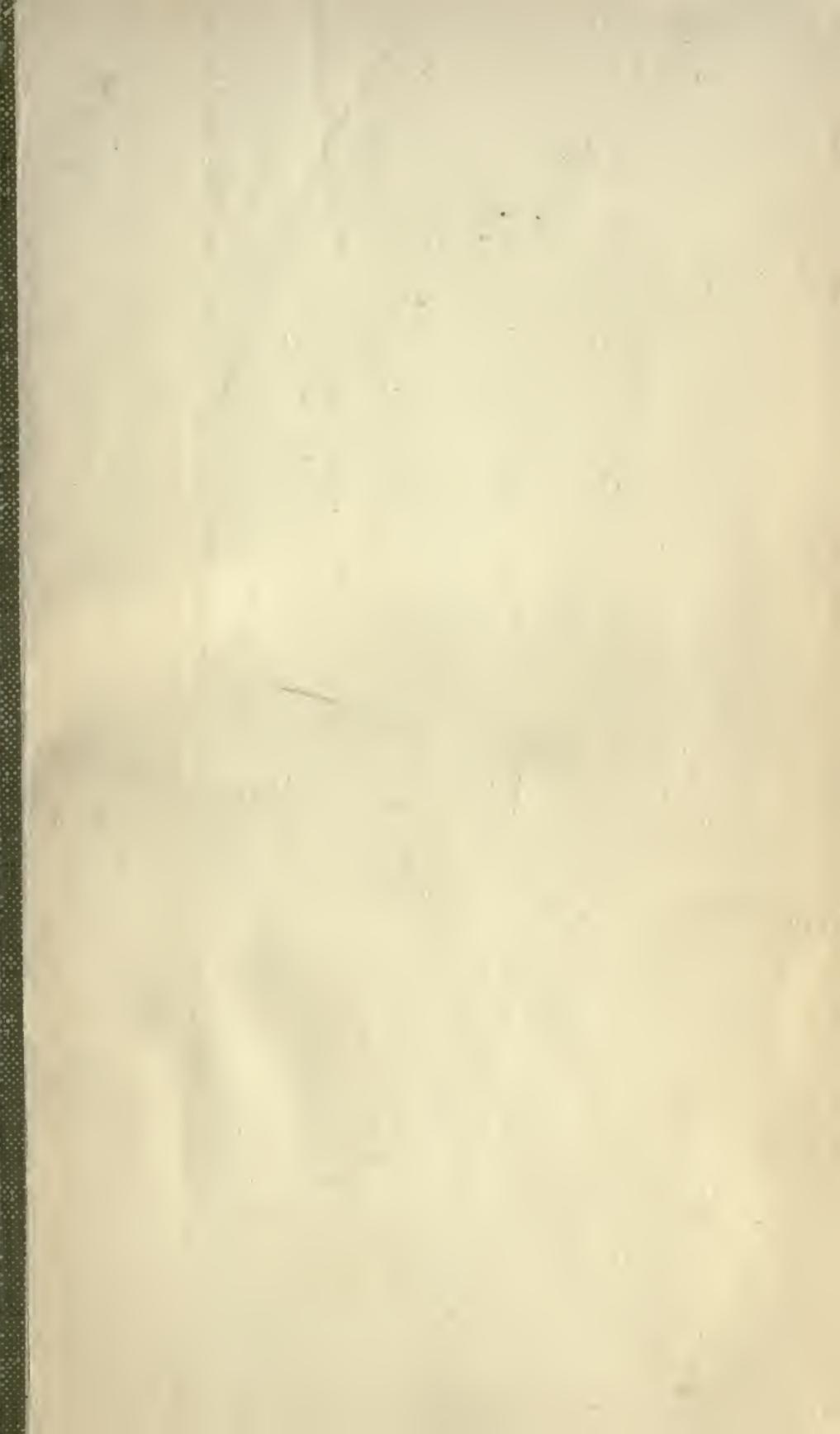
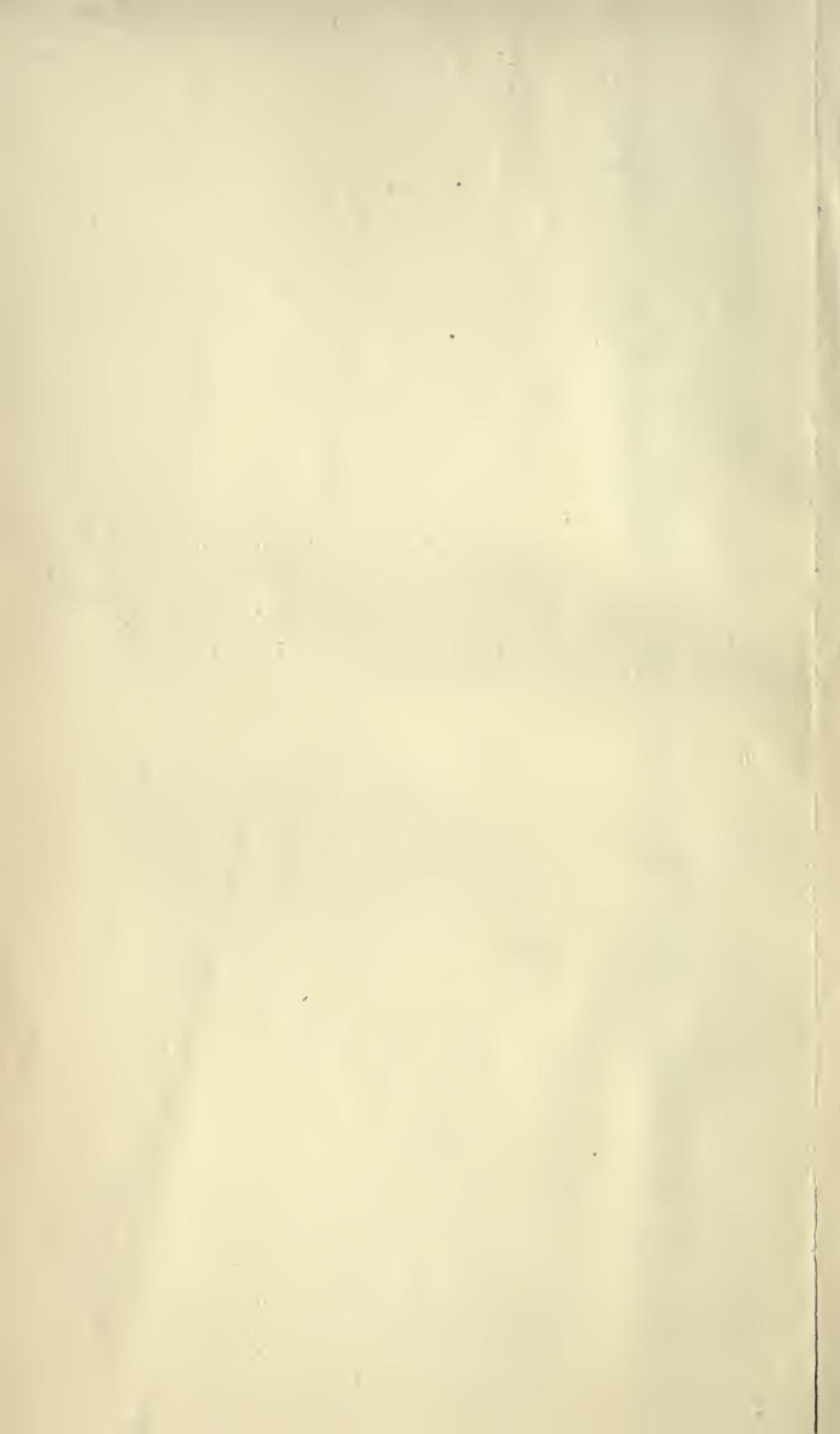


UNIVERSITY OF
EDINBURGH LIBRARY







CHAPMAN'S DRAMATIC WORKS.





THE COMEDIES AND TRAGE-
DIES OF GEORGE CHAPMAN
NOW FIRST COLLECTED WITH
ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND A
MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR IN
THREE VOLUMES

VOLUME THE FIRST



12044
25-15-11

LONDON

JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN

1873

PR

2441

S5

L873

V.1

ELECTRONIC VERSION
AVAILABLE

NO. B0200083
W7 - 367B



CONTENTS.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

MEMOIR OF GEORGE CHAPMAN.

THE BLINDE BEGGER OF ALEXANDRIA.

AN HUMEROUS DAYES MIRTH.

ALL FOOLES.

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

THE GENTLEMAN VSHER.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

BUSSY D'AMBOIS.

THE REVENGE OF BUSSY D'AMBOIS.

THE CONSPIRACIE AND TRAGEDIE OF CHARLES
DUKE OF BYRON.

MAY-DAY.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

THE WIDDOWES TEARES.

THE MASQUE OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, AND
LINCOLNS INNE.

THE TRAGEDY OF CÆSAR AND POMPEY.

THE TRAGEDY OF ALPHONSUS EMPEROUR OF
GERMANY.

REVENGE FOR HONOUR.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

INDEX.





1

Memoir of

GEORGE CHAPMAN

EN the long roll of illustrious names that have made the poetical literature of the reigns of Elizabeth and her two successors for ever memorable, the name of GEORGE CHAPMAN stands as one of the foremost. Keats has compared the first reading of his Homer to a new planet discovering itself to the gaze of a watcher of the skies; and it is the recorded opinion of Charles Lamb that of all the dramatists of that great age, Chapman approached the nearest to Shakespeare.

He resembles Shakespeare also in the very meagre and scanty details we possess concerning his life, which is one of the great blanks in the history of English literature. Even the diligent researches of students and antiquaries in our own time have yielded no satisfactory results. The very date and place of his birth are involved in uncertainty. There is a portrait of him prefixed to his Homer, which bears the legend "Georgius

Chapmanus Homeri Metaphrastes Æta. LVII. M. DC. XVI." This would seem to indicate 1559 as the year of his birth ; and as the portrait was issued under Chapman's own eyes, the inscription is in all probability accurate, though Wood (1) fixes the date two years earlier, *i.e.* in 1557.

The same writer hazards the conjecture that he may have belonged to the family of Chapmans of Stone-Castle, in Kent ; but there exists triple testimony pointing rather to the conclusion that Hertfordshire may have the honour of claiming him among her worthies, and that he was born near Hitchin in that county. That he lived there for a considerable time is, at least, beyond all possible question. William Browne, in his *Pastorals*, has the following passage :—

Then in a straine beyond an Oaten Quill

Mr. Chapman. The learned Shepheard of faire Hitching hill
Sung the heroicke deeds of *Greece* and *Troy*. (2)

What is still more decisive, Chapman himself alludes to this place in a poem entitled "Euthymiaæ Raptus, or the Teares of Peace," (3) where

1 *Athenæ Oxonienses.*

2 BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS. *The Second Booke.* Lond. 1616,
fol. 36.

3 Lond., 4to, 1609.

he introduces himself in a reverie, when the shade of Homer appears, and in answer to the Poet's inquiry :—

I am (sayd hee) that spirit *Elystan*
That (in thy natuie ayre ; and on the hill
Next *Hitchins* left hand) did thy bosome fill,
With such a flood of soule ; that thou wert faine
(With exclamations of her Rapture then)
To vent it, to the Echoes of the vale ;
When (meditating of me) a fweet gale
Brought me vpon thee ; and thou didst inherit
My true sence (for the time then) in my spirit ;
And I, inuisiblie, went prompting thee,
To those fayre Greenes, where thou didst english me.

The Hitchin Registers only commence with the year 1562, so we are unable to arrive at any facts relative to Chapman's parentage. There are, however, several entries relating to the families of John and Thomas Chapman, who were possibly the poet's brothers. In 1593, Aug. 5, was baptized George the son of John Chapman ; and from Easter, 1603, to Easter, 1605, the same John Chapman was one of the churchwardens, and has signed the Parish Registers in a bold and scholarly hand. In a "Survey of the King's Timber and Woods in Hertfordshire and Essex in 1608,"(4) and under the "Mañer de Hutchin" (Hitchin), is "Upon the Copyhold of Thomas

Chapman, in Longe Close 27 Saplings £.4. In Beerton closes 260 Elmes £.18, Fire wood £.35." This Thomas Chapman was probably a man of respectability and substance, for there is extant [Harleian MSS., No. 781, p. 28] a petition of his to Prince Charles in 1619, for the bailiwick of Hitchin, which he formerly held under the Exchequer Seal, but of which the Earl of Salisbury had deprived him. On Nov. 30 of the same year the claim was referred to the Commissioners of the Revenue of the Prince of Wales. The relationship, however, to the poet, is mere conjecture, as there is no positive proof of any facts connected with his family.(5) Mr. Hooper carefully examined the various heraldic visitations of Hertfordshire and Chauncy's History of that county, but was unable to discover any traces of him. It appears, however, that the Chapman family at one time held the Manor of Mardocks, a small manor on the Ash, between Ware-Side and Ifneye, in the parish of Stanstead Abbots. Sir Henry Chauncy says it derives its name from one Mardocks, to whom it formerly belonged. It passed by marriage from that family to the Chapmans, who held it from about the

5 See the Introduction to Chapman's *Odyssey*, by Richard Hooper, M.A. Lond., J. Russell Smith, 1857.

year 1420 to 1580, when Edward Chapman sold it.(6)

We proceed to give a brief description of the locality which probably gave birth to George Chapman, and which was, in any case, his constant and favourite place of residence. The Town of Hitchin, which gives name to the Hundred in which it is situated, lies in the northern part of the county, at the distance of thirty-four miles from London, on the road leading from thence through Hatfield, by Shefford, to Bedford. It occupies a low situation, and is surrounded on all sides, except the north, by rising grounds, which, towards the south-west, in the neighbourhood of Offley, have a considerable degree of elevation, and command an extensive prospect of this district. South of the Town springs a small rivulet called the Hiz, or Hicche, which from hence takes a northwardly course into Bedfordshire.(7)

That Chapman was educated at one or both of the universities, is certain. He spent some time at Oxford, and it is supposed, completed his studies at Cambridge. "In 1574, or thereabouts," says Wood, "he being well grounded in school-learning, was sent to the university, but

6 CUSSANS' *History of Hertfordshire*, p. 143.

7 CLUTTERBUCK'S *Hertfordshire*, III. 12.

whether first to this of Oxon., or that of Cambridge, is to me unknown: Sure I am that he spent some time in Oxon., where he was observed to be most excellent in the Latin and Greek tongues, but not in logic or philosophy, and therefore I presume that that was the reason why he took no degree here." Warton corroborates this statement in his History of English Poetry, where he says that Chapman "passed two years at Trinity College, Oxford, with a contempt of philosophy, but in close attention to the Greek and Roman classics."

From the time of his leaving the University to his first appearance as an author in(8) 1594, we are left entirely in the dark as to his proceedings. For reasons that will appear in the sequel, it seems not improbable that he travelled for some time in France and Germany, and perhaps also in Italy.

At what precise period he settled himself in London, among the circle of the wits and poets, cannot be determined. But it was at the

8 The earliest extant publication that bears his name is entitled :

" *Σκια νυκτὸς.* The Shadow of Night: Containing Two Poetical Hymnes Deuised by *G. C. Gent.* At London: Printed by *R. F.* for *William Ponsonby*, 1594."

extreme end of the sixteenth century, and Chapman was rapidly approaching his fortieth year, when he began to apply himself steadily as a writer for the stage, which then offered the only certain means of subsistence to men of genius, who had chosen literature as a profession. Some entries in Henlowe's Diary would lead us to the conclusion that the earliest plays of Chapman though acted, remained in manuscript ; and the high eulogium which Meres bestows on him both as a comic and tragic writer so early as 1598, seems to corroborate this idea.

It was in that very year that his earliest extant play, the comedy of *The Blinde Begger of Alexandria*, was published, though it had been produced on the stage some two years previously.

Of this comedy we have already, in our Notes and Illustrations expressed some opinion : the construction of the plot is weak and puerile, and the characters, if we except the central one, are feebly drawn and sustained. Worthless as a dramatic performance, it is, however, redeemed by a few of those fine outbursts of poetry, which are so conspicuous and frequent in Chapman's later and better work. Here are two or three touches that are quite Shakesperian :—

Though my years would have me old I am not,
 But have the gentle jerk of youth in me,
 As fresh as he that hath a maiden's chin.

Delicious love

Hath been the fig I eat before this wine,
 Which kills the taste of these delicious cates.

Head-tires enchased in order like the stars,
 With perfect great and fine-cut precious stones,
 One hath bright Ariadne's crown in it,
 Even in the figure it prefents in heaven,
 Another hath the fingers of Diana,
 And Berenice's ever-burning hair,
 Another hath the bright Andromeda
 With both her silver wrists bound to a rock
 And Perseus that did loose her and save her life
 All set in number and in perfect form
 Even like the asterisms fixt in heaven
 And even as you may see in moonshine nights,
 The moon and stars reflecting on their streams.

An Humerous Dayes Myrth, published in 1599, is a nearer approach to life and nature. The characters have more reality and the incidents more probability, but except in Dowfecer's apostrophe to Cicero, the play is singularly devoid of poetical passages.

For the next six years we may suppose our author to have been too busily employed with his Homer and other works to write anything for the stage.

The return of Chapman to his dramatic walk in 1605 was singularly inauspicious for him.

Since the publication of his second play, Elizabeth had died, and been succeeded by James I., whose susceptibilities on behalf of the Scottish portion of his subjects, Chapman was unfortunate enough to offend. In this year he produced in conjunction with Ben Jonson and Marston the comedy of *Eastward Hoe*. Certain reflections which this play contained upon the Scots nation appear to have irritated the new monarch, and the three authors were consigned to temporary durance in the Fleet Prison, where they narrowly escaped having their ears and noses slit. The King's rage, however, soon mollified ; he seems to have been an admirer of Chapman's talents, and Chapman was a *protégé* of Henry Prince of Wales. At any rate the three poets did not remain long in prison ; but were speedily released.

Jonson disclaimed to Drummond having anything to do with the offensive passage, but asserted that "Chapman and Marston had written it amongst them," having, however, had a share in the play, from a high sense of honour, he *voluntarily* accompanied his friends to prison.

Chapman's next play *All Fools* (1605) showed a remarkable step-in-advance. The appropriateness of its title consists in the deception which each character of the piece practises on the rest, until every one, in his turn has been gulled.

This comedy may, on the whole, be pronounced an excellent one. The characters in general are well sustained ; the dialogue is spirited ; and the incidents interesting and agreeable : added to which, the versification is rich and musical, and many passages of considerable poetical merit are scattered over it. The talents of Chapman nowhere appear to so great advantage. (9)

The Prologue and Epilogue to this play (written in blank verse) shew that in those days, persons of quality and those that thought themselves judges of wit, instead of sitting in boxes as now in use, sat on the stage.

The Gentleman Usher followed in 1606. The character of Baffalio, whose folly and half-witted jokes run through the whole, is amusing. He gives the name to the play. It is in this tragicomedy, too, that a fanciful ceremony of marriage is performed by two lovers, whose relatives deny a more legal celebration. The lady's reasons, perhaps, are not of the soundest kind ; but the vows of each have a great deal of tenderness and beauty. In the speech of Strozza to Cynanche, Chapman redeems himself by his eloquent eulogy of a good wife from the disgrace of having written *The Widow's Tears.* (10)

9 See *Retrospective Review* (1822), v. 315, 316.

10 *Retrospective Review, ubi supra*, pp. 330, 331.

In the same year (1606) appeared the Comedy of *Monsieur D'Olive*, which Hazlitt has praised in the highest terms. The glowing eulogy of Tobacco which it contains (11) would probably have offended the royal author of the *Counterblast*, had he seen it, even more than the objectionable passage against the Scots in *Eastward Hoe*.

Leaving the Comedies for the present, we now approach the consideration of a group of four historical Tragedies, which are among the finest and most characteristic of Chapman's works. They cover an interesting and eventful period of French history, the transactions of which had passed within the author's living memory—the same period as that comprised in the epic poem of Voltaire.

This series consists of *Bussy D'Ambois*, *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*, and *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron*.

Bussy D'Ambois first appeared in 1607, but was afterwards materially altered and enlarged, though the amended text was not published till some years after the author's death. The sequel to this tragedy, *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*, did not see the light till 1613; but in order to

present these four plays in their proper sequence, we have departed in this one instance from the chronological arrangement otherwise uniformly adhered to.

The plots of these four plays are mainly derived from Thuanus, Jean de Serres and Mezeray; but the filling up is entirely Chapman's own. Respecting *Bussy D'Ambois* opinions are very conflicting. Some critics have thought it the best, and others perhaps the worst of Chapman's Plays. We shall reproduce the dicta of various writers concerning it with entire impartiality, and then leave the reader to decide for himself. Of these Dryden leads the way; though to hear Dryden rebuking dramatic bombast forcibly reminds one of Satan reproving sin.

“I have sometimes wondered,” he says, “in the reading, what was become of those glaring colours which amazed me in *Bussy D'Ambois* upon the theatre; but when I had taken up what I supposed a fallen star, I found I had been cozened with a jelly; nothing but a cold, dull mass, which glittered no longer than it was shooting; a dwarfish thought, dressed up in gigantic words, repetition in abundance, looseness of expression, and gross hyperbole; the sense of one line expanded prodigiously into ten; and, to sum up all, incorrect English, and a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense; or, at best, a scantling of wit, which lay gasping for life, and groaning beneath a

heap of rubbish. A famous modern poet used to sacrifice every year a Statius to Virgil's manes ; and I have indignation enough to burn a D'Ambois annually to the memory of Jonson.” (12)

To which his editor, Sir Walter Scott, adds in a note.

“If Dryden could have exhausted every copy of this bombast performance in one holocaust, the public would have been no great losers.”

“I know not,” says old Gerard Langbaine, “how Mr. Dryden come to be so possest with indignation against this play, as to reslove to burn one annually to the memory of Ben Jonson : but I know very well that there are some who allow it a just commendation.” (13)

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, a very questionable figure in literature, Mr. Tom. D'Urfey, best known as an indefatigable writer of lewd songs, thought fit to revive and revise this play, and thoroughly succeeded in eliminating all its beauties, or burying them under rubbish-heaps of his own addition. This ingenious individual wrote as follows in his Dedication to the Earl of Carlisle :—

“About sixteen years since, when first my good or ill stars ordained me a knight errant in this fairyland of poetry, I saw the Buffe D'Ambois of Mr. Chapman acted by Mr. Hart, which in spite of the obsolete Phrases and

(12) Dryden's Epistle Dedicatory to the Spanish Fryar, 1682.

(13) An Account of the English Dramatick Poets, by Gerard Langbaine, Oxford, 1691, p. 58.

intolerable Fustian, with which a great part of it was cramm'd, had some extraordinary beauties, which sensibly charmed me ; which being improved by the graceful action of that eternally renowned and best of actors, so attracted not only me, but the town in general, that they were obliged to pass by and excuse the gross errors in the writing, and allow it amongst the rank of the topping tragedies of that time.

“ For a long time it lay buried in Mr. Hart’s grave, who indeed only could do that noble character Justice, till not willing to have it quite lost I presumed to revise it, and writ the plot new, mending the character of *Tamira*, whom Mr. Chapman had drawn quite otherwise, he making her lewd, only for the sake of lewdness,” (14) &c.

Hazlitt, in the few pages devoted to the consideration of Chapman’s Plays, in his *Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*, says :—

“ His *Buffy D’Ambois*, though not without interest or some fancy, is rather a collection of apophthegms or pointed sayings in the form of a dialogue, than a poem or tragedy. In his verses the oracles have not ceased. Every other line is an axiom in morals—a libel on mankind, if truth is a libel. He is too stately for a wit, in his serious writings—too formal for a poet. *Buffy d’ Ambois* is founded on a French plot and French manners. The character, from which it derives its name, is arrogant and ostentatious to an unheard-of degree, but full of nobleness

(14) *Buffy D’Ambois, or the Husband’s Revenge, a Tragedy. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal. Newly Revised by Mr. D’Urfey.* London, Printed for R. Bently in Covent Garden, &c. 1691, pp. 50.

and lofty spirit. His pride and unmeasured pretensions alone take away from his real merit ; and by the quarrels and intrigues in which they involve him, bring about the catastrophe, which has considerable grandeur and imposing effect in the manner of Seneca. Our author aims at the highest things in poetry, and tries in vain, wanting imagination and passion, to fill up the epic moulds of tragedy with sense and reason alone—so that he often runs into bombast and turgidity—is extravagant and pedantic at one and the same time. From the nature of the plot, which turns upon a love-intrigue, much of the philosophy of this piece relates to the character of the sex. Old Chapman professes to have found the clue to it, and winds his uncouth way through all the labyrinth of love. The close intrigues of court policy, the subtle workings of the human soul, move before him like a sea dark, deep, and glittering with wrinkles for the smile of beauty.”

The latest and most appreciative critic of our author's plays writes as follows :—

“ *Bussy D'Ambois*, the earliest tragedy on the list of Chapman's plays, has usually been considered the best, and, on the whole, perhaps deservedly so. It is an exhibition and a description of the exploits of the hero whose name it bears, weaved together with very little art, and, as a whole, with no great effect. The sudden rise, the extraordinary character, the bold bravadoings, the duel, the intrigue, and the death of this swaggering person, form the subject of the play ; and though there is no general plot by which they are connected together, yet some of the scenes, taken separately, are the works of no vulgar hand.” (15)

The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois is chiefly

remarkable for the weighty sayings and eloquent speeches of Clermont D'Ambois, the hero, enforced by learned illustration and by poetical imagery of the highest order. Such passages are more frequent perhaps in this play than in any other of Chapman's. The original is of such extraordinary rarity that the writer in the Retrospective Review had been unable to see a copy.

The two plays entitled *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron* appeared together in 1608, and were reprinted during the author's lifetime, with some emendations and revisions, in 1625. Speaking generally we have found the earlier edition the more correct of the two, but a careful collation of both has enabled us to correct a few errors in it. A writer in the Edinburgh Review considers these two plays the most characteristic instance of Chapman's manner, and the latter of them, the finest tragic composition he has left. (16) "They are noble poems," says Mr. Collier, "full of fine thoughts, and rich in diversity and strength of expression. As pieces intended for the stage, they perhaps want action and variety." (17) Upon the first of these two pieces Shelley has stamped the hall-mark of the highest

(16) April 1841 § ART. "Beaumont and Fletcher, and their Contemporaries," p. 227.

(17) History of Dramatic Poetry, III. 258.

modern approbation by taking four lines towards the close of the third act of *Byron's Conspiracy* as the motto to his *Revolt of Islam*.

Respecting the representation of these two tragedies a curious anecdote has been preserved, which Mr. Collier thus relates:—

George Chapman had written two plays upon the conspiracy and execution of the Duke of Biron, containing, in the shape in which they were originally produced on the stage, such matter that M. Beaumont, the representative of the King of France in London, thought it necessary to remonstrate against the repetition, and the performance of it was prohibited: as soon, however, as the court had quitted London, the King's players persisted in acting it; in consequence of which three of the parties were arrested (their names are not given); but the author made his escape. "Looking through the two printed editions," adds Mr. Collier, "we are at a loss to discover anything, beyond the historical incidents, which could have given offence; (18) but the truth certainly is, that all the objectionable portions were omitted in the press: there can be no doubt, on the authority of the despatch from the French Ambassador to his court, that one of the dramas originally contained a scene in which the Queen of France and Mademoiselle Verneuil were introduced, the former, after having abused her, giving the latter a box on the ear." (19)

(18) Certainly, as far as the printed text goes, Henry IV. could have had no reason to feel otherwise than flattered by the kingly and heroic portraiture of his character and the wise utterances attributed to him.

(19) Collier's Life of Shakespeare, pp. 176—177. See also Von Raumer's History of the 16th and 17th Centuries (translated by the

These plays are also remarkable as introducing our own Queen Elizabeth upon the scene.

Chapman's next two pieces were comedies. *May Day* appeared in 1611; and *The Widow's Tears* in 1612.

“The latter,” says the writer in the *Retrospective Review*, “is a comedy founded upon the traditional faithlessness of the Widow of Ephesus. It contains two actions, both of which are intended to display the small dependence to be placed upon the durable nature of a wife's affection for her deceased lord. The subject is treated in a disgusting manner, though with considerable dramatic power, inasmuch as the most unworthy motives are assigned for the easiness with which both the widows in the play replace their loss.”—*Ret. Rev.*, vol. v., p. 322.

“Chapman,” says Schlegel (*Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*), “has handled the well-known story of the Ephesian matron, under the title of *The Widow's Tears*, not without comic talent.”

In the beginning of the year 1613, the nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth with the Palsgrave called forth the voice of public rejoicing, and the societies of Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Tem-

Earl of Ellesmere), II. 219, where the following extract is given from the French Ambassador's despatch :—

“April 5, 1605. I caused certain players to be forbid from acting the History of the Duke of Biron : when, however, they saw that the whole court had left town, they persisted in acting it ; nay, they brought upon the stage the Queen of France and Mademoiselle Verneuil. The former, having first accosted the latter with very hard words, gave her a box on the ear. At my suit three of them were arrested ; but the principal person, the author, escaped.”

ple resolved to shew their loyalty, their munificence, and their magnificence by exhibiting a most splendid masque on the occasion at Whitehall. It appears from Dugdale's *Origines Judiciales*, that the expense incurred by the societies on this occasion amounted to the then enormous sum of £1,086 : 8 : 11. Chapman was employed for the poetry, and Inigo Jones for the machinery.

Mr. Payne Collier has a copy of Chapman's Masque, corrected by the poet in his own hand ; but the errors are few, and not very important.

Respecting the merits of this little piece, it is sufficient to quote the implied praise of Ben Jonson, who told Drummond, in his pregnant way, that "next himself, only Fletcher and Chapman could make a Mask."

The long catalogue of Chapman's voluminous publications makes it sufficiently clear that for many years after this he was occupied with classical translations (with the completion of his Homer, with his Hesiod, Juvenal, Musæus, Petrarch) and other works. He had for some years past felt himself

"Markt with Age for Aimes of greater weight"

than to make nothing but merriment for idle playgoers. For eighteen years nearly after the publication of his Masque, no new dramatic piece of his appeared, until the publication of his *Cæsar*

and *Pompey* (written it would appear a long time previously), which was the only play of his never produced on the stage. This tragedy appeared in 1631, (20) and was the last work of Chapman published in his lifetime. The story may be found in Lucan, with whose genius that of Chapman was somewhat akin, and whose *Pharsalia* had recently been familiarised to English readers by the versions of Sir Arthur Gorges and Thomas May.

“In different plays,” says the writer in the *Retrospective Review* (21), “it has sometimes happened, that he has never once hit on the happy vein, but raved on, from prologue to epilogue, without a single moment of true inspiration. We may safely assert this of the *Cæsar and Pompey*.”

It did not appear so to Charles Lamb, who, in his *Specimens*, has extracted some fifty lines from this play, which the beautiful *simile* of the bees alone should have rescued from so sweeping a condemnation. But the lofty contemplations and serene philosophy of Cato, in his noble preference of death to dishonour and slavery, run like a vein of gold through the whole, very different

(20) The play under the same title, published in 1607, and often confounded with this, is an entirely different work by another hand.

(21) IV. 380—381.

from the tame and frigid performance that Addison produced a century later.

"At length," says Wood, "this most eminent and reverend poet having lived seventy-seven (22) years in this vain and transitory world, made his last exit in the parish of S. Giles's in the Fields near London, on the twelfth day of May, in sixteen hundred and thirty-four, and was buried in the yard on the south-side of the church of S. Giles. Soon after was a monument erected over his grave, built after the way of the old Romans by the care and charge of his most beloved friend Inigo Jones before mentioned: whereon is this engraven, Georgius Chapmannus, poeta Homericus, Philosophus verus etsi Christianus poeta plusquam celebris, &c." (23)

22 We should read *seventy-five*, if, as seems probable, Wood has antedated Chapman's birth by two years.

23 Inigo Jones's monument to Chapman is still standing; the inscription (which had been effaced by time and was some years since imperfectly, at least as regards the date, recut) does not tally with that given by Wood, but runs thus:—

GEORGIUS CHAPMAN
POËTA
M D C X X (*sic*)
IGNATIUS JONES
ARCHITECTUS REGIUS
OB HONOREM
BONARUM LITERARUM
FAMILIARI
SUO HOC MON:
D.S.P.F.C.

Habington in his *Castara* (1635), alluding to the poet's burial *outside* the church, laments

There had been an intimate friendship between Chapman and the celebrated restorer of Grecian palaces. The poet had not only alluded to him in his *Masque* as “our Kingdomeſ most Artfull and Ingenious Architect,” but to Inigo he inscribes his translation of *Musæus*. In truth, Chapman, though he appears to have lived and died in comparative poverty and obscurity, seems from first to last, to have always been surrounded by worthy and influential friends. Among these — besides Inigo Jones — stand out conspicuous Carr, Earl of Somerset (to whom the brave old poet adhered in disgrace as well as prosperity), Henry Prince of Wales, by whose premature death Chapman probably suffered considerably in his fortunes, Sir Thomas Walsingham, Lord Bacon, and the Earl of Middlesex. He was probably acquainted with Shakespeare, of whom he was five years the senior and whom he survived for nearly

“ that Chapman’s reverend ashes must
Lye rudely mingled with the vulgar dust,
Cause carefull heires the wealthy onely have ;
To build a glorious trouble o’re the grave :
Yet doe I not despaire, some one may be
So serioufly devout to Poesie
As to translate his reliques, and find roome
In the warme Churc[h], to build him up a tombe.” —

Castara [by William Habington] *Second Edition, Corrected and Augmented.* Lond. 1635, p. 59.

twenty years. With his other chief dramatic contemporaries—with Jonson, Marston, Webster, and Shirley—we have ample evidence that he was on the friendliest terms. Webster in his Address to the Reader prefixed to his *White Devil*, speaks admiringly of “that full and heightened style of Master Chapman;” Shirley, as we shall see, was content on two occasions to enter the lists “under cover of the greater Ajax;” and rare Ben Jonson not only took him into dramatic partnership and exchanged encomiastic verses with him, but on one occasion voluntarily shared his imprisonment, and told Drummond, of Hawthornden, that he loved Chapman.

Whether he was a husband, or a father—of anything but the offspring of his brain—we are unable to discover. There are two portraits of him, one in his fifty-seventh year, prefixed to his *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in 1612, and a much better one by William Pals, on the engraved title to his *Hymns of Homer*, published some years later. (24) The latter is very spirited and called forth Coleridge’s admiration. It represents Chapman as an elderly man, with a bald forehead and very full beard

(24) By comparing this little undated volume with other books by the same printer, Mr. Singer arrived at the conclusion that it must have been published after 1624.

and whiskers. Wood's description tallies with this:

“He was a person of most reverend aspect, religious and temperate, qualities rarely meeting in a poet.”

“The truth is,” says Warton, “he does not seem to have mingled in the dissipations and indiscretions which then marked his profession.”

“Chapman,” says Oldys, “was much resorted to latterly by young persons of parts as a poetical chronicle; but was very choice who he admitted to him, and preserved in his own person the dignity of Poetry, which he compared to a flower of the sun, that disdains to open its leaves to the eye of a smoking taper.”

In 1639 two plays appeared, written by Chapman in conjunction with Shirley, *The Ball, a Comedie*, and *The Tragedie of Chabot, Admirall of France*.

“*The Ball* was licensed November 16, 1632, and printed in 1639, as the joint production of Chapman and Shirley In Sir Henry Herbert's office-book is the following entry: ‘18 Nov. 1632. In the play of *The Ball*, written by Sherley, and acted by the Queen's players, ther were divers personated so naturally, both of lords and others of the court, that I took it ill, and would have forbidden the play, but that Biston promisste many things which I found faulte withall should be left out, and that he would not suffer it to be done by the poett any more, who deserves to be punisht; and the first that offends in this kind, of poets or players, shall be sure of publique punishment.’ The title-page of the printed copy, in which the more obnoxious personalities were doubtless omitted, attributes a part of this play to Chapman's pen: it will be remarked, however, that in the preceeding entry Sir Henry makes no

mention of that author. Judging from internal evidence, I should say, that THE BALL was almost entirely the composition of Shirley ; but Mr. Gifford assigns the largest portion of it to his coadjutor.” (25)

“In the fine and eloquent tragedy of Chabot,” says a writer in the Quarterly Review, “the obscurity of Chapman’s manner, the hardness of which his contemporaries called his ‘full and heightened style,’ is greatly increased by the incorrectness of the press. It is very difficult to assign any part of it to Shirley ; even the comic scenes are more in Chapman’s close and pregnant manner than in the light and airy style of Shirley.” (26)

“Nearly the whole of this tragedy,” says Mr. Dyce, “is evidently from Chapman’s pen ; and though containing some scenes of considerable merit, it cannot be ranked among his finest compositions for the theatre. While the present age may have over-rated his translations of the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the Homeric Hymns, it certainly has not done justice to the original and deep-thoughted plays of Chapman.” (27)

“Chapman,” says Gifford, “seems to have written so large a portion of it, that I thought it scarcely admissible in a collection of Shirley’s Works.”

In 1654, twenty years after his death, two posthumous tragedies of Chapman appeared, entitled *Revenge for Honour* and *Alphonsus Emperor of Germany*. Some observations on the latter by a recent German critic are too valuable not to be included in this place :—

(25) DYCE’s *Account of Shirley*, xix.

(26) *Qy. Rev.*, Vol. XLIX. p. 29.

(27) *Account of Shirley and his Writings*, xxxii.

“ The plot of this tragedy is founded on the competition of Alphonsus of Castile and Richard of Cornwall for the Imperial crown in the thirteenth century. According to the poet, Alphonsus occupies the throne and holds the government of Germany till, in return for his barbarous tyranny and his numerous crimes, he is as barbarously murdered, and Richard installed as his successor. This certainly is not in accordance with the well-known historical facts, for king Alphonsus never was in Germany, nor did he commit the crimes imputed to him. In every other respect, however, Chapman displays a wonderfully accurate knowledge of the political organization of the German Empire, and his play is full of details which vividly pourtray the public and domestic life of Germany. Of course the German manners and customs which he describes are not those of the thirteenth century, but those of his own time. Chapman perfectly knows all the electors with their privileges and duties ; he tells his readers how a German boy is made ‘wehrhaftig,’ *i. e.* in what manner he receives the permission to bear arms ; he describes the execution of the Jews, common in Germany, with as much distinctness as if he had witnessed it ; he characterises the Rhine with epithets which likewise look as if proceeding from personal knowledge ; he is conversant with German dances, German wines, and German proverbs.

“ Chapman’s knowledge of German manners is equalled by his knowledge of the German language. He has introduced a character who professes not to understand English, but throughout the whole play speaks German. This is princess Hedewick, daughter to the Duke of Saxony, who is courted by the prince of Wales and becomes his wife.

“ The English speeches of the other characters of the piece are also plentifully interspersed with German expressions and phrases, such as: *wehrhaftig* ; *a plumper bower* ;

what, *bistu* more than a damn'd murderer ; *hüpsch bowr-malkins* ; *schincken* ; *spiel* fresh up and lass uns rommer dantzen ; *leffel morgen* ; *'Sgelt bowr* ; *Sam Got* ; travants. To this must be added, that, in order to give his play a local colouring, Chapman has introduced the German proper names not in their English, but in their original forms, for instance, *Dutchland* ; *Pomerland* ; *Saxon* and *Bohem* alternately with *Saxony* and *Bohemia* ; *Brunschweig*, *Rhein*, *Churfursts*, &c. For the same reason he has adopted the form *bowr* instead of 'boor,' which comes as near as can be to the German 'bawr ;' the usual form 'boor' only occurs once in the play, and in the list of the *dramatis personæ*, which latter very likely did not proceed from the author's own pen.

"The question now presents itself from what sources Chapman derived this extensive and remarkably correct knowledge of the political state, the manners, and language of Germany. In his Epistle to the Reader prefixed to his *Iliad* Chapman speaks of French and Italian translations of Homer in a manner which shows him to have been conversant with both these tongues ; no mention however, is or could be made of German, as into this language Homer was not introduced until nearly two centuries later. The passage, therefore, is not conclusive as to the extent of the poet's linguistic attainments. Chapman may have read Ascham's *Report and Discourse of the Affaires and State of Germany* (1570), the *Estate of the Germaine Empire with the Description of Germanie* (1595), and the English translation of the *Golden Bull* (1619) ; he may have been beholden for some information about Germany to Tom Coryat's *Crudities* (1611), and Fynes Morysons *Travels* (1617) ; he may even have had access to some more ponderous Latin works, which it is scarcely worth while to investigate. Yet all

these books, although they would have acquainted him with the political state of Germany, were little calculated to impart to him that wonderful knowledge of its domestic life and language, a knowledge which could hardly be gathered from any books at all.

“There is ample room between his leaving the university without a degree, in 1576—1578, and his first acknowledged publication in 1594, even for a lengthened stay in Germany. But however strongly the truth and colouring, of his descriptions seem to plead for such a hypothesis, it will scarcely find favour while a less bold way of explanation offers itself. Chapman, we know, moved in the sphere of the court and probably was even attached to it in some official capacity. He was honoured with the patronage of Prince Henry (died Nov. 1612), to whom he dedicated his *Iliad*. By this circumstance we are led to the belief that he associated with the German retinue of the Palsgrave, who arrived in London in October 1612. He wrote one of the Masks for the Palsgrave’s marriage which, as usual, is replete with mythology and allegory, but does not contain the slightest allusion to Germany. The Palsgrave seems to have taken great interest in theatrical amusements, for after Prince Henry’s death he forthwith took his servants into his own retinue, whilst Lady Elizabeth had—at least in name—a company of her own. It is very natural that both the German immigrants in London and those English actors who had visited Germany should have endeavoured to offer their homage to the Palsgrave and to obtain his favour. I do not see, why Chapman may not have joined the courtiers in doing the honours to their German guests; nay, I even incline to the belief that some years later he became acquainted with Rodolphe Weckherlin, the German poet, who, as before mentioned, held a post in the German chancery and subsequently

acted as secretary to several distinguished noblemen in London.

“I own that these are mere guesses, the more unsatisfactory as, even if such an intercourse be taken for granted, it would hardly be a sufficient explanation for so intimate a knowledge of German. We must go one step farther and conclude that in the composition of this tragedy Chapman was assisted by a German literary friend or one of the English comedians who had stayed and performed in Germany. That he was no stranger to the general custom of contemporary authors of joining in literary partnership, is shown by his comedy *Eastward Hoe*, which he wrote conjointly with Ben Jonson and Marston (1605). This supposition would go far to clear away all difficulties and even to account for the Germanisms. No reader of the play, I trust, will object, that the German speeches and allusions might be due to some posthumous hack, who after the author’s death remodelled his work and again brought it on the stage; for these German elements are so inseparably blended with the plot and character of the tragedy that they must necessarily be considered of simultaneous growth with the piece itself. Besides, the play is written throughout in Chapman’s well-known manner, and no critic has doubted its authenticity. We are therefore driven to the alternative, either of supposing Chapman to have been in Germany or of allowing him a German partner.

“In our opinion,” continues this ingenious critic, “the tragedy of *Alphonsus* was one of the latest works of its author, and in all probability was not written before 1622, if not later. It could not possibly have been written before 1620, if, as I strongly suspect, the poet owed part of his acquaintance with German politics to the English translation of the *Golden Bull* which appeared in 1619,

the same year in which Ferdinand ascended the throne. We thus arrive at the same conclusion which the anonymous writer in the *Retrospective Review* has drawn from internal evidence."

"In the two plays," he says, "printed after the author's death, *Revenge for Honour*, and *Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany*, there is considerable intricacy of plan, but entirely divested of the poetry with which the other plays are adorned. It seems as if these plays had been written in the old age of the author, when the fire of his imagination had cooled and left him calm and collected for the arrangement of the business and incidents of the drama." "From the *Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany*, he continues something good might be gleaned, had we room for it; as, for instance, the feigned madness of the Emperor, and the struggle between Edward and his aunt Isabella, which should be the first put to death, "straining courtesy at a bitter feast," as the villainous Alphonsus calls it. But, on the whole, the play is a bloody and clumsy production, and, as we before observed of it and the *Revenge for Honour*, entirely divested of the descriptive and didactic poetry which so often graces most of the others."

There seems to be one more internal argument, overlooked hitherto, which justifies us in assigning a later date to this tragedy. It is a well-known fact, that learned poets, among whom Chapman must no doubt be reckoned, in their riper age are apt to adopt some orthographical, metrical, or syntactic peculiarities, by which they imagine to improve the language. A mannerism of this kind is discernible in the tragedy of *Alphonsus*, where the archaic dissolution of the final *ion* and of similar terminations in the end (sometimes even in the body) of the line is intentionally and almost religiously observed. This dissolution

tion certainly occurs also in the poet's earlier plays, for instance in *Buffy d'Ambois* and in *Monsieur d'Olive* as well as in Shakespeare and most of his contemporaries, but only exceptionally and not as a studied revival. It may be added, that the frequent display of classical learning also seems more indicative of an old than a younger poet. (28)

The tragedy of *Revenge for Honour* is not nearly so barren of poetical passages as the writer in the *Retrospective Review* would seem to insinuate: in the fourth and fifth acts especially, there are some sweet and noble lines. Last in order of publication, this posthumous play, as far as interest of plot and variety of character are concerned, ranks first in order of merit of all Chapman's dramatic compositions. The wisdom and affectionate nature of Almanzor, diverted from their proper course by the crafty innuendoes of Mura, the generous, fervid nature of Abilqualit, the faithful counsels of Tarifa, the base ingratitude and cunning intrigues of Abrahen, against his elder brother, the yielding softness of Caropia, and the good-humoured *bonhomie* of Selinthus, with his uncontrollable *penchant* for the fair sex, are all well depicted. The evolution of the plot is so adroitly managed in this play, that the fifth act

(28) *George Chapman's Tragedy of Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany*, edited with an Introduction and Notes by Karl Elze. Leipzig: 1867. p. 24 sqq.

brings the reader an unexpected surprise, in a *denouement* he never would have guessed at.

We conclude with a few general notices of Chapman's dramatic genius. The following is from the Retrospective Review, already more than once quoted :

“ After Shakespeare, George Chapman may be considered the first, in point of time, of the great fathers of the English drama, who flourished in the latter years of Queen Elizabeth and the reigns of the first James and his successor Charles.

“ Chapman, like all his contemporaries before the literary division of labour had taken place, indifferently applied himself to the composition of both tragedy and comedy ; but he differs from them in this respect, that he very seldom mixes them up in the same play—a peculiarity which renders the separate consideration of his comedies and tragedies much less difficult, and much more complete, than it could otherwise have been.

“ Chapman was an olderman, and wrote at a somewhat earlier period than the dramatists (except Shakespeare) with whom he is usually classed. Thus, like Marlowe, he fell into the vices of an unformed stage. The first step from the puerilities and stupid absurdities of the old mysteries and moralities, was an elevation of tone and sentiment, rather than a nearer approach to the representation of nature. The most obvious mode of avoiding the cold and dull was to become bold and impassioned ; and, instead of childish simplicity, to substitute loud and thundering declamation. . . . When Chapman's taste was formed, the drama had not yet undergone purification. The faults of his compositions are vital—they are dramas, and yet cannot be justly called dramatic—their language and thoughts

are commonly turgid and inflated to the highest degree, and it is but very rare that the gross hyperboles with which they abound, sink into just and natural conceptions. When we have added, that from one end of his plays to the other, we do not recollect one touch of pathos, nor a single powerful appeal to any one natural passion, we think we have settled his claims to be considered a great tragedian. Nevertheless in all these plays does the genius of the man break forth in frequent instances of redeeming excellence ; and, though we cannot be brought to esteem him a great dramatist, yet his talents were of no ordinary kind.

“ We have said, that the plays of Chapman are undramatic, and they are so for this reason, that our author seems quite incapable of throwing himself into the character of another. He is quite unable to imagine to himself the state of feeling and course of thought, which, according to the different natures of men, they must necessarily undergo in any critical situation. In the whole of his tragedies, there is but one character which has any claim to be considered as a distinct and developed form, and that was probably the character of Chapman himself. It is when he pourtrays a man who boasts himself above all circumstances, who feels so intensely his own powers and qualities, that he vainly imagines himself indestructible ; one who by his unbounded confidence in himself succeeds in attempts which no other man durst undertake and which the impudence of the attempt itself mainly contributes to effect. This is the character of Bussy D’Ambois, of the Duke Byron, and indeed of all his leading persons where they have a character at all. If this was the character of the poet himself, we may say, he is very good in Chapman, but he certainly fails in his endeavours to personate any other. In the glowing language, the passionate, demea-

nour, the uncontrollable energies, of this hyperbolical person, he is so much at home, expresses himself with so much fluency and vigour, that we cannot help thinking that it was the only temperament he had ever actually experienced.

“This then is all the dramatic merit—such as it is—which Chapman is entitled to claim. When the characters have so little variety, and are so faintly marked, much interest could scarcely be expected in the scenes themselves, and, generally speaking, they possess but a very small portion. A deficiency certainly not compensated for by the artificial construction of the plot, which is commonly of the most naked and uninteresting description.

“What is it then which makes the tragedies of Chapman valuable? The author was a poet, had a vivid imagination, an impassioned and energetic style; and in the midst of fustian and hyperbole, it is not uncommon for us to find the most spirited sketches of manners, the loftiest images of grandeur, and the boldest strokes of magnanimity. Yet far more than all this, the tragedies, or at least, three or four of them, are precious for an elevated strain of didactic observation, very similar to the wise and noble speculations in which Shakespeare himself so constantly indulges. In no author have we richer contemplations upon the nature of man and the world, where the shrewdness of the remark is ennobled and enforced by the splendour of imagery and the earnestness of passion.” (29)

Next let us adduce Charles Lamb’s estimate of Chapman’s dramatic genius:—

“The selections* which I have made from this poet are

(29) *Ret. Rev.* iv. 333—337.

(30) From *Cæsar and Pompey*, *Bussy D’Ambois*, and *Byron’s Conspiracy and Tragedy*.

sufficient to give an idea of that “full and heightened style” which Webster makes characteristic of Chapman. Of all the English Play-writers, Chapman perhaps approaches nearest to Shakespeare in the descriptive and didactic, in passages which are less purely dramatic. Dramatic imitation was not his talent. He could not go out of himself, as Shakespeare could shift at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences, but in himself he had an eye to perceive and a soul to embrace all forms. I have often thought that the vulgar misconception of Shakespeare, as of a wild irregular genius, ‘in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties,’ would be really true, applied to Chapman.” (31)

“Chapman,” says Hazlitt, “where he lays aside the gravity of the philosopher and poet, discovers an unexpected comic vein, distinguished by equal truth of nature and lively good humour. *All Fools* and *The Widow’s Tears* are comedies of great merit. The first is borrowed a good deal from Terence, and the character of Valerio, an accomplished rake, who passes with his father for a person of the greatest economy and rusticity of manners, is an excellent idea, executed with spirit.” (32)

The ensuing estimate of Chapman as a dramatist is from the Edinburgh Review. (33)

“In his comedies he pursued the track in which others, his juniors in age, had become pioneers for him. His *Gentleman Usher* and *Monsieur D’Olive* may be referred to Jonson’s school; although there is more of

(31) CHARLES LAMB: *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets.* (Lond., 1808.)

(32) *Lectures on the Dramatic Poetry of the Age of Elizabeth.*

(33) *ubi suprad.*, p. 226.

Fletcher's temper in *All Fools*, the best of all his plays ; —a piece in which the situations are devised with an infinity of comic and histrionic effect. But we here speak chiefly of his tragedies, in which it is not easy to say whether he owes more to Marlowe or to Seneca. The dramatic thirst for blood which had begun again to reign, called for something to satiate it : and Chapman's own taste no way disinclined him to feed the appetite. There are no plays of the age more sanguinary than his *Buffy d'Ambois* and his *Revenge for Honour*. But he manages his scenes of slaughter in a way very different from that in which Webster and Middleton manage scenes not very dissimilar in their leading outlines. Instead of the quaintly poetic air of romance which they throw around their groups of guilt and terror—instead of the headlong haste with which they thrust their characters on the stage, and snatch them off again, and the impetuosity with which they inspire all that is done and felt and said—Chapman wraps up every one of his figures in his own epic mantle, and bids them walk the stage with stern and slow composure. He does not imitate the classical drama, in removing acts of death out of sight ; but he gives us in the same play the visible horrors of the modern stage, and the narrative declamation which in the ancient there had been a reason for introducing, but for which here there was no fitting place. The most characteristic instance of his manner, is the *Conspiracy of Byron*, out of which he makes two plays. The latter of these is the finest tragic composition he has left ; and might better have deserved reprinting than the *Buffy d'Ambois*. But both plays are tedious and oratorical to excess : they are almost unreadable, and as acting pieces must have been altogether intolerable. The energetic portraiture of Byron's character in the

latter play, especially in the scenes after his condemnation is overlaid with so many touches, that the outline is completely disguised ; and in the preceding play, to say nothing of other peculiarities, a royal speech and an ambassador's answer are embodied, and repeated at full length in the dialogue. In these plays, Chapman is essentially undramatic ; so much so, indeed, that one is disposed to wonder how the same man who wrote them could also have written comedies so greatly better ; and but for the comedies, or perhaps even in spite of them, we should be disposed to set him down as one of those many men of real genius, who were forced by the prevalent taste of the day into a path of literature for which they were less qualified than for any other."

Mr Hallam writes thus of Chapman's Plays in his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe* : (34)

"Chapman, who assisted Ben Jonson and some others in comedy, deserves but limited praise for his *Bussy D'Ambois*. The style in this, and in all his tragedies, is extravagantly hyperbolical ; he is not very dramatic, nor has any power of exciting emotion except in those who sympathize with a tumid pride and self-confidence. Yet he has more thinking than many of the old dramatists ; and the praise of one of his critics, though strongly worded, is not without foundation, that we 'seldom find richer contemplations on the nature of man and the world.' His tragic-comedies, *All Fools* and *The Gentleman Usher* are perhaps superior to his tragedies."

A word of our own by way of conclusion, first

as to the chief beauties of Chapman's Plays, upon which we are most fain to dwell, and last as to the principle here adopted in editing them.

Like his own Clermont D'Ambois Chapman was an accomplished scholar, and a man of rare and varied learning. Abundant proof of this is afforded not only by his voluminous translations from the Greek and Latin Poets ; but by the rich and felicitous illustration from the writers of antiquity with which all his plays are studded. This is often of a very recondite character. He is as much at home with Hippocrates and Pherecydes as with Pettie's *Palace of Pleasure*, or with the works of his contemporary Spenser.

From the plays of Chapman might be formed a perfect code of axioms and aphorisms for the conduct of life. These richly-jewelled diamonded lines, in their blaze of light and beauty, would alone warrant the rescue of his dramatic writings from their long oblivion. It is not too much to say that passages are to be constantly found where loftiness of thought is accompanied by an expression so perfectly rhythmical and sonorous as to vie with almost anything of the kind in Shakespeare. And in his long employment with Homer he had so well learnt the value and mastered the use of the simile, that whenever we

come upon a simile in his plays, we may make sure we are come to a fine passage. The simile in his hands, as in the hands of every true poet, is always harmonious and scientifically exact. Take two or three instances by way of illustration :—

Treason hath blister'd heels, dishonest things
Have bitter rivers though delicious springs.

What eagles are we still
In matters that belong to other men,
What beetles in our own !

great affairs will not be forged
But upon anvils that are lined with wool.

These are only three examples out of three hundred that might be adduced. It is noticeable too that Chapman had his favourite images and illustrations, such as the Cyclops, the twins of Hippocrates, the camels praying to Jove for horns, &c., which recur several times in different plays.

In regard to the text, we have followed the original word by word, and letter by letter, with religious exactness, except in the case of a misplaced or inverted letter, or some obvious clerical slip which it would have been absurd to per-

petuate. The punctuation of the original and even, as far as possible, the character of the type have been preserved. Our principle then has been the *facsimile* principle, a perfectly intelligible and reasonable one, if carried out with undeviating uniformity. There is much to be said in its behalf, especially when, as in the present instance, we have every reason to believe that the author supervised, in many cases, the publication of the original text.

With the exception of *Bussy D'Ambois* and *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of the Duke of Byron*, there is only one edition of each of Chapman's plays. In the three cases alluded to we have carefully collated the different editions, have adopted generally the later revised text, and given the earlier readings, when of any importance, in footnote form. Conjectural emendations, not authorized by the original copies, (35) we have altogether eschewed. A few notes and illustrations gathered from various sources, and partly original, have been added to each volume.

We trust the reader will regard this completed labour as an acceptable contribution to English literature.

(35) In the *Masque of the Middle Temple*, where a list of *Errata* is printed, we have silently corrected the *Errata*.

Commendatory Verses.

*To my highly vallued Mr. George
Chapman, Father of
our English Poets.*

I knovv thee not (good *George*) but by thy *Pen*,
For which I ranke thee vwith the rarest men.
And in that *Ranke* I put thee in the *Front* ;
Especially of *Poets* of account.
Who art the *Treasurer* of that Company ;
But in thy hand too little *Coyne* doth lye :
For, of all *Artes* that novv in *London* are
Poets gett leaft in vttring of their *Ware*.
But thou hast in thy *Head*, and *Hart*, and *Hand*,
Treasures of *Arte* that *Treasure* can command.
Ah, vvould they could ; then should thy *Wealth*,
and *Witt*
Bee equall ; and, a lofty *Fortune* fitt.

But *George*, thou vvert accurst, and so vvas I
 To bee of that most blessed *Company* :
 For, if they most are blest, that most are Croft,
 Then *Poets* (I am sure) are blessed most.
 Yet wee with *Rime* and *Reason* trimme the
Times,
 Though they giue little reason for our *Rimes*.
 The reason is (els *error* blinds my Witts)
 They reason want to do what *Honor* fitts.
But let them do as please them, wee must do
What Phœbus (Sire of Arte) moues Nature to.

JO : DAVIES, of Hereford.*

To George Chapman.

George, it is thy Genius innated,
 Thou pick'ft not flowers from another's field,
 Stolne *Similies* or *Sentences* translated,
 Nor seekest, but what thine owne foile doth
 yield :
 Let barren wits go borrow what to write,
 'Tis bred and borne with thee what thou inditest,
 And our Comedians thou out-strippest quite,

* *The Scourge of Folly* (Lond. 1611).

And all the Hearers more then all delightest,
With vnaffected Stile and sweetest Straine,
Thy in-ambitious Pen keeps on her pace,
And commeth near'ft the ancient Commicke
vaine,
Thou hast beguilde vs all of that sweet grace :
And were *Thalia* to be sold and bought,
No *Chapman* but thy selfe were to be sought.

Thomas Freeman, *Gent.**

* RVBBE AND A great Cast : Epigrams : Lond. 1614.



THE BLINDE,

begger of Alexan-

dria, most pleasantly discour-

sing his variable humours

in disguised shapes full of

conceite and pleasure.

As it hath beene sundry times

publickly acted in London.

by the right honorable the Earle

of Nottingham, Lord High Ad-

mirall his seruantes.

By George Chapman: Gentleman.

Imprinted at London for William

Iones, dwelling at the signe of the

Gun, neere Holburne Conduit.

1598.

3

Enter Queen *Aegiale, Fanthe*

her maid two counsellers.

Aegiale.

L Eau me a while my Lordes and waite for me,
At the blacke fountayne, by *Ofiris* groue,
Ile walke alone to holy *Irus* caue,
Talking a little while with him and then returne.

Exeunt omnes. Manet Aegiale.

Ianthe begone.

Now *Irus* Let thy mindes eternall eye,
Extend the vertue of it past the Sunne.
Ah my *Cleanthes* where art thou become,
But since I saued thy guiltlesse life from death,
And turnd it onely into banishment,
Forgiue me loue, mee pittie comfort mee.

Enter Irus the Begger with Pego.

Pego. Maister.

Irus. Pego.

Pego. Wipe your eyes and you had them.

Irus. Why *Pego*.

Pego. The Queene is here to see your blindnes.

Irus. Her Maiestie is welcome, Heauens preserue,
And send her highnes an immortall rayne.

Aegi. Thankes reuerent *Irus* for thy gentle prayer,
Dismiss thy man a while and I will lead thee,
For I haue waightie secretees to impart.

Pego. Would I were blind that she might lead
mee. *Exit.*

Aegi. *Irus* thy skill to tell the driftes of fate,
Our fortunes and thinges hid from sensuall eyes,

Hath sent mee to thee for aduertisment.
 Where Duke *Cleanthes* liues, that was exilde,
 This kingdome for attempting mee with loue,
 And offering stayne to *Ægipts* royall bed.

Irus. I hope your maiestie will pardon mee,
 If Conscience make me vtter what I thinke,
 Of that hye loue affayres 'twixt him and you.

Ægi. I will sweete *Irus* being well assurd,
 That whatsoeuer thy sharpe wisdomes fees,
 In my sad frailtie thou willt haue regard,
 To my estate and name and keepe it close.

Irus. Of that your highnes may be well assurde,
 Then I am bound madam to tell you this,
 That you your selfe did seeke *Cleanthes* loue,
 And to aspire it, made away his Dutches,
 Which he well knowing and affecting her,
 Deare as his life, denied to satissie,
 That kindenesse offered twixt your selfe and him,
 Therefore did you in rage informe the Duke,
 He sought your loue, and so he banisht him.

Ægi. To true it is graue *Irus* thou hast tould,
 But for my loues sake which not Gods can rule,
 Strike me no more of that wound yet too greene,
 But onely tell me where *Cleanthes* is,
 That I may follow him in some disguise,
 And make him recompence for all his wrong.

Irus. *Cleanthes* is about this Cittie off,
 With whom your maiestie shall meete ere long :
 And speake with him, if you will vse such meanes,
 As you may vse for his discouery.

Ægi. What shall I vse then what is in my power,
 I will not vse for his discouery,
 Ile bind the winges of loue vnto myne armes,
 And like a Eagle prying for her pray,
 Will ouerlooke the earthes round face for him,
 Were this sufficient.
 Or I will Moorelike learne to swimme and diue,
 Into the bottome of the Sea for him,

Least beeing the sonne of *Aegypt*, and now fet,
Thetis in rage with loue would ravish him.
Were this sufficient.

Irus. But Maddam this must be the likliest meane
To feeke him out, and haue him at your will
Let his true picture through your land be sent.
Opposing great rewardes to him that findes him,
And threaten death to them that succour him,
So Ile assure your grace shall meete with him eare
long.

Aegi. Happie and blest be *Irus* for his skill
He sweetely plantes in my contentious mind,
For which most reuerent and religious man,
I giue this Iewell to thee richly worth.
A kentall or an hundredth waight of gold,
Bestow it as thou list on some good worke,
For well I know thou nothing doost refreue,
Of all thy riches men bestow on thee,
But wouldest thou leaue this place and poore mans
life,
The count of *Aegypt* should imbrace thy feete,
And *Toples* honors be bestowed on thee,

Irus. I thanke your highnes for thus raysing mee,
But in this barrennesse I am most renound.
For wisdome and the sight of heauenly thinges,
Shines not so cleare as eathlye vanities.

Aegi. Most rich is *Irus* in his pouertie
Oh that to finde his skill my crowne were lost.
None but poore *Irus* can of riches boast,
Now my *Cleanthes* I will straight aduance
Thy louely pictures on each monument
About the Cittie and within the land.
Proposing twise fие thousand Crownes to him,
That findes him to be tendered by my handes,
And a kind kisse at my imperiall lipes,
To him that succours him, Ile threaten death,
But he that doth not threaten him shall die,
For who is worthy, life will see him want.

To all his pictures when they be disperst
 Will I continuall pilgrimages make,
 As to the saintes and Idols I adore,
 Where I will offer sighes, and vowes, and teares.
 And sacrifice a hecatombe of beast,
 On feuerall alters built where they are plast,
 By them shal *Ijis* stature gently stand,
 And Ile pretend my Iealous rites to her
 But my *Cleanthes* shall the object bee,
 And I will kneele and pray to none but he. *Exit.*

Irus. See Earth and Heaven, where her *Cleanthes* is.
 I am *Cleanthes* and blind *Irus* too,
 And more than these, as you shall foone perceau,
 Yet but a shephearde sonne at *Memphis* borne,
 And I will tell you how I got that name,
 My Father was a fortune teller and from him I learnt
 his art,
 And knowing to grow great, was to grow riche,
 Such mony as I got by palmestrie,
 I put to vse and by that meanes became
 To take the shape of *Leon.* by which name,
 I am well knowne a wealthie Vsurer,
 And more then this I am two noble men,
Count Hermes is another of my names,
 And Duke *Cleanthes* whom the Queene so loues,
 For till the time that I may claime the crowne,
 I meane to spend my tyme in sportes of loue,
 Which in the sequell you shal playnely see,
 And Ioy I hope in this my pollicie.

*Enter Pego, Elimine, Samaphis, and Martia with
 there men Menippus, Pollidor, and Drufo.*

Pego. Oh maister heere comes the three wenches
 now strike it deade, for a fortune.

Irus. These are the nymphes of *Alexandria.*
 So called because there beauties are so rare.
 With two of them at once am I in loue
 Deepely and Equally the third of them,
 My silly brother heere asmuch affectes,

Whom I haue made the Burgomaister of this rich towne,
With the great wealth, I haue bestowed on him,
All three are maides kept passing warilye,
Yet lately beeing at their Fathers house, as I was
Leon the rich vferer

I fell in loue with them, and there my brother too,
This fitly chaunceth that they haue liberty,
To visit me alone: now will I tell their fortunes so,
As may make way to both their loues at once,
The one as I am *Leon* the rich vferer,
The other as I am the mad brayne *Count*,
And do the best too, for my brothers loue,

Pe. Thanks good maister brother, but what are
they that

Talke with them so long are they wooers trow,
I do not like it, would they would come neare.

Irus. O those are three seruantes that attend on them,
Let them alone, let them talke a while.

Eli. Tell vs *Menippus*, *Drufo*, and *Polydor*,
Why all our parentes gaue you three such charge,
To waite on vs and ouersee vs still,
What do they feare, thinke you that we would do.

Meni. There feare is least you should accompanie,
Such as loue wanton talke, and dalliance,

Eli. Why what is wanton talke.

Meni. To tell you that were to offend ourselues,
And those that haue forbidden you should heare it.

Sa. Why, what is dalliance fayes my seruant then,

Dru. You must not know because you must not dally.

Sa. How say you by that, well, do you keepe it
from vs, as much as you can, weeles desire it neuer-
lesse I can tell ye,

Mar. Lord, what straite keepers of poore maides
are you,

You are so chaste you are the worse agayne.

Eli. Pray you good seruantes will you do vs the
seruice,
To leaue vs alone a while.

Meni. We are commaunded not to be from you,
And therefore to leave you alone,
Were to wrong the trust your parentes put in vs.

Ma. I cry you mercy fir, yet do not stand all on the
Trust our parentes puts in you, but put vs in a litell to
I pray.

Sa. Trust vs good seruantes by our felues awhile.

Dru. Lets my mastrs and you say the woord,
Theyle but to *Irus* for to know theire fortunes,
And hees a holy man all *Egypt* knowes.

Meni. Stay not to long, then mistris and content,

Eli. Thats my good seruant we will straight returne.

Po. And you mistris.

Mar. And I trustie seruant.

Po. Faith then Ile venter my charge among the
rest. [Exeunt.]

Mar. A mightie venture you shall be cronicled in
Abrahams asses, Catalog of cockscombes for your
resolusion.

Eli. Now the great foole take them all who could
haue,

Pickt out three such liueleffe puppies,
Neuer to venter on their mistresses.

Sa. One may see by them it is not meete choise
men should haue offices.

Mar. A prettie morall work it in the samplar
of your hart,

Eli. But are we by our felues.

Mar. I thinke so vnleffe you haue alone in your
belly.

Eli. Not I God knowes I neuer came where they
grew yet,

Since we are alone lets talke a little merrily,
Mee thinkes I long to know what wanton talke and
dalliance is.

Sa. Ile lay my life tis that my mother vses when
she and others do beginne to talke and that she
fayes to me maybe, Get ye hence fall to your
needle: what a mayd and Idle.

Ma. A mayd and Idle why maydes must be Idle but not another thing.

Sa. then do not name it, for I feare 'tis naught. For yesterday I hard *Menippus* as he was talking with my mothers maide and I stoode harkning at the chamber doore, sayde that, with that woord a mayd was got with childe.

Eli. How, with the very woord.

Sa. I meane with that the woord feemes to expresse.

Mar. Nay, if you be so fine you will not name it now,

We are all alone, you are much too nice.

Eli. Why, let her chuse, let vs two name it.

Mar. Do then *Elimine*.

Eli. Nay doe you *Martia*.

Mar. Why, woman I dare.

Eli. Do then I warrant thee.

Mar. Ile warrant my selfe, if I list, but come let it alone,

Let vs to *Irus* for our fortunes.

Eli. God saue graue *Irus*.

Irus. Welcome, beautious Nymphes.

Sa. How know you *Irus* we are beautifull and cannot see.

Irus. *Homer* was blinde yet could he best discerne, The shapes of euerything and so may I,

Eli. Indeede wee heare your skill can beautifie, Beautie it selfe, and teach dames how to decke, Their heades and bodies fitteſt to their formes, To their complexions and their countenances.

Ir. So can I beauteous Nymphes, and make all eyes,

Sparkle with loue fire from your excellency.

Eli. How thinke you we are tyred to tempte mens lookes,

Beeing thus Nymphlike is it not too strange,

Irus. It is the better so it doth become. But that I may disclose to you your fortunes,

Tell me first *Pego* their true faces formes.

Pe. Mary fir this that speakes to you has a face thinne like vnto water grewell, but yet it would do your hart good if you could see it.

Irus. I know and see it better then thy selfe, The blaze whereof doth turne me to a fyre. Burning mine Intrailes with a strong desire.

Eli. Why turnst thou from vs *Irus* tell my fortune.

Irus. I wonder at the glorie it presentes, To my soules health that fees vpon your heade, A corronet, and at your gratiouse feete, Nobles and princes in their highest state, Which state shal crowne your fortune eare you die, And eare the hart of Heaven, the glorious sunne, Shall quench his rosiat fires within the west. You shall a husband haue noble and rich.

Sa. Happie *Elimine*, oh that I myght too.

El. Thankes for this newes good *Irus*, but disclose, The meanes to this, if it be possible.

Irus. When you come home ascend your Fathers tower

If you see a man come walking by, And looking vp to you, descend, And Issue, for you shall haue leaue, And if he woe, you chuse him from the world. Though he seeme humorous and want an eye, Wearing a velvet patch vpon the same, Chuse him your husband, and be blest in him,

Eli. Ile doe as thou aduiseft gentle *Irus*, And prouing this Ile loue thee whilst I live.

Sa. My fortune now sweete *Irus*.

Irus. What face hath this Nymph, *Pego*.

Pego. Mary fir a face made in forme like the ace of hartes.

Irus. And well compard for she commaundes all hartes,

Equall in beautie with that other Nymph, And equally she burnes my hart with loue,

Sa. Say, say sweete *Irus* what my fortune is,
Thou turnst from me, as when thou didest admire
The happie fortune of *Elimine*.

Irus. So might I well, admiring yours no lesse.
Then when the light cround monarch of the heauens
Shal quench his fire within the Oceans brest
Rise you and to your fathers garden hie,
There in an arbour doe a banquet set,
And if there come a man that of himselfe,
Sits downe and bids you welcome to your feast,
Accept him for he is the richest man,
That *Alexandria* or *Ægypt* hath,
And foone posfessing him with all his wealth,
In little tyme you shall be rid of him,
Making your seconde choyse mongſt mightie kinges.

Sa. Bleſt be thy lippes sweete *Irus*, and that light,
That guides thy bosome with ſuch deepe fore ſight,
Sleepe ſhall not make a cloſet for theſe eyes,
All this ſucceſſing night for haſt to riſe.

Ma. My fortune now sweete *Irus*, but I fayth,
I haue ſome wrong to be the laſt of all,
For I am olde as they, and big enough,
To beare as great a fortune as the beſt of them.

Irus. What face hath this Nymph *Pego*.

Pego. Oh maister what face hath ſhe not, if I
ſhould beg a face I would haue her face.

Irus. But is it round, and hath it neare a blemiſh,
A mouth to wide a looke too impudent.

Pego. Oh mayſter tis without all theſe, and with-
out al crie.

Irus. Round faces and thinne ſkinde are hapiest
ſtill.

And vnto you, fayre Nymph.
Shall fortune be exceeding gratious too
When the next morning therefore you ſhal riſe,
Put in your bosome roſemary time and rue.
And preſently ſtand at your fathers doore,
He that ſhall come offering kindeneſſe there,

And craue for fauour those same holsome hearbes,
bestowe them on him, and if meeting him,
He keepe the nuptiall Rosemary and time,
And tread the bitter rue beneath his feete,
Chuse him your husband and be blest in him.

Ma. I wil sweet *Irus* nothing greeues me now,
But that *Elimine* this nyght shall haue,
Her happie husband, and I stay till morning.

Eli. Nought greeves me *Irus* but that we are maides.
Kept short of all thinges and have nought to giue thee,
But take our loues and in the wished proofe,
Of these high fortunes thou foretellest vs.
Nothing we haue shall bee to deare for thee.

Sa. we that are sisters *Irus* by our vow,
Will be of one selfe blood and thankefull minde,
To adore so cleare a fight in one so blinde. *exeunt.*

Irus. farewell most beautious Nymphes your loues
to mee.

Shall more then gold or any treasure bee,
Now to my wardroppe for my veluet gowne, now doth
the sport beginne,

Come gird this pistole closely to my fide,
By which I make men feare my humor still,
And haue slayne two or three as twere my mood
When I haue done it most aduisedly
To rid them as they were my heauie foes,
Now am I knowne to be the mad braine *Count*,
Whose humours twise, fие summers I have held,
And sayde at first I came from stately *Rome*,
Calling myselfe *Count Hermes* and assuming
The humour of a wild and frantick man,
Careleffe of what I say or what I doe,
And so such faultes as I of purpose doe,
Is buried in my humor and this gowne I weare,
In rayne or snowe or in the hottest sommer,
And neuer goe nor ride without a gowne,
which humor does not fit my frencie wel,
But hides my perfons forme from beeing knowne,

When I *Cleanthes* am to be discried,

Enter Pego like a Burgomaister.

Pego. How now maister brother.

Ir. Oh sir you are very well futed. Now M. Burgomaister. I pray you remember to feaze on all *Aleantishenes* his goods

His landes and cattels to my propper vse,
As I am *Leon* the rich vfuror.

The funne is downe and all is forfeited.

Pego. It shal be doone my noble *Count.*

Ir. And withal sir I pray you forget not your loue,
To morrow morning at her fathers doore.

Pego. Ah my good *Count* I cannot that forget,
For still to keepe my memorie in order,
As I am Burgomaister, so loue is my recorder.

Exeunt.

Enter Elimine aboue on the walls.

Now see a morning in an euening rife.
The morning of my loue and of my ioy,
I will not fay of beautie, that were pride,
With in this tower I would I had a torch,
To light like hero my leander heather,
Who shall be my leander let me see,
Reherfe my fortune.
When you see one clad in a veluet gowne
And a blacke patch vpon his eye,
A patch, patch that I am, why that may be a patch of
cloth,
Of Buckrome, or a fustian cloth, say with a veluet
patch,
Vpon his eye & so my thoughts may patch vp loue
the better
See where he comes, the *Count*, what girle a coun-
teffe,

Enter Count.

See, see, he lookes as *Irus* said he should
Go not away my loue, Ile meete thee straight.

Count. Oh I thanke you I am much beholding to you,

I sawe her in the tower and now she is come downe,
Lucke to this patch and to this velvet gowne.

Enter Elimine and Bragadino A Spaniard following her.

Count. How now shall I be troubled with this rude spaniard now,

Bra. One worde sweet nymph.

Count. How now firra what are you,

Br. I am signeor *Braggadino* the Martiall spaniardo the aide of *Ægypt* in her present wars, but Iesu what art thou that hast the guts of thy braines gript with such famine of knowledge not to know me.

Count. How now sir Ile trie the prooфе of your guts with my pistoll if you be so saucie sir.

Brag. Oh I know him well it is the rude *Count*, the vnciuill *Count*, the vnstayed *Count*, the bloody *Count*, the *Count* of all *Countes*, better I were to hazard the dissolution of my braue soule agaynst an host of giantes then with this loose *Count*, otherwise I could tickle the *Count*, I fayth, my noble *Count*, I doe descend to the crauing of pardon, loue blinded me I knewe thee not.

Count. Oh sir you are but bonaventure not right spanish I perceave but doe you heare sir are you in loue.

Brag. Surely the sodayne glaunce of this lady Nymph hath suppled my spanish disposition with loue that neuer before dreempt of a womans concauitie.

Count. A womams concauitie, sbllood whats that,

Brag. Her hollow disposititon which you see sweete nature will supplye or otherwise stop vp in her with solid or firme fayth.

Co. Giue me thy hand we ar louers both, shall we haue her both

Bra. No good sweete *Count* pardon me.

Count Why then thus it shal be weelee strike vp a

drumme, set vp a tent, call people together, put crownes a peece lets rifle for her.

Brag. Nor that my honest *Count.*

Count. Why then thus it shal be, weeble woole her both and him she likes best shall lead her home thorow streetes holding her by both her handes, with his face towardes her, the other shall follow with his backe towards her biting of his thumbes, how fayest thou by this.

Brag. It is ridiculous, but I am pleaseid for vpon my life I do know this the shame will light on the neck of the *Count.*

Count. Well to it lets heare thee.

Brag. Sweete Nymph, a spaniard is compard to the great elixar or golden medicine.

Count. What dost thou come vpon her with medicines dost thou think she is fore.

Bra. Nay by thy sweete fauour do not interrupt mee.

Count. Well fir goe forward.

Brag. I say a spaniard is like the Philosophers stome.

Count. And I say an other mans stome may bee as good as a Philosophers at all tymes.

Brag. By thy sweete fauour.

Count. Well fir goe on.

Brag. Sweete nymph I loue few wordes you know my intent my humor is in sophistical & plaine I am spaniard a borne, my byrth speakes for my nature, my nature for your grace, and should you see a whole Battaile ranged by my skil you would commit your whole selfe to my affection, and so sweet nymph I kisse your hand.

Co. To see a whole battaile ha ha ha what a iest is that, thou shalt se a whole battaile come forth presently of me fa fa fa.

Bra. Put up thy pistol tis a most dangerous humor in thee.

Cou. Oh is that all why see tis vp agayne, now

thou shalt see Ile come to her in thy humor, sweete lady I loue sweete wordes, but sweete deedes are the noble fowndes of a noble spaniard, noble by countrie, noble by valour, noble by byrth, my very foote is nobler then the head of another man, vpon my life I loue, and vpon my loue I liue, and so sweete Nymph I kisse your hand, why loe heere we are both, I am in this hand, and hee is in that handy dandy prickly prandy, which hand will you haue.

Eli. This hand my Lord if I may haue my choyce.

Cou. Come spaniard to your pennance bite your thumbes.

Brag. Oh base woman.

Co. Sblood no base woman but bite your thumbes quickly.

Brag. Honor commaundes I must do it.

Count. Come on sweete lady giue me your handes if you are mine, I am yours, if you take me now at the worst I am the more beholding to you, if I bee not good enough, Ile mend what would you more.

Eli. It is enough my Lord and I am youres.
Since I wel know my fortune is to haue you
Now must I leaue the pleasant maiden chase,
In hunting fauage beasts with *Isis* nimpes,
And take me to a life which I God knowes,
Do know no more then how to scale the heauens.

Count. Well Ile teach you feare not you, what signior not bite your thumbes,

Bra. Pardon me sir, pardon me.

Count. By Gods blood I will not pardon you therefore bite your thumbes.

Bra. By thy sweete let me speake one worde with thee, I do not like this humor in thee in pistoling men in this sort, it is a most dangerous and stigmatical humor, for by thy fauour tis the most finest thing of the world for a man to haue a most gentlemanlike carriage of himselfe, for otherwise I doe hold thee for the most tall resolute and accomplisht gentleman on the face of the earth, harke yee weeble meete at *Corrucus* and weeble haue a pipe of Tobacco adew adew.

Co. Do you heare sir, put your thumbes in your mouth with out any more adoe, by the heauens Ile shoote thee through the mouth.

Bra. It is base and ridiculous.

Count. Well thou shalt not do it, lend me thy thumbes Ile bite them for thee.

Brag. Pardon mee.

Count. Swounes and you had I would haue made such a wofull parting betwixt your fingers and your thumbe that your spanish fistes should neuer meete again, in this world wil you do it sir.

Bra. I will, I will presto and I wil follow thee.

Cou. Why so oh that we had a noyse of musitions to play to this anticke as we goe, come on sweete lady giue me your handes weeble to Church and be married straight, beare with my hast now, Ile be slow enough another tyme I warrant you, come spaniola questo, questo, spaniola questo.

Exeunt.

Enter *Ægiale*, *Herald*, *Euribates*, *Clearchus with a picture.*

Ægi. Aduance that picture on this fatall spring, And Herald speake vttering the kinges edict.

He. *Ptolomie* the most sacred king of *Ægypt* first of that name, desiring peace and amitie with his neighbour princes hath caused this picture of *Cleanthes* to be set vp in all places, proposing great rewardes to him that findes him, and threatning death to him that succours him.

Ægi. Which Gods forbid, and put it in his minde. Not so to stonacke his vniust exile.

That he conuert the furie of his arme, Agaynst fosaken *Ægypt* taking part, With those foure neighbour kinges that threaten him, And haue besieged his most Imperiall towne.

Clear. Now may it please your hignesse to leaue your discontented passions, and take this mornings pride to hunt the Bore.

Ianthe. We haue attended on our grace thus farre,

Out of the Cittie beeing glad to heare,
Your highnesse had abandoned discontent.
And now will bend yourselfe to meriment,

Ægi. So will I louely *Ianthe* come then.
Let vs goe call foorth sacred *Isis* Nymphes,
To helpe vs keepe the game in cealeſſe vew,
That to the busie brightnesse of his eyes
We may ſo interuent his ſhiftes to ſcape
That giddie with his turning he may fall,
Slayne with our beauties more then fwordes or darteres.

Exit with a ſound of Horns.

Enter Leon with his ſwordes.

Leon. Now am I *Leon* The rich vſurer,
And here according to the kinges commaund
And mine owne promise I haue brought my ſwoord
And fix it by the ſtatue, ſhe ſet vp.
By this am I knowne to be *Cleanthes*,
Whose ſodayne fight I now will take vpon mee.
And cauſe the nobles to purſue my shadowe,
As for my ſubſtance they ſhall neuer finde,
Till I my ſelfe, do bring my ſelfe to light.
Cleanthes, Cleanthes, ſtop Cleanthes, ſee Cleanthes,
Purſue Cleanthes, follow Cleanthes.

Enter three Lordes with ſwordes drawne.

1. *Lo.* where is *Cleanthes, Leon* fawest thou him.

Le. I why ſhould I els haue thus cried out on
him,

I ſaw him euen now heere did he fix his ſwordes
And not for dastard feare or cowardize,
For know all *Ægypt* ringes of his renoune.
But fearing for his noble ſeruice done,
To be rewarded with ingratitude, he fled
From hence fearing to be purſued,

2. *Lord.* Come on my Lordes, then lets follow him
And purſue him to the death.

Exeunt.

Leon. O do not hurt him gentle Citizens,
See how they flye from him whom they purſue.
I am *Cleanthes*, and whileſt I am heare,

In vayne they follow for to finde him out,
But here comes my loue Bright *Pfamathis*,
Whom I loue Equally with fayre *Elimine*,
See here she comes as I apoynted her.

Enter Samathis and her maydes with a banquet.

Iaqoine. But I fayth mistris is this for a woer.

Sa. Not for a woer onely my *Iaqoine*,
But a quicke speeder gирle for this is he,
That all my fortune runnes vpon I tell thee,

Ia. O daintie mistris send for some more banquet.

Sa. No my fine wench this and my selfe is well.
And let him not sit downe like the oxe and the asse,
But giue God thanks for we are worthie of it though
we faite.

Ia. Mistris tis true.
And that he may be good,
I coniure him by these three things a crosse,
Now let him come he shal be good I warrant ye.

Leon. Nay do not flye me gentle *Samathis*.
Sa. Pardon me sir for if I see a man,
I shall so blush still that I warrant you,
I could make white wine claret with my lookes.

Le. But do not blush and flie an old mans sight.
Sa. From whom if not from old men should I flie
Le. From young men rather that can swift purfue,
And then it is some credit to out goe them,
Yet though my yeeres would haue me old I am not,
But haue the gentle Ierke of youth in mee,
As fresh as he that hath a maidens chinne.
Thus can I bend the stiffeenes of my limbes,
Thus can I turne and leape and hoyse my gate,
Thus can I lift my loue as light as ayre,
Now say my *Samathis* am I old or young.

Sa. I would haue my love neyther old nor young
But in the middle Iust betweene them both.

Le. Fit am I then for matchlesse *Samathis*.
And will be bould to sit. For batchlers
Must not shamefast when they meet with maids,
Sweete loue now let me intreate you sit,

And welcome you to your owne banquet heere,

Sa. Euen thus did *Irus* say that he should say,
Then by your leauue fir I will sit with you,

Le. Welcome as gold into my tresurie,
And now will I drinke vnto my loue,
With the same mind that drinking first began to one
another.

Sa. And what was that I pray fir.

Le. Ile tell my loue the first kind cause of it.
And why 'tis vsd as kindnesse still amongst vs,
If it be vsd a right tis to this end,
When I doe say I drinke this loue to you,
I meane I drinke this to your proper good,
As if I sayde what health this wine doth work in mee,
Shal be imploied for you at your commande & to your
proper vse

And this was first thentent of drinking to you.

Sa. Tis very prettie is it not *Jaquine*.

Jaquine. Oh excellent Mistris hees a daintie man.

Leon. Now to your vse sweete loue I drinke this
wine,

And with a merrie hart that makes long life,
Ouer the cup Ile sing for my loues sake.

*Health, fortune, mirth, and wine,
To thee my loue deuine.*

I drinke to my dareling,

Song. *Giue mee thy hand sweeting.*

*With cuppe full euer pleyd,
And hartes full neuer dryed.*

*Mine owne, mine owne dearest sweeting,
Oh oh myne owne dearest sweeting.*

What frolickie loue mirth makes the banquet sweete.

Sa. I loue it fir aswell as you loue me.

Leon. That is aswell as I do loue my selfe,
I will not Ioy my treasure but in thee,
And in thy lookes Ile count it euery hower,
And thy white armes shalbe as bandes to me,
Wherein are mightie Lordshippes forfeited,

And all the dames of *Alexandria*,
For their attire shall take there light from thee,
Sa. Well sir I drinke to you & pray you thinke
You are as welcome to me as this wine,

Le. Thankes gentle *Samathis*, but delitious loue,
Hath beene the figge I eate before this wine,
Which kills the taste of these delitious cates,
Will you bestowe that banquet loue on me,

Sa. Nay gentle *Leon* talke no more of loue
If you loue God or a good countenance,
For I shal quite be out of countenance then,

Le. Loue deckes the countenance, speriteth the
eye,
And tunes the soule in sweetest harmony,
. Loue then sweete *Samathis*.

Sama. What shall I doe *Iaquine*.

Iaquine. Fayth Mistris take him.

Sa. Oh but he hath a great nose.

Ia. Tis no matter for his nose, for he is rich.

Sa. *Leon* I loue and since tis foorth farewell.

Le. Then triumph *Leon* richer in thy loue.
Then all the heapes of treasure I posseſſe,
Neuer was happie *Leon* rich before,
Nor euer was I couetous till now,
That I see gold so fined in thy haire.

Sa. Impart it to my Parentes gentle *Leon*,
And till we meete agayne at home farewell.

Exeunt.

Le. Soone will I talke with them and follow thee,
So now is my desire accomplished.
Now was there euer man so fortunate.
To haue his loue so forted to his wish,
The ioyes of many I in one enioy.
Now do I meane to woe them crossely both,
The one as I am *Leon* the rich vſurer
The other as I am the mad brayne *Count*.
Which if it take effect, and rightly proue,
Twill be a sporte for any emperours loue.

Exit.

Enter Ptolomie, Aegiale, Doricles, Aspatia, Ianthe,
Euphrosine, Clearchus, Euribates, *with sound.*

Pto. Prince of *Arcadia* louely *Doricles*,
Be not discouraged that my daughter heere,
Like a well fortified and loftie tower,
Is so repulsiue and vnapt to yeelde,
The royall siege of your heroycke partes,
In her acheevement will be more renound,
And with the greater merite is employde.
The bewtious queene my wife her mother here
Was so well mand and yet had neuer man,
So mayne a rocke of chast and cold disdayne.

Aegi. My Lord what meane ye, go Aspatia,
Send for some Ladeis to goe play with you,
At chesse, at Billiardes, and at other game,
Ianthe attend her.

You take a course my Lord to make her coy,
To vrge so much the loue of *Doricles*,
And frame a vertue of her wanton hate,
We must perfwade her that he loues her not,
But that his seruices and vowes of loue,
Are but the gentle complimentes of court,
So would shee thinke that if she would have loud,
Shee might haue wonne him. And with that conceite
Of hardnesse to be wonne, his merites grace
Will shine more clearely, in her turning eyes,
Thinges hard to win with ease makes loue incited,
And favours wonne with ease are hardly quited,
Then make as If you loud her not my Lord.

Do. Love that has built his temple on my browes
Out of his Battlementes into my hart,
And seeing me to burne in my desire,
Will be I hope appeased at the last.

Aegi. Be ruld by me yet, and I warrant you,
She quickly shall beleeve you loue her not,

Do. What shall I doe Madam.

Aegi. Looke not on her so much.

Do. I cannot chuse my neck standes neuer right,
Till it be turnd asside and I behold her.

Aegi. Now trust me such a wrie neckt loue was
neuer sene,

But come with me my Lord and Ile instruct you
better.

Pto. So maddam I leaue you now from our loue
sportes,

To *Antistenes* and his great sute with *Leon*,

Enter *Antistenes Leon and Burgomaister*.

See the *Burgomaister Antistenes* and *Leon*. comes
togeather stay maister *Burgomaister* What reason
made you vse your office on the Lord *Antistenes*
feazing on al his moueables, and goodes at the sute
of *Leon*.

Pe. I will tell your grace the reason of it or any
thinge els for I know you are a wise prince, and apt to
learne.

Pto. I thanke you for your good opinion sir, but
the reason of your office done vpon this noble man
and his landes.

Pe. The reason why I haue put in office or execu-
tion, my authoritie vpon this nobleman consisteth in
in three principall poyntes or members, Which indeede
are three goodly matters.

Pto. I pray you lets heare them.

Pe. The first is the credit of this honest man be-
cause he is rich.

Pto. Why is he honest because he is rich.

Pe. Oh I learne that in any case, the next is the
forfaite of his assurance and the last I will not trouble
your grace with all.

An. But this it is whereof I most complaine vnto
your grace,

That hauing occasion in your graces seruice,

To borow mony of this *Leon* heere,

For which I morgaggd al my landes and goods

He onely did agree that payng him foure

thousand pound at the day I should receiue my statute

safely, in which now not onely falsely he denies

But that he hath receiued one penny due,

Which this my friend can wittnes I repayde,
 Vpon the stome of *Irus* the blinde man,
 Foure thousand pound in Iewels and in golde,
 And therefore craue I iustice in this case,

Le. Voutchsafe, dread soueraigne an vnpartiall
 eare.

To that I haue to say for my replye,
 He pleades the payment of foure thousand pounde,
 Vpon the stome before blinde *Irus* caue,
 To which I answere and do sweare by heauen,
 He spake with me at the foresayde place,
 And promist payment of foure thousand pound,
 If I would let him haue his statutes in,
 And take other assurance for another thousand,
 Some three monthes to come or thereaboutes.
 Which I refusing he repayde me none,
 But parted in a rage and card not for me.

Gen. Oh monstrous who euer hard the like.
 My Lord I will be sworne he payde him,
 On poor *Irus* stome foure thousand pound,
 Which I did helpe to tender and hast thou
 A hellish conscience and such a brasen forhead,
 To denye it agaynst my wittnesse,
 And his noble woerde.

Le. Sir agaynst your witnesse and his noble worde,
 I plead myne owne and one as good as his,
 That then was present at our whole conference.

An. My Lord there was not any but our felues,
 But who was it that thou affirmst was there,

Le. Count *Hermes* good my Lord a man
 Well knowne though he be humorous to be honor-
 able,

Pto. And will he faie it.

Le. He will, my gratioues Lord I am well assurd,
 And him will I send hether presently,
 Intreating your gratioues fauour if the impediment,
 Of a late sickenesse cause me not returne,
 For I am passing ill.

Pto. Well send him hether and it shall suffice.

Le. I will my gratioues Lord and stand
To any censure passing willingly,
Your highnesse shall set downe or commaund,
Worshipfull maister *Burgomaister* your officer,
To see performd betwixt vs. *Exit.*

Pe. We Thanke you hartely, alas poore soule,
How sicke he is.

Truly I cannot chuse but pittie him,
In that he loues your gratioues officers,

Enter Coont.

Pto. Oh I thanke you fir.

Count. King by your leaue, and yet I neede not
aske leaue, Becaufe I am sent for if not, Ile begone
agayne. without leaue, say am I sent for yea or no,

Pto. You are to witnesse twixt *Antistenes* and welthy
Leon.

Count. I know the matter and I come from that
old miser *Leon*, who is fodainely fallen sicke of a
knaues euill, Which of you are troubled with that
disease maisters.

Pto. Wel say what you know of the matter, be-
twixt them.

Count. Then thus I say, my Lord, *Antistenes*
came, to the stone of the blinde foole *Irus*, that day
when foure thoufand pounds were to be payde,
Where he made proffer of so much mony if *Leon*
would returne the morgage of his lands, and take
assurance for another thoufand to be paide I trow
some three monthes to come or there about, which
Leon like an olde churle as hee was most vncour-
teously refused : my Lord *Antistenes* as he might very
well departed in a rage but if it had beene to me
I would haue pistoled him I fayth.

An. But you are wonderously deceiued, my Lord.
And was not by when he and we did talke.

Count. Swounes then I say you are deceiued my
Lord,
For I was by now by my honor and by all the gods.

Eu. Then you stode close my Lord vnseene to any,

Count. Why I stood close to you and seene of all, and if You thinke I am too mad a fellow to witnes such a waightie peece of worke the holy begger shall performe as much,

For he was by at our whole conference.

Pto. But say *Count Hermes* was the begger by.

Count. I say he was and he shall say he was.

Euri. But he is now they say lockt in his caue, Fasting and praying talking with the Gods, And hath an Iron doore twixt him and you, How will you then come at him,

Count. Ile fetch him from his caue in spight of all his Gods and Iron dores, or beate him blinde when as I doe catch him next, farewell my Lordes you haue done with mee, Ile send the begger presntly for I am now ryding to *Corrukus*. *Exit.*

Pto. I know not what to thinke in these affaires I cannot well condemne you my Lord, And your sufficient witnesse beeing a gentleman, Nor yet the other two, both men of credit, Though in his kinde this *Count* be humorous, But stay we shall here straight what *Irus* wil depose.

Enter Irus.

Irus. Oh who disturbes me in my holy prayers, Oh that the king were by that he might heere, What thundring there is at my farther doore, Oh how the good of *Ægypt* is disturb'd in my deuotion.

Pto. I am here *Irus* and it was *Count Hermes* That was so rude to Interrupt thy prayers, But I suppose the end of thy repayre, Beeing so waightie could not haue displeas'd, For on thy witnesse doth depend the liuing Of Lord *Antistenes*, who doth affirme, That three dayes past he tendered at thy stome, Foure thousand poundes to *Leon*, and desired His morgage quited which he promising

On such assurance, more as he proposed,
Receiued at that tyme his foure thousand pounds.

Irus. I then was in the hearing of them both.
But hard noe penny tendred, onely proposed
By Lord *Antistenes*, if he would bring him in,
His morgage and take assurance for another thousand
Some three monthes to come or there aboutes,
Which *Leon* most vncourteously refused,
My Lord was angrye and I hard no more,
And thus must I craue pardon of your grace. *Exit.*

Pto. Farewell graue *Irus.*

An. Gods are become oppressors of the right.

Euge. Never had right so violent a wrong.

For let the thunder strike me into hell.

If what I haue reported be not true,

Pto. This holy man no doubt speakes what he
hard

And I am fory for *Antistenes*.

But Ile releue your lowe estate my Lord,
And for your seruice done me gwerdon you,
Maister *Burgomaister*, let the Lord have libertie,
And I will answere *Leon* what is due. *Exeunt.*

Enter Elimine, Martia, Samathis.

Eli. Soft Mistris *Burgomaister*, pray you stay, your
hart is greater then your parson farre or your state
eyther, doe we not know ye trow, what woman you
are but a *Burgomaisters* wife,
And he no wiser then his neighbours neyther,
Giue me the place according to my calling.

Mar. What skill for places, do we not all call
sisters,

Eli. Noe by my fayth I am a countesse now,
I should haue one to goe before me bare,
And fay stand by there to the best of them,
And one to come behinde and beare my trayne,
Because my handes must not be put vnto it.
My husband is a Lord, and past a Lord,

Sa. And past a Lord what is that past I pray,
Eli. Why hees a what you calt.

Mar. A what you call it can you not name it.
Eli. I thinke I must not name it.

Sa. And why so I pray?

Eli. because it comes so neare a thing that
 knowe,

Mar. Oh he is a Count that is an Earle.

Sa. And yet he is not knowne to haue muc
 land.

Eli. Why therefore he is an vnknowne man.

Mar. I but my husband is the kings officer.

Sa. I but my husband is able to buy both yours,

Eli. You say husband, I may saie my Lord.

Mar. And me thinkes husband is worth ten
 Lord.

Eli. Indeede I loue my Lord to call mee wife,
 Better than Maddam yet doe I not meane,
 To lose my Ladies, titles at your handes,
 I may for courtesie and to be termd,
 A gentle Ladie call you sisters still,
 But you must say and please your Ladisshipe,
 Tis thus and so, and as your honor please,
 Yet shall my husband call me wife like youres,
 For why made god the husband and the wife,
 But that those tearmes should please vs more the
 others

New fashion tearmes I like not for a man,
 To call his wife cony, forsooth, and Lambe,
 And Porke, and Mutton, he as well may say,

Mar. Well Madam then and please your Lad
 shippe,

What gownes and head tyres will your honor weare.

Eli. Twentie are making for me head tyres and
 gownes,

Head tyres enchaft in order like the starres,
 Which perfitt great and fine cut pretious stones,
 One hath bright *Ariadnes* Crowne in it,
 Euen in the figure it presentes in heauen,

Another hath the fingers of *Diana*,
And *Berenices* euer burning haire,
An other hath the bright *Andromica*,
With both her silver wristes bound to a rocke,
And *Perseus* that did lose her and sauе her life,
All set in number and in perfect forme,
Euen like the *Asterismes* fixt in heauen,
And euen as you may see in Moone shine nightes,
The Moone and Starres reflecting on their stremes
So from my head shall you see starres take beames,

Mar. Oh braue God willing I will haue the like.

Sa. And so will I by God's grace, if I liue.

Eli. Come vp to supper it will become the house
wonderfull well.

Mar. Well if my husband will not, let him not
loke for one good looke of me.

Sa. Nor mine I sweare.

Mar. I'll aske my husband when I am with child,
And then I know I shall be sped I fayth.

Eli. But euery pleasure hath a payne they fay
My hufband lies each other nyght abrode,

Sa. and so doth mine which I like but little,

Mar. Well time I hope and change of companie,
Will teach vs somewhat to beare out the absence.

Exit.

Eli. I know not what to say,
My hufband makes as if each other nyght he had
occasion,
To ride from home at home serues not his turne,
To my good turne it, cupid I beseech you,

Enter Leon and Druſo following him.

Le. Now will I trie to make myſelfe the *Count*.
An arrant Cuckold and a wittoll too.

Dru. Now may I chance to proue a cunning man,
And tell my misſris where my maister hauntes,

Le. Bright Nymph, I come in name of all the
worlde,
That now fustaines dead winter in the spring,
To haue a graces from thy summer darted.

Thy loue, sweete soule is all that I desire,
 To make a generall sommer in this hart,
 Where winter's duble wrath hath tirrannisde.

Eli. How dare you Leon thus solicit mee,
 Where if the *Count* my husband should come now,
 And see you courting you were sure to die.

Le. Oh but he is safe, for at my house,
 Booted and spurd and in his veluet gowne,
 He tooke his horse and rode vnto *Corrucus*,
 And therefore beautious Ladie make not strange,
 To take a freind and adde vnto thy Ioyes,
 Of happie wedlocke : the end of euery acte,
 Is to increase contentment and renowne,
 Both which my loue : shall amplye ioy in you,

Eli. How can renowne ensue an act of shame,

Le. No acte hath any shame within it selfe,
 But in the knowledge and ascription.
 Of the base world from whom shall this be kept,
 As in a labyrinth or a brasen tower.

Eli. But vertues sole regard must hold me backe.

Le. The vertue of each thing is in the prayse,
 And I will reare thy prayses to the skyes,
 Out of my tresurie chuse the choyse of gold,
 Till thou finde some matching thy hayre in brightnesse,
 But that will neuer, be so chuse thou euer.
 Out of my Jewelrye chuse thy choyse of Diamondes,
 Till thou finde some as bright some as thyne eyes,
 But that will neuer be, so chuse thou euer,
 Chuse Rubies out vntill thou match thy lippes,
 Pearle till thy teeth, and Iuorie till thy skinne,
 Be matcht in whitnesse but that wil neuer bee.
 Nor neuer shall my tresurie haue end,
 Till on there beauties Ladies loth to spend,
 But that will neuer be so chuse thou euer.

Eli. Now what a gods name would this vayne
 man haue,

Do you not shame to tempt a woman thus,
 I know not what to faye nor what to doe,
 He would haue me doe that I fear I should not,

Some thing it is he seekes that he thinkes good,
And methinkes he should be more wife then I,
I am a foolishe girle though I be married
And know not what to doe, the Gods doe know.

Leon. Are you content sweete loue to graunt me
loue,

Eli. and what then sir.

Le. To grant me lodging in your house this night,

Eli. I thinke the man be wearie of his life,
Know you the *Count* my husband.

Le. Marueilous well, and am affurd of him,

Eli. Faith that you are as sure I my selfe,
So you did talke of gold and Diamonds,

Leon. I and gold and Diamondes shal my sweet
loue haue,

Eli. Well Ile not bid you sir but if you come,
At your owne perill for Ile wash my handes

(Offer to goe out.)

Leon. A plague of all sanguine simpliciti

Eli. But do you heare sir pray you do not thinke
that I granted you in any case.

Le. No, I warrant you, Ile haue no such thought,
Oh this is olde excellent.

Now who can desire better sporte.

This nyght my other wife must lie alone,

And next night this wife must do the like.

Now will I woe the other as the *Count*,

Which if she graunt and they do breake their troth,
Ile make my selfe a cuckolde twixt them both. *Exit.*

Drufo. Ile follow him vntill he take the earth, and
then ile leaue him. *Exit.*

Enter Samathis alone.

Sa. Now if my husband be not all alone,
He is from home and hath left me alone,
So I must learn to lie, as children goe,
All alone, all alone, which lesson now.
I am able to beare a childe is worsse to me
Then when I was a child the morall this,
Strength without a health a disaduantage is.

Enter Druſo.

Mistris what will you say if I can tel you where my maister is,

Sa. Where *Druſo* I pray thee.

Dru. Euen close with the young countesse I fayth.

Sa. Out on her strumpet doth she bragge so much, Of her great *Count*, and glad to take my husband Hence comes her head tyres and her fayre gownes, Her trayne borne vp and a man bare before her, Was this my fortune that should be so good, I fayth you begger you, you old false knaue, You holy villaine you propheticke asse, Know you noe better what shall come to passe, Ile be reuenged I fayth I fayth Ile be reuenged. *Exit.*

Enter Aegiale with the garde

Aegi. Oh *Irus* shall thy long approued skill, Fayle in my fortunes onely, when shall I meeete, With my *Cleanthes* what a worlde of tyme, Is it for me to lie as in a founde, Without my life *Cleanthes*, can it be, That I shall euer entartayne agayne, Hauing the habit of colde death in me, My life *Cleanthes*.

Count knocke within.

Let me come in you knaues, I say let me come in,

1. Gard. Sir, we are set to gard this place as our liues and None without a warrant from the King or the Queene must enter heere.

Cou. Swoundes tell not me of your warrantes, let me come in I say,

1. Ga. My Lord we are commaunded to keepe out all comers, because of the branch wherein the kings life remaynes,

Count. Let me come in you knaues, how dare you keepe me out, twas my gowne to a mantle of rugge, I had not put you all to the pistoll.

Aegi. Shall we be troubled now with this rude *Count*

Cou. How now Queene what art thou doing,

passing over the picture of *Cleanthes* I am sure for I know thou louest him,

Aegi. Whats that you traytor.

Count. No traytor neyther but a true freind to you, for had I bene otherwise I should haue discloſed the ſecret talke thou hadſt with *Cleanthes* in the arbour, the night before he was banished, whileſt I ſtood close and hard all.

Ae. The man is mad chaines and a whippe for him.

Cou. Be patient my wench and Ile tell thee the very words, oh my *Cleanthes*, loue me, pittie me, hate me not for loue, and it is not luſt that hath made me thus importunate, for then there are men enough beſides *Cleanthes*, go to tel me were not theſe your woordes, & I like no traytor to you but a truſtie freind now by this pifol which is God's angell I neuer vttered them till now

Aegi. I ſpake them not but had you beene ſo bad, As ſome men are you might haue faide as muſh, By fictions onely therefore I muſt needes, Thinke muſh the better of you to conceale it,

Count. Oh your a cunning wench and am not I a mad flauſe to haue ſuſh vertue as ſecrefie in me and none neuer looکt for any ſuſh thing at my handes, and heres a branch forſooth of your little ſonne turnd to a Mandrake tree, by Hella the forſereſſe.

Aegiale. Tis true and kils me to remember it.

Cou. Tut tut remember it and be wife thou wouldſt haue *Cleanthes* come agayne wouldſt thou not,

Ae. The king is ſo aduifed to giue him death.

Count. The King, come come tis you rule the King now would any wife woman in the worlde be fo hungerſtarued for a man and not vſe the meanes to haue him, thinkſt thou *Cleanthes* will come agayne to haue his head chopt of fo ſoone as he comes, but had you pluckt vp this branch wherein the King thy hufbandes life conſiſtes and burnt it in the fyre, his olde beard would haue ſtuncke fort in the graue ere this, and then thou ſhouldſt haue ſeene whether *Cleanthes* would haue come vnto thee or noe.

Aegi. Oh excreable counsaile.

Count. Go to tis good counsaile take the grace of God before your eyes, and follow it to it wench corragio, I know I haue gotten thee with childe of a desire, and thou longst but for a knife to let it out, hold there 'tis serue God and be thankfull, now you knaues will you let mee come out trow.

1. Gard. Please your Lordshippe to bestow some-
thing on vs for we are poore knaues.

Count. Harke you be euen knaues still, and if you be poore long your foolish knaues, and so Ile leaue you.

2. Gard. Nay swounes my Lord, no knaues neyther.

Cou. Then he was a knaue that told me so what doost thou tell mee that.

Exit.

e. This serpentes counsell stinges mee to the hart. Mountes to my braine and bindes my prince of fense. My voluntarie motion and my life, Sitting it selfe triumphing in there thrones, And that doth force my hand to take this knife, That bowes my knees and sets me by thy branch, Oh my diones oh my onely sonne, Canst thou now feele the rigour of a knife, Noe thou art fensflesse and Ile cut thee vp, Ile shroude thee in my bosome safe from stormes, And trust no more my trustflesse gard with thee, Come then returne unto thy mothers armes, And when I pull thee foorth to serue the fire, Turne thy selfe wholy into a burning tounge, In voking furies and infernall death, To coole thy tormentes with thy fathers breth.

Enter Elimine and Samathis.

Sa. Now madam countesse do you make account. To take vp husbandes by your countishippe. Haue you the broade seale for it, are you so hye, And stoope to one so lowe as is my husband, Hence come your head tyres and your costly gownes, Your trayne borne vp and a man bare before you, Now fye on pride when woman goe thou naked.

I euer thought that pride would haue a fall,
But little thought it would haue such a fall.

Eli. What fall I pray you.

Sa. There you lay last, forsooth there you lay last.

Eli. Be not so angry woman you are deceiued

Sa. I know I am deceiued for thou deceiuedst me,
Thou mightest aswell have pict my purfse I tell thee,
Oh would my mother say, when you haue a husband,
Keepe to him onely but now one may see,
How horible a thing it is to change,
Because it angers one so horibly,
You must haue Vshers to make way before you,

Eli. The dame is madde, Ile stay no longer with
her. *Exit Elimine.*

Sa. Well madam shorte heeles Ile be euen with
you,

See where the mad brayne *Count* her husband comes,
Enter Count.

Sama. I will begone.

Count. Heare you Vfurers wife stay, a plague on
you stay, whither go you so fast, why did I euer hurt
any of your sex yet.

Sa. Why no my Lord.

Count. Why no my Lorde, why the deuill do you
turne tayle when you should not, when you should
you will not be halfe so haftie, a man must loue you,
woe you, spend vpon you and the deuill of one of you
is worthy to kisse the hemme of my riding gowne heere.

Sa. Is this your riding gowne my Lord.

Count. Tis no matter what it is, talke not to me,
what the deuill did I meane to call thee backe agayne.

Sa. Why my Lord I meane not to trouble you,

Count. Goe to stay I say, tis agaynst my will that I
vse you so kindly I can tell you.

Sa. Why you may chuse my Lord.

Count. I but I cannot chuse, there you lie now,
tis loue forsooth that Intailes me to you, for if it had
not beene for loue, I had not beene heere now, for
the Gods do know I hold thee dearer then the Poun-

granet of mine eye, and thats better by three pence than the aple of mine eye.

Sa. My Lord I am sory for your heauinesse.

Count. Nay tis no matter I am not the first asse that hath borne Cupides tresurie.

Sa. My Lord tis enough to make an asse wise to beare trefure.

Count. Why then be you that wife asse, and beare me for I haue some treasure about me, will you loue me.

Sa. Loue you my Lord it is strange you wil aske it.

Count. I am not the first hath desired you,

Sa. Nor you shall not be the last I will refuse.

Count. Nor are you the fayrest I have seene,

Sa. Nor the foulest you haue loud.

Count. Nor the fitteſt to be beloued.

Sa. Nor the vnfitteſt to hate.

Count. Doe and you dare but firra and thou wilt not loue, I pray thee be proud.

Sa. Why fo my Lord.

Count. Because I would haue thee fall, for pride must haie a fall.

Sa. Do you delight in my fall fo much.

Count. As much as in mine owne rysing I fayth, but do not you thinke it strange that I doe loue you, for before I did loue you, *Cupid* pinckt me a spanish lether Ierkin with shooting at me, and made it fo full of holes* that I was fayne to leaue it of, and this losſe haue I had for your sake.

Sa. My Lord Ile bestow an old Ierkin on you.

Count. Nay that shall not serue your turne, for I haue had a greater losſe then that, I lost my left eye for your sake.

Sa. I do not thinke so.

Count. I but Ile tell you how as I was hunting in the parke, I saw Cupid shooting a cockhye into your face, and gazing after his arrow it fell into mine eye.

Sa. A prettie fiction.

Count. I but I finde this no fiction, and you shall make me amends with loue or by this patch of mine

eye, and the patch thou wotest where, I will fweare to all the Cittie I have layne with thee.

Sa. I hope your Lordshippe will not doe me that wrong.

Count. Then do you me right and let me lie with you, I haue made the botle nofd knaue your husband so drunke that he is not able to stand goe get you home Ile follow you.

Sa. Why my Lord what will you do there.

Count. Goe to make no more questions but say I shall bee welcome or by mine honor Ile doe as I fay, otherwise be as secreit as death.

Sa. Twentie to one he will, well my Lord if you come you come.

Count. O I thanke you hartely, oh exellent or neuer trust mee.

Enter Menippus and Elimine.

Me. Madam your honor is come somewhat to soone

Eli. Why so *Menippus*

Me. Had you stayed neuer so little longer you should have met my Lord comming out of *Leons* house and out of his moueables,

Eli. How out of his moueables.

Me. Euen in playne troth, I see him woe her, winne her, and went in with her.

Eli. Now of mine honor I will be reuenged fetch me the Burgomaister *Menippus* Ile haue them both whipt about the towne.

Men. Nay, madam, you must not dshonor him so,

Eli. What shall mine honor doe then.

Me. Do but tongue whip him madam and care not, And so I leaue him to the mercie of your tongue,

Eli. My tongue shall haue hell and no mercie in it

Enter the Count

Excellent musicke exellent musicke.

Eli. And the Deuill take the Instrument,

Count. What art thou so nyne.

Eli. I and it were a good deede to be a little nier

too, you make a *Count* asse of me indeede, as if I were too little for you, but bignesse is my fault vnlesse I were a little better vsd at your handes.

Cou. Why thou wilt be to perfit if I should vse thee much for vse makes perfynesse.

Eli. I but I cannot be too perfit and therfore Ile spoyle her perfections that helps to spoyle mine I warrant her.

Cou. Why may not I lie with her aswell as thou layest with her husband.

Eli. I defie you and all the world that can say blacke is mine eye.

Count. I thinke so indeede, for thine eye is gray, but thou didst lye with him by that fame token he gave thee a carknet, and thou toldst me that thy mother sent it thee, thou didst promise to banquet him when I was next abroade, thou didst say he could not be so old as he made himselfe to be, thou didst say twas pittie of his nose, for he would haue bene a fine man els, and that God did well to make him a rich man, for a was a good man too, and these tokens I thinke are sufficient, for these a told me with his owne mouth.

Eli. He lyed like an old knaue as he was and that he shall knowe the next time these lippes open in fayth, oh wicked periurd man would a disclose my secretes I fayth what woman would trust any man a liue with her honestie. [Exit.]

Count. Ha ha ha, I haue sent her in a pelting chase, But Ile follow her and make her madde with anger.

Enter Porus *king of Aethiopia*, Refus *king of Arabia*, Bion *king of Phasiaca*, Bebritius *king of Bebritia*, *with soldiers and drumme and ensigne*.

Porus. Thus haue we trode the sandy vales of *Ægypt*,

Adioyning to the plaines of *Alexandria*,
Where proud King *Ptolemy* keepes his residence,
Securely trusting to his prophesies,

Which hath foretold him many yeares agoe,
That if the young *Archadian Doricles*.
Should linke in marriage with his louely daughter.
He then should conquere all our bordering landes,
And make vs subiect to his tirrannie.

Rhe. Trusting to his fond fantaſtike dreames,
He hath exild the warlick Duke *Cleanthes*.
Whose name was terror to our valiant troopes.

Bion. *Cleanthes* exild giues vs easy way,
To our attemptes where had he stayed,
And beene afreind to him, yet shoule he not
Escape subiection.

Be. We will devide his kingdome twixt vs foure,
And reau from him his foure cheife ornamenteſ,
And for to greeve his aged mind the more,
He shall be kept in lasting seruitude.
So to fulfill what fates to him affignd,

Po. Come let vs march and braue him at the walles.
If *Porus* liue to weild his martiall fworde,
His City walles shall not preſerue him ſafe,
But he ſhall dye by *Porus* and his freindes. [Exeunt.

Enter Doricles and Aſpatia.

Do. Sweet madam gran tme once a chearful looke
To glad my dying hart with forow kild,
Your father hath refignd his free conſent.
You bound by dutie to obey his will,

Aſ. Nay rather let him haile me to my death
Then gaynſt my will conſtraine me match my ſelfe.

Enter Count.

Count. Dye thou vile wretch and liue *Aſpatia*,
Euen now I hard thy father *Ptolemy*
With wordes that ſtill do tingle in mine eares,
Pronounce him heyre to *Alexandria*,
Tis time for me to ſtirr when ſuch young boyes,
Shal haue their weake neckes ouer poifd with crownes
Which muſt become reſolued champions,
That for a crownes exchange will ſel their ſoules.

He kils him.

Afsa. Wicked *Count Hermes* for this monstorous
deede,

Egypt will hate thee and thou sure must dye,
Then hye thee to the hils beyond the *Alpes*,
Flye to vnknowne and vnfrequented climes,
Some desert place that neuer sawe the sunne,
For if the king or any of his friendes,
Shall finde *Count Hermes* thou art surely dead.

Count. Ile flye no more then doth a fetled rocke,
No more then mountaines or the steadfast powles,
But come sweete loue if thou wilt come with me,
We two will liue amongst the shadowy groues,
And we will sit like shepherdes on a hill,
And with our heauenly voyces tice the trees,
To echo sweetely to our cœlestiall tunes.

Els will I angle in the running brookes,
Seafoning our toyles with kissons on the bankes,
Sometime Ile diue into the murmering springes,
And fetch thee stones to hang about thy necke,
Which by thy splendor will be turnd to pearle,
Say fayre *Afsasia* wilt thou walke with me.

Af. No bloody *Count* but I will cleare my selfe,
And tell thy murders to the amased court.

Count. Nay if thou wilt not chuse, you peeuiish girle,
Thou canst not say but thou wert offered fayre,
But here must end *Count Hermes* strange disguise,
My velvet gowne my pistoll and this patch,
No more must hide me in the countes attire,
Now will I turne my gowne to Vsurers Cotes,
And thus appeare vnto the worlde no more,
Farewell *Afsasia*. *Exit Count.*

Af. Goe wretched villayne hide thy hated head,
Where neuer heauens light may shine on thee,
Whose there, Come forth for here is murder done,
Murder, Murder of good prince *Doricles*.

Enter Euribates.

Who cals out murther Lady was it you.

Af. As I was walking in the pleasant weedes,
With *Doricles* the young *Archadian* prince,

rusht in *Count Hermes* and in desperate wordes,
Hath slayne this prince.

Eu. A balefull deede pursue the murderer,
And tell the King of this foule accident

Enter Ptolomy.

Pto. Oh tell no more in stead of teares,
My beating hart dissolues in droppes of blood,
And from mine eyes that stares vpon this corse
Leapes out my soule and on it I will die,
Oh *Doricles* oh deare *Arcadian* prince,
The bulwarke and supporter of my life,
That by decree of fates was promised,
To adde foure neighbour kingdomes to my crowne,
And shield me from a most abhorred death,
Now shall my kingdome leaue me with my life,
And sodainly looke for some monstorous fate,
Shall fall like thunder on my wretched state.

Enter a messenger.

Arme arme my Lord, my Lords to instant armes,
Four mightie kinges are landed in thy coast,
And threaten death and ruine to thy land,
Blacke *Porus* the *Aethiopian* king,
Comes marching first with twentie thousand men,
Next *Rhesus* king of sweete *Arabia*,
In warlike manner marcheth after him,
In equall number and in battaile ray.
Next *Bion* King of rich *Phasiaca*,
And sterne *Bebritius* of *Bebritia*,
With each of them ful twentie thousand strong
All which hath vowd the death of *Ptolomy*,
And thus they hether bend their speedie feete.

Pto. How sodaynely is weather ouer cast,
How is the face of peaceful *Egypt* changd,
Like as the smiling flowers aboue the ground,
By keenest edgē of *Euras* breath is cut.

Cl. To armes my Lord and gather vp your strength,
Your bandes in *Memphis* and in *Caspia*,
Ioynd with your power of *Alexandria*,
Will double all the forces of these kinges,

Pto. All shalbe done we may, meanwhile,
 Bury the body of this slaughtered prince,
 Leaſt with the view my ſenſes follow his,
 Curſt be his hand that wrought the damned deede,
 Cold and vncouered may his body lye,
 Let ſtormie hayle and thunder beate on him
 And euery bird and beaſt runne ouer him,
 That robd poor *Ptolomy* of ſuch a hope,
 Purſue the desperate *Count* that murdered him,
 A thouſand kingdomeſ ſhall not ſaue his life

Enter *Leon*.

A miracle a miracle, a dreadfull miracle.

Pto. What miracle, oh what will heauens do more,
 To puniſh *Ægypt* and her hapleſſe king,

Leon. As I was walking through the Serian groues
 I ſaue the desperate *Count* the murderer,
 Of good prince *Doricles* as I heare ſay,
 Fly through the defarts to the mimphick ſhades
 Where hell to interrupt his paſſage thether,
 Rauing beneath the ground worke of the earth
 As if ten thouſand vapours burſt in her,
 Seuered her wombe and fwallowed quicke,
 The miſerable *Count*.

Pto. Just are the heauens in his moſt dreadfull end,
 But come my Lords let vs to instant armes,
 To driue away more miſcheiefes from our land.

Exeunt.

Leon. So get you gone and periſh all with him,
 Now ſhall you know what want you haue of mee,
 Now will I gather vp my ſommeſ of money,
 And of my creditors borow what I can,
 Because as *Leon* Ile be feene no more,
 This day they promiſd for to meeke me heere,
 And here comes ſome of them.

Enter firſt *Meffenger*.

My mayſter fir your friend *Calatiuſ*, hath ſent you
 fir, your five hundred crowneſ for the rich Iewell that
 he bought of you.

I thanke him hartely, this Iewell of ſo many thou-

sand crownes the Queene of *Ægypt* did bestowe on mee, when that I told her in poor *Frus* shape where her *Cleanthes* was, but soft who haue we here.

Enter second Messenger.

Druſo the *Italian* Marchant here by mee,
Hath ſent you ſir in Diamonds and in Pearles,
So much as mounteth to fife thouſand crownes,
And craues no more aſſurance but your woord,

Leon. Theres my bill and thanke thy maiftier,
he ſhall haue more then woord.

Exeunt. Manet Leon.

Neuer ſhall he nor they ſee this agayne,
Nor me neyther as I am this preſent man,
This with the reſt I haue wil make a prettie ſomme
With this will I imploye me in theſe warres,
Now will I take on me the forme and ſhape,
Of Duke *Cleanthes*, but what intendes this alarum.

Alarum. Enter Clearchus.

Where may I ſeeke to finde *Cleanthes* out,
That martiall prince whom *Ptolomy* vnkinde,
Hath banished from out the *Ægyptian* Land,
Our warlike troopes are ſcatered and ouer throne,
And his deare freindes *Acates* and *Acanthes*,
Lie in the field beſmired in their bloodes,
Ile run through al theſe groues to find him out. *Exit.*

Le. My ſweete *Acates* and *Acanthes* ſlayne,
Greife to my hart and ſorrow to my ſoule,
Then rouse thy ſelfe *Cleanthes* and reuenge,
Their guiltleſſe blood on theſe base miscreantes
Oh let the cankred trumpet of the deepe,
Be ratled out and ring into their eares,
The dire reuenge *Cleanthes* will inflicte,
One theſe foure Kings and all theſe complices,

Alarum Excursions.

*Enter Cleanthes leading Porus, Rhesus, Bion, Bebri-
tius, Pego, Clearchus Euribatus.*

Clean. Thus haue you ſtroue in vayne agaynst
thoſe Gods,
That reſcues *Ægypt* in *Cleanthes* armes,

Come yeeld your crownes and homages to mee,
 Though *Ptolomie* is dead yet I suruiue,
 Elect and chofen by the peares to scourge,
 The vile presumption of your hated liues,
 Then yeeld as vanquisht vnto *Aegypts* king.

Po. First by thy valoure and the strength of armes,
Porus the welthie *Aethiopian* king,
 Doth yeeld his crowne aud homage vnto thee,
 Swearing by all my Gods whom I adore,
 To honor Duke *Cleanthes* whilst he liue,
 And in his ayde with twentie thousand men,
 Will alwayes march gaynst whom thou meanst to fyght,

Bi. *Bion* whose necke was neuer forct to bow
 Doth yeeld him captiue to thy warlike fworde,
 Command what so thou list, we will performe,
 And all my power shall march at thy commaund.

Rhe. *Rhefus* doth yeeld his crowne and dignitie,
 To great *Cleanthes* *Aegyptes* onely strength,
 For if *Cleanthes* liues, who euer liued,
 More likelier to be monarke of the world,
 Then here accept my vowd allegiance,
 Which as the rest I render vnto thee.

Bebri. So sayth *Bebritius* of *Bebritia*.
 And layes his crowne and homage at thy feete,

Clean. Hold take your crownes agayne
 And kepe your othes and fealties to mee,
 So shal you liue as free as here to fore,
 And neare hereaftre stoupe to conquest more.

Enter Elimine and Samathis with childe,

Pego. Here comes the two widows of the begger
 and the king, little know they that both their huf-
 bandes are turnd into one king, there would be olde
 striuing who should bee Queene I fayth.

Eli. Pittie dread soueraigne.

Sa. Pittie gratiouſe Lord.

Clean. What are your futes.

Eli. I the poore countesse and the widdow left.
 Of late *Count Hermes* hauing all my goodes,
 feazd to our late kings vſe for murder done,

Of young prince *Doricles* humbly pray your grace,
I may haue somewhat to mainetayne my stafe,
And this poore burthen which I goe withall.
The haplesse Infant of a haplesse father.

Sa. And I my Lord humbly intreate your grace.
That where my husband *Leon* is deceast,
And left me much in debt, his creditors
Hauing feased all I haue into their handes,
And turnd me with this haplesse burthen heere,
Into the streetes your highnesse will descend,
To my relieve by some conuenient order.

Clean. Poor soules I most extreamely pittie them,
But say is *Leon* deade,

Clear. Men say my Lord he cast his desperate body,
From Thalexandrian tower into the sea.

Clean. Who saw the fight, or gaue out this reporte,
You maister Burgomaister.

Pe. I did my gratiouse Lord.

Clean. So I deuised indeede that he should say,
That none should neuer looke for *Leon* more
But these my widowes here must not be left,
vnto the mercie of the needy world,
Nor mine owne Iffue that they goe withall,
Haue such base fortunes and there fire so great,
Widowes in pittie of your widowhood,
And vntymely endes of both your husbandes,
The slaughter of the *Count* your husband madam,
Shall be remitted, and your selfe enjoy,
The vtmōit of the liuing he possest,
So will I pay your husband *Leons* debt,
And both shall liue fitting there wonted states,
Kinges in there mercie come most near the Goddes,
And can no bettter shew it then in ruth,
Of widowes and of children fatherlesse,
My selfe will therefore be to both your birthes,
A carefull father in there bringing vp.

Ambo. The Gods for euer bleffe your maiestie,

Cle. But tell me were your husbandes such bad men.
That euery way they did deserue such endes,

Eli. Myne was a husband to my hartes content.
But that he vyd the priuiledge of men,

Clean. What priuiledge of men,

Eli. To take some other loue besides his wife
Which men think by their custome they may do,
Although their wiues be strictly bound to them.

Clean. With whom suspect you he was great with all.

Eli. With this poorewidow here the worlde supposeth.

Sa. So thinkes the world my husband was with you.

Pe. Fayre dames what will you say to me,
If I can tell you where your husbandes bee.

Clean. What can you fir.

Pe. Nay nothing fir I did but ieast with you, I
feard him I fayth but Ile be secret thatts flat.

Clean. Well maister *Burgomaister* see that you restore,
The goodes and landes you ceasd.
Both of the countesse and rich *Leons* wife,
Not pittie of their widowhoodes alone,
But their rare beauties move me to this good.
Oh Maister *Burgomaister* see heres your wife
come to welcome you home from warres.

Enter Martia with a child.

Oh husband husband will you goe to warre, and leaue
me in this taking.

Pe. This taking why this is a very good taking how
say you is it not and like your Maiestie.

Clean. 'Tis very wel Maister *Burgomaister*.

Pe. But Shall I intreat one boone of your Maiestie.

Cle. Whats that, Maister *Burgomaister*.

Pe. Mary euen to be god father to my young Bur-
gomaister here.

Cle. Withall my hart fir.

Mar. Come on sweete husband for my time drawes
neare.

Pe. Feare not thou shalt be a ioyfull mother I
warrant thee.

Cle. How say you my Lordes is not our Burgo-
maister a tall man euery way, did you not marke how
manfully he behaued himselfe in our late Battayle,

Po. We did my Lord and wonder at his courage
Rhe. His merit doth deserve a better place.

Then to be Burgomaister of *Alexandria*.

Cle. Then say my Lordeshow shall we deale with him.

Bi. Had he beene widower he might haue wedded
with this countesse heere.

Po. Oh I haue one of mine owne I thanke you sir,
heres one has the sweete of them I fayth:

Po. My Lord the offer had beene to hye a grace
for him

For neare did eye behold a fayrer face.

Be. So fayth mine eye that hath my hart incenſt.

Bi. And *Rheſus* me thinkes this exceeds her farre,

Rhe. No question of it as the sonne a starre.

Po. As fodaynely as lightning beautie woundes,

Be. None euer loud but at first fight they loud.

Po. Loues darteres are swift as is the lightning fier.

Rhe. See he ſhootes arrowes burning from her eyes.

Po. Why which loues *Rheſus*.

Rhe. This coeleſtiall dame.

Po. And which loues *Bion*.

Bi. Euen the very fame.

Po. Then may I freely Ioy the countesse heere.

Beb. No *Porus* for *Bebritius* loues her too

Cle. Are they in loue oh Gods would that were true
My louing ioy the fresh desire of Kinges.

How now my Lords doth beauty ſtarle you

Po. More then dead flockes would ſtarle at ſuch
beauty.

Be. In vayne do I refiſt my paſſions,
Mightie *Cleanthes* to annex my hart,
In loue to thee aſwell as victorie,
Grant this fayre countesse here may be my queene.

Po. No great *Cleanthes* giue her to my hand,
Whose hart was firſt the ſubiect of her graces.

Rhe. Then let the *Arabian* king make this his
queene.

Bi. Nay this *Cleanthes* let my loue inioy.

Cle. How fatall are these loues now I perceave,
Their fortunes that I told as I was *Irus*.

Will now in force I see be come to passe.

Sa. Oh holy *Irus* blessed be thy tongue,
That like an orator hath told our fortunes.

Eli. He told vs we should foone lose our first loues,
Making our second choise mongst greatest kinges.

Cle. I did indeede, but God knowes knew not how.

Pe. Howsay you maister brother, am I secret now,

Cle. Thou art and be so still for not the worlde,
Shall euer know the mad prankes I haue played,
Now stand fayre my Lordes and let these Ladies
view you,

Eli. In my eye now the blackest is the fayrest,
For euery woman chooseth white and red,
Come martiall *Porus* thou shalt have my loue.

Be. Out on thee foolish woman thou hast chose a
deuill.

Pe. Not yet sir til he haue hornes.

Sa. Tis not the face and colour I regard,
But fresh and louely youth allures my choyse,
And thee most beautious *Bion* I affecte.

Rhe. Haplesse is *Rhefus*.

Bebri. Accurst *Bebritius*.

Cle. Have patience gentle Lordes I will prouide,
Other *Ægyptian* Ladies for your turne,
So will we linke in perfit league of loue,
So shall the victorie you lost to me,
Set double glorie on your conquered heades.
So let vs goe to frolick in our Court.
Caroufing free whole boules of greekish wine,
In honor of the conquest we haue made,
That at our banquet all the Gods may tend,
Plauding our victorie and this happie end.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

A pleafant Comedy

entituled :

49

An Humerous dayes Myrth.

As it hath been fundrie times publikely acted by
the right honourable the Earle of Not-
tingham Lord high Admirall
his seruants.

By G. C.



AT LONDON
Printed by Valentine Syme:
1599.



A pleasant Comedie entituled

An humorous dayes mirth.

Enter the count Laberuele in his shirt and night gowne, with two iewells in his hand.

Laberuele.

Yet hath the morning sprinckled throwt the clowdes, But halfe her tincture and the foyle of night stickes stil vpon the bosome of the ayre: yet sleepe doth rest my loue for Natures debt, and through her windowe, and this dim twee-light, her maide, nor any waking I can see. This is the holy Greene my wifes close walke, to which not any but herselue alone hath any key, onelye that I haue clapt her key in waxe, and made this counterfeite, to the which I steale acceſſe to work this rare & politike deuice: Faire is my wife and yong and delicate, although too religious in the pureſt forte, but pure religion being but mental ſtuffe and ſence indeed, al for it ſelue, is to be doubted, that when an obiect comes fit to her humour ſhe wil intercept religious letters ſent vnto her minde, and yeeld vnto the motion of her bloud, heere haue I brought then two rich agots for her, grauen with two poſes of mine own deuifing, for Poets Ile not truſt, nor friends, nor any: ſhee longs to haue a child, which yet alas I cannot get, Yet long as much as ſhee, and not to make her desperate, thus I write

in this faire iewell though it simple be, yet tis mine
owne that meaneth well in nought, tis

Spare not of children,
Loue with the longest,
When man is at the weakest,
God is at strongest.

I hope tis plain, & knowing in this other that I write,

God will reward her a thousand fold,
That takes what age can, and not what age would,

I hope tis prety & pathetical: Wel, euen here lie
both together til my loue arise and let her thinke you
fall out of the skies, I wil to bed againe. *Exit.*

Enter Lemot and Colenet.

Lemot. How like you this morning *Colenet* ?
What, shall we haue a faire day ?

Colenet. The skie hangs full of humour, and I thinke
we shall haue raine.

Lem. Why raine is faire wether when the ground is
dry and barren, especially when it raines humor, for
then doe men like hot sparrowes and pigeons open all
their wings ready to receiue them.

Col. Why hen we may chaunce to haue a faire
day, for we shall spend it with so humorous acquain-
tance as raines nothing but humor al their life time.

Le. True *Colenet*, ouer which wil I sit like an old
King in an old fashion play, hauing his wife, his counfel,
his children, and his foole about him, to whome he will
sit and point very learnedly as foloweth ; my counsell
graue, and you, my noble peeres, my tender wife, and
you, my children deare, and thou my foole.

Co. Not meaning me fir I hope.

Le. No fir but thus will I sit, as it were, and point
out all my humorous companions.

Co. You shal do maruelous wel fir.

Le. I thanke you for your good incouragement,
but *Colinet* thou shalt see *Catalian* bring me hither
an od gentleman presently to be acquainted withall,

who in his manner of taking acquaintance wil make
make vs excellent sport.

Co. Why *Lemot* I thinke thou sendst about of
purpose for yong gallants to be acquainted withal, to
make thy selfe merry in the maner of taking ac-
quaintance.

Le. By heauen I do *Colenet*, for there is no bet-
ter sport then to obserue the complement, for thatts
their word, complement, do you marke sir?

Co. Yea sir, but what humor hath this gallant in
his maner of taking acquaintance?

Le. Marry thus sir, he will speake the very selfe
same word, to a sillable after him of whome he takes
acquaintance, as if I should say, I am marueilous glad
of your acquaintance, He will reply, I am meruailous
glad of your acquaintance,

I haue heard much good of your rare parts & fine
cariage,

I haue heard much good of your rare parts & fine
cariage, so long as the complements of a gentleman
last, he is your complete ape.

Co. Why this is excellent.

Le. Nay firra heres the iest of it, when hee is past
this gratulation, he will retire himself to a chimny, or
a wal standing folding his armes thus: and go you
and speake to him so farre as the roome you are in
wil afford you, you shal neuer get him from that
most gentlemanlike set, or behauior.

Co. This makes his humor perfitt, I would he
would come once.

Enter Catalian and Blanuel.

Le. See where he comes, now must I say, *Lupus est
in fabula*, for these latine ends are part of a gentleman
and a good scholler.

Catalian. O good morrow *Monseur Lemot*, here is
the gentleman you desired so much to be acquainted
withal.

Le. He is marueilous welcome, I shall be exceed-
ing proud of your acquaintance.

Blan. I shal be exceeding proud of your acquaintance.

Le. I haue heard much good of your rare parts and fine carriages.

Blan. I haue heard much good of your rare parts and fine carriages.

Le. I shall be glad to be commanded by you.

Blan. I shall be glad to be commanded by you.

Le. I pray do not you say so.

Blan. I pray do not you say so.

Le. Well Gentlemen, this day let's consecrate to mirth, and *Colenet* you know no man better, that you are mightily in loue with loue, by *Martia* daughter to old *Foyes*.

Co. I confesse it here are none but friends.

Le. Wel then, go to her this morning in Countesse *Moris* name, and so perhaps you may get her company, thogh the olde churle bee so iealous that he will suffer no man to come at her, but the vaine gull *Labesha* for his liuing sake, and he as yet she will not be acquainted withall.

Co. Well this Ile do whatsoeuer come on it.

Le. Why nothing but good wil come of it, nere doubt it man.

Cata. Hee hath taken vp his stand, talke a little further and see and you can remoue him.

Le. I will Cat. nowe Monsieur *Blanuele* marke I pray.

Blan. I do sir very well I warrant you.

Le. You know the old Count *Laberuele*, hath a passing faire yong Lady, that is a passing foule Puritane.

Blan. I know her very well sir, she goes more like a milke maide then a Countesse, for all her youth and beautie.

Lemot. True sir, yet of her is the old Count so iealous that he will suffer no man to come at her, yet I will find a meanes, that two of vs will haue acceso to her tho, before his face, which shal so heate his

ielous humor til he be start mad : but *Colenet* go
you first to louely *Martia*, for tis too soone for the old
Lord and his faire yong Lady to rise.

Co. Adue Monsieur *Blanuel*.

Blan. Adue good Monsieur *Colinet*. *Exit Col.*

Le. Monsieur *Blanuel* your kindnes in this wil
bind me much to you.

Bla. Monsieur *Lemot* your kindnes in this will
bind me much to you.

Le. I pray you do not say so sir.

Blan. I pray you do not say so sir.

Le. Wilt please you to go in.

Blan. Wilt please you to go in.

Le. I will follow you.

Blan. I will follow you.

Le. It shall be yours.

Blan. It shall be yours.

Le. Kind Monsieur *Blanuel*.

Blan. Kind Monsier *Lemot*. *Exit.*

Enter Foyes, and Martia, and Befha.

Foyes. Come on faire daughter fall to your worke
of mind, and make your body fit to imbrace the body
of this Gentlemans, tis art : happy are they say I.

Be. I protest sir you speake the best that euer I
heard.

Fo. I pray sir take acquaintance of my daughter.

Be. I do desire you of more acquaintance.

Fo. Why dost not thou say yea, and I the same of
you ?

Mar. That euery body sayes.

Fo. O you would be singular.

Mar. Single indeede.

Fo. Single indeede that's a prety toy,
Your betters dame beare double and so shall you.

Be. Exceeding prety, did you marke it forsooth ?

Mar. What should I marke forsooth ?

Be. Your bearing double, which equificate is &
hath a fit illusion to a horse that beares double, for
your good father meanes you shall indure your single

life no longer, not in worse fense then bearing double forsooth.

Mar. I crie you mercy, you know both belike.

Be. Knowlege forsooth is like a horse, and you that can beare double : it nourisheth both Bee and Spider, the Bee honnifuckle, the Spider poyson, I am that Bee.

Mar. I thought so by your stinging witte.

Be. Lady I am a Bee without a sting, no way hurting any, but good to all, and before all, to your sweete selfe.

Fo. Afore God daughter, thou art not worthy to heare him speake : but who comes here?

Enter Colinet.

Co. God saue you sir.

Fo. You are welcome sir for ought that I know yet.

Co. I hope I shall be so still sir.

Fo. What is your busines sir, and then Ile tell you?

Co. Mary thus sir, the Countesse *Morene* intreats your faire daughter to beare her company this forenoone.

Fo. This forenoone sir, doth my Lord or Lady send for her I pray ?

Co. My Lady, I assure yon.

Fo. My Lady you assure me, very wel sir, yet that house is full of gallant Gentlemen, dangerous thornes to pricke yong maides I can tell you.

Co. There are none but honest and honourable Gentlemen.

Fo. Al is one sir for that, Ile trust my daughter with any man, but no man with my daughter, only your selfe Monser *Besha*, whom I wil intreat to be her gardian, & to bring her home againe.

Co. I will waite vpon her, and it pleafe you.

Fo. No sir, your weight vpō her wil not be so good : here Monser *Besha* I deliuer my daughter vnto you a perfect maide, and so I pray you looke well vnto her.

Co. Farewell Monser *Foyes*.

Befh. I warrant Ile looke vnto her wel enough.
Mistris wil it please you to preambulate.

Ma. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Enter the puritane.

Florila. What haue I done? put on too many clothes, the day is hote, and I am hoter clad then might suffice health, my conscience telles me that I haue offended, and Ile put them off, that will aske time that might be better spent, one sin will draw another quickly so, see how the divell tempts: but whats here? iewels? how should these come here?

Enter Laberuele.

Lab. Good morrow louely wife, what hast thou there?

Flo. Iewels my Lord which here I strangely found.

Lab. Thats strange indeede, what, where none comes but when your selfe is here? surely the heauens haue rained thee iewels for thy holy life, and vsing thy olde husbande louingly, or else doe Fairies haunt this holy greene, as euermore mine auncesters haue thought.

Flo. Fairies were but in times of ignorance, not since the true pure light hath beene reuealed, and that they come from heauen I scarce beleue: for iewels are vaine things, much gold is giuen for such fantastical & fruitlesse iewels, and therfore heauen I know wil not maintain the vse of vanitie, surely I feare I haue much finned to stoupe and take them vp, bowing my bodie to an idle worke, the strength that I haue had to this verie deed might haue beene vsed to take a poore soule vp in the hie way.

Lab. You are too curious wife, behold your iewels: what me thinks thers posies written on the.

Then hee reades:

Dispaire not of children,
Loue with the longest,
Whē man is at the weakest,
God is at the strongest.
Wonderfull rare and wittie, nay diuine,

Why this is heauenly cōfort for thee wife,
What is this other?

God will reward her a thousand folde

That takes what age can, & not what age would.

The best that euer I heard, no mortall braine

I thinke did euer vtter such conceit

For good plaine matter, and for honest rime.

Flo. Vaine Poetry, I pray you burne them fir.

La. You are to blame wife, heauen hath sent you them to decke your self withall, like to your self, not to go thus like a milk-maid, why there is difference in all estats by all religiō.

Flo. There is no difference.

La. I prethee wife be of another mind, and weare these iewels and a velvet hood.

Flo. A velvet hood! O vain diuelish deuise! a toy made with a superfluous flap, which being cut off, my head were still as warme. *Diogenes* did cast away his dish, because his hand would serue to help him drinke, surely these heathens shall rife vp against vs.

La. Sure wife I thinke thy keeping alwaies close, making thee melancholy, is the cause we haue no children, and therefore if thou wilt, be mery, and keepe companie a gods name.

Flo. Sure my lord, if I thought I shold be rid of this fame banishment of barrennes, and vse our mariage to the end it was made, which was for procreation, I shold sinne, if by my keeping house I shold neglect the lawful means to be a fruitful mother, & therfore if it please you ile vse resort.

La. Gods my passion what haue I done? who woulde have thought her purenesse would yeeld so soone to courses of temptations? nay harke you wife, I am not sure that going abroad will cause fruitfulness in you, that you know none knowes but God himselfe.

Flo. I know my lord tis true, but the lawfull means must still be vsed.

La. Yea, the lawfull meanes indeed must still, but now I remember that lawfull meanes is not abroad.

Flo. Well, well, Ile keepe the house still.

Lab. Nay, heark you lady, I would not haue you thinke, mary, I must tel you this, if you shuld change the maner of your life, the world would think you changed religion too.

Flo. Tis true, I will not go.

Lab. Nay, if you haue a fancie.

Flo. Yea a fancie, but thatts no matter.

La. Indeed fancies are not for iudicial & religious womē.

Enter Catalian like a scholer.

Cat. God saue your lordship, & you most religious lady.

Lab. Sir, you may fay God saue vs well indeed, that thus are thrust vpon in priuate walkes.

Cat. A slender thrust sir, where I toucht you not.

Lab. Well sir what is your busines ?

Cat. Why sir, I haue a message to my ladie from *Monsier du Barto*.

Lab. To your lady, wel sir, speake your mind to your lady.

Flo. You are very welcome sir, and I pray how doth he.

Cat. In health Madam, thanks be to God, commanding his dutie to your ladiship, & hath sent you a message which I would desire your honour to heare in priuate.

Flo. My ladiship, and my honor, they be words which I must haue you leaue, they be ydle woordes, and you shal answere for them truly: my dutye to you, or I desire you, were a great deale better, then, my ladiship, or my honour.

Cat. I thanke you for your christian admonition.

Flo. Nay thanke God for me : Come, I will heare your message with all my heart, and you are very welcome sir.

Lab. With all my heart, and you are very welcome sir, and go and talke with a yong lustie fellow able to make a mans haire stand vpright on his head, what puritie

is there in this trow you? ha, what wench of the facultie could haue beene more forward? Well sir, I will know your meſſage, you fir, you fir, what ſayes the holy man fir, come tell true, for by heauen or hell I will haue it out.

Cat. Why you ſhall fir, if you be fo deſirous.

Lab. Nay fir, I am more then fo deſirous; come fir, ſtudy not for a new deuice now.

Cat. Not I my lord, this is both new and old, I am a ſcholer, and being ſpiritually inclined by your ladies moſt godly life, I am to profeſſe the minifterie & to become her chaplaine, to which end *monsier du Barte* hath commended me.

Lab. Her chaplaine in the diuels name, fit to be vickar of hell.

Flo. My good head, what are you afraid of? he comes with a godly & neighborly fute: what think you his words or his looks can tempt me? haue you fo little faith? if euery word he ſpake were a ferpent, as futtle as that which tempted *Eue*, he cannot tempt me *I warrant you*.

La. Wel anſwered for him lady by my faith: wel hark you Ile keep your chaplaines place yonder for a while, and at length put in one myſelf: [Enter Lemot. what more yet? Gods my paſſion whom do I ſee, the very imp of deſolation, the miniō of our King, whome no man fees to enter his house but hee lookeſ vp, his wife, his children, and his maides, for where hee goes hee carries his house vpon his head like a ſnaile: now fir I hope your buſines is to me.

Lem. No fir, I muſt craue a word with my ladie.

La. These words are intollerable, & ſhe ſhal hear no more.

Lem. She muſt heare me ſpeakē.

Lab. Muſt ſhe fir, haue you brought the kings warrant for it?

Le. I haue brought that which is aboue Kings.

Lab. Why euery man for her fake is a puritan.

The Diuell I thinke wil shortly turne Puritan, or the Puritan wil turne Diuell.

Flo. What haue you brought sir?

Lem. Mary this Madam, you know we ought to proue one anothers constancie, and I am come in all chas. and honourable fort to proue your constancie.

Flo. You are verie welcome sir, and I will abide your prooфе: it is my dutie to abide your prooфе.

Lab. You'le bide his prooфе, it is your dutie to bide his prooфе, how the diuell will you bide his prooфе?

Flo. My good head, no other wife then before your face in all honorable and religious fort, I tell you I am constant to you, and he comes to trie whether I be so or no, which I must indure, begin your prooфе sir.

Le. Nay Madam, not in your husbands hearing, thogh in his sight for there is no woman wil shewe shee is tempted from her constancie, though she be a little: withdraw your selfe sweet ladie.

Lab. Well I will see though I do not heare, women may be courted without offence, so they resist the courtier.

Lem. Deare and most beautiful ladie, of al the sweet honest and honorable meanes to proue the puritie of a ladies constancy, kisſes are the strongest, I will therefore be bold to begin my prooфе with a kisſe.

Flo. No sir, no kisſing.

Lem. No kisſing Madam? how shall I proue you thē sufficiently, not vsing the most sufficient prooфе? to flatter your selfe by affection of spirit, when it is not perfittly tried, is fin.

Flo. You say well sir, that which is truth is truth.

Le. Then do you wel Lady and yeeld to the truth.

Flo. By your leaue sir, my husband sees, peraduenture it may breed an offence to him.

Lem. How can it breed an offence to your husband to see your constancie perfectly tried.

Flo. You are an odde man I see, but first I pray tel me how kissing is the best prooфе of chaste Ladies.

Lem. To giue you a reason for that, you must giue me leaue to be obscure and Philosophicall.

Flo. I pray you be, I loue Philosophie well.

Lem. Then thus Madam: euery kisse is made as the voice is by imagination and appetite, and as both those are presented to the eare in the voyce, so are they to the silent spirites in our kisses.

Flo. To what spirit meane you ?

Lem. To the spirites of our bloud.

Flo. What if it doe ?

Lem. Why then my imagination, and mine appetite working vpon your eares in my voyce, and vpon your spirites in my kisses, pearcing therein the more deeply, they giue the stronger assault against your constancie.

Flo. Why then to say, proue my constancy, is as much as to say, kisse me.

Lem. most true rare Ladie

Flo. Then proue my constancie

Lem. Beleeue me Madam, you gather exceeding wittily vpon it.

Lab. O my forehead, my very heart akes at a blowe, what dost thou meane wife ? thou wilt loose thy fame, discredite thy religion, and dishonour me for euer.

Flo. Away sir, I wil abide no more of your prooфе, nor endure any more of your triall.

Lem. O she dares not, she dares not ; I am as glad I have tride your purity as may be : you the most constant Lady in France ? I know an hundred Ladies in this towne that wil dance, reuill all night amongst gallants, and in the morning goe to bed to her husband as cleere a woman as if she were new christned, kisse him, imbrace him, and say, no, no husband, thou art the man, and he takes her for the woman.

Flo. And all this can I doe.

La. Take heede of it wife.

Flo. Feare not, my good heade, I warrant you for him.

Lem. Nay Madam, triumph not before the victorie, howe can you conquer that, against which you neuer striue, or striue against that which neuer encounters you To liue idle in this walke, to inioy this companie, to weare this habite, and haue no more delights then those will afforde you, is to make vertue an idle huswife, and to hide herselfe slouthfull cobwebbes that still should be adorned with actions of victorie : no Madam, if you will vnworthilly prooue your constancie to your husband, you must put on rich apparrell, fare daintily, heare musique, reade Sonetes be continually courted, kiffe, daunce, feast, reuell all night amongst gallants, then if you come to bed to your husband with a cleere minde, and a cleere body, then are your vertues *ipsissima* ; then haue you passed the ful test of experiment, and you shall haue an hundred gallants fight thus farre in bloud for the defence of your reputation.

Lab. O vanitie of vanities !

Flo. O husband this is perfect tryall indeede.

La. And you wil try all this now, wil you not ?

Flo. Yea my good head, for it is written, we must passe to perfection through al temptation, *Abacuke* the fourth.

Lab. *Abacucke*, cucke me no cuckes, in a doores I faye, theeues, Puritanes, murderers, in adoores I say. *Exit.*

Le. So now is he start mad yfaith : but firra, as this is an old Lorde iealous of his yong wife, so is antient Countesse *Moren* iealous of her yong husband, weeble thither to haue some sport, yfaith. *Exit.*

Enter *Besha* hanging vpon *Martia* sleeve, and the
Lord Moren comes to them.

Mar. I prethee *Besha* keepe a little off; hang not vpon her shoulders thus for shame.

Be. My Lord, *Pardon a moy*, I must not let her

talk alone with any one, for her father gaue me charge.

Mar. O you are a goodly charger for a Goose.

Be. A Goose, you are a Gander to call me Goose; I am a christian Gentleman as well as you.

Mor. Well firra get you hence, or by my troth Ile haue thee taken out in a blanket, tossed from forth our hearing.

Be. In a blanket? what, do you make a puppie of me, by skies and stones, I will go and tell your Lady.

Exit.

Mor. Nay but *Besha*.

Mar. Nay he will tell my Lorde.

Enter the Countesse Moren and Besha.

Co. Why how now my Lord, what thought you I was dead, that you are wooing of another thus, or are you laying plots to worke my death?

Mor. Why neither sweete bird, what need you moue these questions vnto me, whome you know loues you aboue all the women in the world?

Co. How he can flatter now he hath made a fault.

Besha. He can do little, and he cannot cogge.

Mor. Out you asse!

Co. Wel, come tell me what you did intreat.

Mor. Nothing by heauen sweete bird I sweare, but to intreat her loue.

Co. But to intreat her loue.

Mor. Nay heare me out.

Co. Nay here you are out, you are out too much, me thinkes, and put me in.

Mor. And put you in?

Co. In a fair taking sir I meane.

Mor. O you may see what hastie taking is, you women euermore scramble for our woordes, and neuer take them mannerly from our mouths.

Cou. Come tell me what you did intreat.

Mor. I did intreat her loue to *Colinet*.

Cou. To *Colinet*? O he is youre deare cousen, and your kinde heart yfaith is neuer well but when you

are doing good for euery man: speake, do you loue me?

Mor. Y faith sweete bird.

Con. Best of all others.

Mor. Best of all others?

Con. Thats my good bird yfaith.

Befh. O mistris, will you loue me so?

Mar. No by my troth will I not.

Befh. No by my troth will I not: Why thats well said, I could neuer get her to flatter me yet.

Enter Lemot, Blanuel, and Catalian, and Colinet.

Le. Good morrow my good Lord, and these passing louely Ladies.

Cat. So now we shall haue all maner of flattering with Monsieur *Lemot*.

Le. You are all manner of waies deceiued Madam, for I am so farre from flattering you, that I do not a whit praise you.

Con. Why do you call vs passing louely then?

Lem. Because you are passing from your louelines.

Mar. Madam we shall not haue one mot of Monsieur *Lemot*, but it shal be as it were a mote to drown al our conceit in admiration.

Lem. See what a mote her quick eye can spie in mine, before she lookest in it.

Mar. So mote I thee, thine answer is as good as mought be.

Le. Heres a poore name run out of breath quickly.

Co. Why Monsieur *Lemot*, your name is runne out of breath at euery word you speake.

Le. Thats because my name signifies word.

Mar. Wel hit, Monsieur *verbum*.

Le. What are you good at latine Lady?

Mar. No fir, but I know what *verbum* is.

Le. Why, tis greenebum, *ver* is greene, and you know what bum is, I am sure of that.

Mar. No fir, 'tis a verbe, and I can decline you.

Le. That you can Ile be sworne.

Mar. What can I do?

Le. Decline me, or take me a hole lower, as the prouerbe is.

Mar. Nay fir, I meane plaine Gramatical declination.

Le. Well, let's heare your schollership, and decline me.

Mar. I will fir *moto, motas.*

Besha. O excellent! she hath cald him asse in latine.

Lem. Well fir, forward.

Mar. Nay theres enough to trie both our scholerships.

Le. *Moto, motas,* nay faith forward to *motaui*, or *motandi.*

Mar. Nay iir, Ile leauue when I am well.

Co. Why Monsieur *Lemot*, your name being in word general, is in nini, or in hammer, or in cock, or in buzzard.

Le. Or in wagtaile, or in woodcocke, or in dotteril, or in dizard.

Ma. Or in clotte, or in head, or in cow, or in baby.

Le. Or in maukin, or in trash, or in pape, or in Lady.

Co. Or in deed in euery thing.

Lem. Why then 'tis in Thing.

Ma. Then, good Monsier Thing, there let it rest.

Le. Then aboue all things I must have a woord with you.

Be. Hands off fir, she is not for your mowing.

Le. She is for your mocking.

Be. And she mocke me, Ile tell her father.

Le. Thats a good child, thou smellest of the mother, and she was a foole I warrant you.

Be. Meddle with me, but doe not meddle with my mother.

Le. Thats a good child, come, I must needes haue a word with you.

Be. You shall do none of your needs with her sir.

Cata. Why what will you do ?

Be. What will I doe ? you shall see what Ile do.

Then he offereth to draw.

Blan. Go to you asse, offer to draw here, and weeble draw thee out of the house by the heeles.

Be. What, three against one ? now was euer proper hard fauored Gentleman so abused ? Go to Mistris *Martia*, I see you well enough ; are you are not ashamed to stand talking alone with such a one as hee ?

Le. How sir ? with such a one as I sir ?

Be. Yea sir, with such a one as you sir.

Le. Why, what am I ?

Be. What are you sir ? why I know you well enough.

Le. Sirra tel me, what you know me for, or else by heauen Ile make thee better thou hadst neuer knowne how to speake.

Be. Why sir, if you wil needes know, I know you for an honorable gentleman and the Kings minion, and were it not to you, theres nere a gentleman in Paris should haue had her out of my hands.

Ma. Nay, hees as tall a Gentleman of his hands as any is in Paris.

Col. There's a fauour for you sir.

Le. But I can get no fauour for you sir.

Blan. I pray my Lord, entreat for your cosen *Colinet*.

Mo. Alas man, I dare not for my wife.

Cat. Why my Lord she thinkes it is for nothing, but to speake for your cosen.

Mo. I pray you birde, giue me leaue to speake for my cosen.

Co. I am content for him.

Mo. Then one woorde with you more, curteous ladie *Martia*.

Be. Not, and you were my father.

Mo. Gentlemen, for God sake thrust this asse out of the doores.

Lem. Nay, birladye, he'le runne home and tell her father.

Ca. Well, go to her, I warrant he shall not trouble you (kind gentleman) how we dote on thee: imbrace him gentlemen.

Blan. O sweete *Besha*, how we honour thee.

Co. Nay Gentlemen, looke what a pearcing eye hee hath.

Be. An eie? I have an eie and it were a pole-cat.

Ca. Nay, looke what a nose he hath.

Be. My nose is nete crimfon.

Ca. Nay, looke what a handsome man he is, O Nature, Nature, thou neuer madest man of so pure a feature.

Be. Truly truly Gentlemen, I do not deserue this kindnesse.

Ca. O Lorde fir, you are too modest come, shall we walke?

Be. Whither? to the alehouse?

Le. Hearke you Madam, haue you no more care of the right of your husband, then to let him talke thus affectionately with another?

Coun. Why he speakes not for himselfe, but for his cosen *Colinet*. [Enter Lemot.]

Le. Gods my life? he telles you so, nay and these excuses may serue I haue done.

Con. By the masse now I obserue him, he lookes very suspitiously indeede, nere trust me if his lookes, and his iesture doe not plainly shewe himselfe to sweare, by this light I do loue thee.

Lem. Burlady Madam you geffe shrewdly indeede, but hearke you Madam, I pray let not me be the author of discord betweene my good Lord and you.

Con. No no Monsieur *Lemot*, I were blinde if I could not see this, ile flit her nose, by Iesus.

Me. How now whats the matter?

Co. Whats the matter? if I could come at your Mistris, she shoulde know whats the matter.

Mo. My Mistris?

Co. Yea your Mistris, O heres faire dissimulation, O ye impudent gossip, do I send for you to my house to make you my cōpanion, and do you vse me thus? little dost thou know what tis to loue a man truly, for if thou didst, thou wouldest be ashamed to wrong me so.

Mar. You wrong me Madam to say I wrong you.

Co. Go to, get you out of my house.

Mar. I am gone Madam.

Mor. Well, come in sweete bird and Ile perswade thee, ther's no harme done.

C. Well, we shall heare your perswasions.

Le. Well God knowes, and I can partly gesse what he must do to perswade her: well, take your faire charge, faire and manly L. Monsieur *Labesha*.

Co. One word with you more faire ladie.

Le. Not a word, no man on paine of death, not a word, he comes vpon my rapiers point, that comes within fortie foote on her.

Be. Thankes good *Lemot*, and thankes gentlemen all, and her father shal thanke you.

C. Much good do it you sir: come Gentlemen, lets go wait upon the king, and see the humour of the young lord Dowfeger.

Lem. Excuse me to the King, and tell him I will meet him there: so this is but the beginning of sport betweene this fine lord and his old lady: but this wench *Martia* hath happy starres raigned at the disposition of her beautie, for the King him selfe doth mightily dote on her. Now to my Puritane, and see if I can make vp my full prooфе of her.

Enter the puritane in her best attyre.

Flo. Now am I vp and ready, ready? why? because, my cloathes once on, that call we ready: but readinesse I hope hath reference to some fit action for our feuerall state: for when I am attyred thus Countesse-like, tis

not to worke, for that beffites me not, tis on some pleasure, whose chiefe obiect is one mans content, and hee my husbande is, but what need I thus be attyred, for that he would be pleased with meanner weed? besides I take no pleasure thus to please him: I am content, because it is my duty to keep to him, and not to seeke no further: but if that pleasure be a thing that makes the time feeme short, if it do laughter cause, if it procure the tongue but hartily to say, I thanke you, I haue no such thing, nor can the godliest woman in the worlde, against her nature please her sence, or soule, she may say, this I will, or this I will not. But what shall she reape hereby? comfort in an other world, if she will stay till then.

Enter her husband behind her.

Lab. Yea mary sir now I must looke about, now if her desolate proouer come againe, shal I admit him to make farther triall? Ile haue a Dialogue betweene my selfe and manly reason: to that speciall end reason, shall I indure a desolate man to come and court my wife, and proue her constancie: reason, to court and proue her you may beare my lord, for perfite things are not the worse for triall; gold will not turne to drosse for deepest triall: before God a comfortable saying: thanks gentle reason, Ile trouble you no more.

God sauе sweet wife, looke vp, thy tempter comes.

Flo. Let him my lord, I hope I am more blest then to relent in thought of lewde suggestion.

Lab. But if by frailtie you should yeeld in thought, what will you do?

Flo. Then shall you keepe me close, and neuer let me see man but your selfe, if not, then boldly may I go abroade.

Lab. But how, shall I know whether you yeeld, or no?

Flo. Heare vs your selfe, my lord.

Lab. Tut, that were grosse, for no woman will yeeld in her husbands hearing.

Flo. Then to assure you if I yeede or no, marke but these signes: as hee is proouing me, if I doe yeede, you shall perceyue my face blush and looke pale, and put on heauie looks. If I resist I will triumph, and smile, and when I hold but vp my finger, stop his vaine lips, or thrust him on the breast, then is he ouerthrowne both horse and foote.

Lab. Why, this doth satisfie me mightily: see hee is come.

Lem. Honor to my good lord, and his faire yong ladie.

Lab. Nowe Monsieur Sathan, you are come to tempt and prooue at full the spirit of my wife.

Lem. I am, my lord, but vainly I suppose.

Lab. You see she dares put on this braue attire fit with the fashion, which you think serues much to lead a woman into light desires.

Lem. My lord I see it: and the sight thereof doth halfe dismay me to make further prooфе.

Lab. Nay prooue her, prooue her sir, and spare not: what doth the wittie minion of our King thinke any dame in France will say him nay? but prooue her, prooue her, see and spare not.

Lem. Well sir, though halfe discouraged in my comming, yet Ile go forward: ladie, by your leaue.

Flo. Nowe sir, your cunning in a Ladys prooфе.

Lem. Madam, in proouing you I find no prooфе against your piercing glauncings, but swear I am shot thorow with your loue.

Flo. I do beleue you: who will sweare he loues, to get the thing he loues not? if he loue, what needs more perfite triall?

Lem. Most true rare ladie.

Flo. Then we are fitly met, I loue you too.

Lem. Exceeding excellent.

Flo. Nay, I knowe you will applaude mee in this course, but to let common circumstaunces passe, let vs be familiar.

Lem. Deare life, you rauish my conceit with ioy.

Lab. I long to see the signes that she will make.

Flo. I told my husband I would make these signes : if I resisted, first hold vp my finger, as if I said, yfaith sir you are gone, but it shall say, yfayth sir we are one.

Lab. Nowe shee triumphes, and pointes to heauen I warrant you.

Flo. Then must I seeme as if I would heare no moret and stoppe your vaine lips, go cruell lippes, you haue bewitcht me, go.

Lab. Now she stops in his scorned wordes, and rates him for his paines.

Flo. And when I thrust you thus against the breast, then are you ouerthrowne both horse and foote.

Lab. Now is he ouerthrowne borth horse and foote.

Flo. Away vaine man, haue I not answered you ?

Lem. Madam, I yeeld and sweare, I neuer saw so constant, nor so vertuous a ladie.

Lab. Now speake I pray, and speake but truly, haue you not got a wrong sow by the eare ?

Lem. My lord, my labor is not altogether lost, for now I find that which I neuer thought.

Lab. A firrah, is the edge of your steele wit rebated then against her Adamant ?

Lem. It is my Lord, yet one word more faire ladie.

Lab. Faine would he haue it do, and it will not be : harke you wife, what signe will you make mee nowe if you relent not ?

Flo. Lend him my handkercher to wipe his lips of their last disgrace.

Lab. Excellent good, go forward, see I pray.

Flo. An other signe yfaith, loue is required.

Lem. Let him have signes inowe, my heauenly loue, then knowe there is a priuate meeting this day at Verones ordinarie, where if you will do me the grace to come, and bring the beauteous *Martia* with you, I wil prouide a faire and priuate roome, where you shal be vnfeene of any man, onely of me, and of the King himselfe, whom I will cause to honour your repaire

with his high presence, and there with Musicke and
quicke reuellings you may reuiue your spirits so long
time dulled.

Flo. Ile send for *Martia* then, and meeete you
there, and tell my husband I wil locke my selfe in my
choise walke till supper-time : we pray sir, wipe your
lips of the disgrace they tooke in their last labour.

Lem. Mary, the divell was neuer so dispited.

Lab. Nay stay, fee.

Lem. No, no, my L, you haue the constant^t wife
that euer : wel Ile say no more. *Exit.*

Lab. Neuer was minion so disminioned, come
constancie, come my girle, Ile leaue thee loose to
twentie of them, yfaith.

Flo. Come [*Then he fighes.*] my good head, come.
Exit.

Enter the King and all the lords with the Trumpets.

King. Why found these Trumpets in the Diuelles
name.

C. To shew the King comes.

King. To shew the King comes ? Go hang the
Trumpetters, they mocke me boldly, and euery other
thing that makes me knowne, not telling what I am,
but what I seem, a King of clouts, a scarcrow, full of
cobwebs, spiders and earewigs, that sets Iackdawes
long tongue in my bosome, and vpon my head ; and
such are all the affections of loue swarming in me,
without commaund or reason.

Lem. Howe nowe my liege ! what, quackemyred
in Philosophie, bounde with loues whipcorde, and
quite robbed of reason : and Ile giue you a receyte for
this presently.

King. Peace *Lemot*, they say the yong lord
Dowfeger is rarely learned, and nothing lunatike as
men suppose, but hateth companie, and worldly trash,
the iudgement and the iust contempt of them, haue in
reason arguments that breake affection (as the most
sacred Poets write) and still the roughest wind : and his
rare humour come we now to heare.

Lem. Yea, but hearke you my liege, Ile tell you a better humour then that, here presently will be your faire loue *Martia*, to see his humour, and from thence faire countesse *Florula*, & she will go vnto Verones ordinarie, where none but you and I, and Count *Moren*, will be most merry.

King. Why Count *Moren* I hope dares not aduenture into any womans companie, but his wiues.

Lem. Yes, as I will worke, my liege, and then let me alone to keepe him there till his wife comes.

King. That will be royall sport: see where all comes: welcome faire lords and ladies.

Enter Laberuele, Labesha, and all the rest.

Lab. My liege you are welcome to my poore house.

Lem. I pray my liege know this Gentleman especially, he is a Gentleman borne I can tell you.

King. With all my heart: what might I call your name?

Lab. *Monsieur Labesha, finiora defoulasa.*

Ki. *Defoulasa*, an il sounding barrendrie of my word: but to the purpose, lord *Laberuele*, we are come to see the humour of your rare sonne, which by some meanes I pray let vs pertake.

La. Your highnes shal too vnworthily pertake the sight which I with grieve and teares daily behold, seeing in him the end of my poore house.

King. You know not that (my lord) your wife is yong, and he perhaps hereafter may be moued to more societie.

La. Would to God hee would, that wee might do to your crowne of France, more worthy and more acceptable seruice.

King. Thanks good my lord, see where he appeeres.

Enter Lauele with a picture, and a paire of large hose, and a codpeece, and a sword.

K. Say *Lauel*, where is your friend the yong lord *Dowfecer*?

La. I looke my liege he will be here anone, but

then I must intreat your Maiestie and all the rest, to stand vnseen, for he as yet will brooke no companie.

King. We will stand close *Lauale*, but wherefore bring you this apparell, that picture, and that fword?

Lau. To put him by the fight of them in mind of their braue states that vse them, or that at the least of the true vse they should be put vnto.

King. Indeede the fence doth still stir vp the soule, and though these objects do not worke, yet it is very probable in time she may, at least, we shall discerne his humor of the.

Lem. See where he comes contemplating, stand close.

Enter Dowfecer.

Quid Dei potes videri magnum in rebus humanis quæ æterni omnes to thy ousque notas sic omnibus magna tutor, what can seeme strange to him on earthly things to whom the whole course of eternitie, and the round compasse of the world is knowne? a speech diuine, but yet I maruaile much how it should spring from thee, *Marke Cicero* that sold for glory the sweet peece of life, & make a torment of rich natures work, wearing thyself by watchful candel light, when all the Smithes & Weauers were at rest, and yet was gallant ere the day bird fung to haue a troope of clyents at thy gates, armed with religious supplicatiōs, such as wold make stern *Minos* laugh to reade: look on our lawyers billes, not one containes virtue or honest drifts; but he cares, he cares, he cares; for acorns now are in request, but the okes poore fruite did nourish men, men were like okes of body, tough, and strong men were like Gyants then, but Pigmies now, yet full of villanies as tkeir skinne can hold.

Le. How like you this humor my liege?

King. This is no humour, this is but perfit iudgement.

Coun. Is this a frensie?

Mar. O were al men such, men were no men but gods: this earth a heauen.

Do. See see the shamelesse world, that dares present her mortall enemie with these grose ensignes of her lenity, yron and steele, vncharitable stiffe, good spittle-founders, enemies to whole skinnes, as if there were not waies enow to die by natural and casuall accidents, diseases, surfeits, braue carowfes, old aquavitæ, and too base wiues, and thousands more hence with this art of murder. But here is goodly geare, the soule of man, for tis his better part, take away this, and take away their merites, and their spirites, scarce dare they come in any publike view, without this countenance giuer, and some dares not come, because they haue it too, for they may sing, in written books they find it, what is it then the fashion, or the cost, the cost doth match, but yet the fashion more, for let it be but meane, so in the fashion, & tis most gentleman like, is it so ? make a hand in the margent, and burne the booke, a large house and a codpeece makes a man a codpece, nay indeed but house must down : well for your gentle forgers of men, and for you come to rest me into fashion, Ile weare you thus, and fit vpon the the matter.

La. And he doth despise our purposes.

Ca. Beare with him yet my Lorde, hee is not refolued.

La. I would not haue my friend mocke worthy men, for the vaine pride of some that are not so.

Dn. I do not here deride difference of states, no not in shew, but wish that such as want shew might not be scorned with ignorant Turkish pride, beeing pompos in apparel, and in mind : nor would I haue with imitated shapes men make their natvie land, the land of apes, liuing like strangers when they be at home, and so perhaps beare strange hearts to their home, nor looke a snusse like a piannets taile, for nothing but their tailes and formall lockes, when like to creame boules all their vertues swim in their set faces, all their in parts then fit to serue pefants or make curdes for dawes : but what a stocke am I thus to neglect this figure of man's comfort this rare peece ?

La. Heauens grant that make him more humane, and sotiable.

King. Nay hees more humane then all we are.

La. I feare he will be too sharp to that sweete sex.

Dow. She is very faire, I thinke that she be painted; and if she be fir, she might aske of mee, how many is there of our sexe that are not? tis a sharpe question: marry and I thinke they haue small skill, if they were all of painting, twere safer dealing with them, and indeed were their minds strong enough to guide their bodies, their beuteous deeds shoulde match with their heauenly lookes, twere necessarie they should weare them, and would they vouchsafe it, euen I would ioy in their societie.

Ma. And who would not die with such a man?

Dow. But to admire them as our gallants do, O what an eie she hath, O dainty hand, rare foote and legge, and leaue the minde respectles, this is a plague, that in both men and women make such pollution of our earthly beeing: well, I will practice yet to court this peece.

La. O happie man, now haue I hope in her.

King. Methinkes I could indure him daies and nights.

Dow. Well fir, now thus must I do fir, ere it come to women; now fir a plague vpon it, tis so ridiculous I can no further: what poore asse was it that set this in my way? now if my father should be the man: Gods precious coles tis he.

Lab. Good sonne go forward in this gentle humor, obserue this picture, it presents a maide of noble birth and excellent of parts, whom for our house and honor sake, I wish thou wouldest confesse to marrie.

Dow. To marrie, father? why we shall haue children.

La. Why, that's the ende of marriage, and the ioye of men.

Dow. O how you are deceiued, you have but me, & what a trouble am I to your ioy? but, father, if you

long to haue some fruite of me, see father I will creepe into this stuborne earth and mixe my flesh with it, and they shall breede grasse, to fat oxen, asses and suchlike, and when they in the grasse the spring conuerts into beasts nourishment, then comes the fruite of this my body forth ; then may you well say, seeing my race is so profitably increased, that good fat oxe, and that same large eard asse are my sonne sonnes, that caulfe with a white face is his faire daughter, with which, when your fields are richly filled, then will my race content you, but for the ioyes of children, tush tis gone, children will not deserue, nor parents take it : wealth is the onely father & the child, and but in wealth no man hath any ioy.

La. Some course dear sonne take for thy honor sake.

Dow. Then father heres a most excellent course.

La. This is some comfort yet.

Dow. If you will strait be gone and leaue me here, Ile stande as quietlye as anye lambe, and trouble none of you.

La. An haplesse man.

Le. How like you this humour yet my liege ?

King. As of a holy fury, not a frensie.

Mor. See see, my liege, he hath seene vs sure.

King. Nay looke how he viewes *Martia*, and makes him fine.

Lem. Yea my liege, and she as I hope wel obserued, hath vttered many kind conceits of hers.

King. Well Ile be gone, and when shee comes to Verones ordinarie, Ile haue her taken to my custodie.

Lem. Ile stay my liege, and see the euent of this.

K. Do so *Leinot.* *Exit the king.*

Dow. What haue I seene ? howe am I burnt to dust with a new Sun, and made a nouell Phoenix, is she a woman that obiects this fight, able to worke the chaos of the world into gestion ? O diuine aspect, the excellent disposer of the mind shines in thy beautie, and thou hast not chaunged my soule to fense, but

sense vnto my soule, and I desire thy pure societie,
but euen as angels do, to angels flie. *Exit.*

Mar. Flie soule and follow him.

Lab. I maruel much at my sonnes sodaine strange
behauiour.

Lem. Beare with him yet my Lord, tis but his
humour: come, what, shall we go to Verones ordinarie?

Lab. Yea for Gods sake, for I am paffing hungry.

Mor. Yea, come Monsieur *Lemot*, will you walke?

Count. What, will you go?

Mor. Yea sweet bird, I haue promised so.

Count. Go to, you shall not go and leaue me
alone.

Mor. For one meale gentle bird. Veron invites
vs to buy some iewels he hath brought of late from
Italie: Ile buy the best, and bring it thee, so thou wilt
let me go.

Count. Well said flattering *Fabian*, but tel me then
what ladies will be there?

Mor. Ladies? why, none.

Lem. No ladies vfe to come to ordinaries, Madam.

Count. Go to bird, tell me now the very truth.

Mor. None of mine honour bird, you neuer heard
that ladies came to ordinaries.

Count. O that's because I should not go with you.

Mar. Why tis not fit you should.

Cou. Well heark you bird, of my word you shall
not go, vnlesse you will fweare to me, you will neither
court nor kiffe a dame in any fort, till you come home
againe.

Mar. Why I fweare I will not.

Count. Go to, by this kiffe.

Mar. Yea, by this kiffe.

Foies. *Martia*, learne by this when you are a wife.

Lab. I like the kissing well.

Flo. My lord, Ile leaue you, your sonne *Dowfecer*
hath made me melancholy with his humour, and Ile
go locke my selfe in my close walke till supper time.

Lab. What, and not dine to-day?

Flo. No my good head: come, *Martia*, you and I will fast togither.

Mar. With all my heart Madam. *Exit.*

Lab. Well Gentlemen Ile go see my sonne. *Exit.*

Foy. Birlady, Gentlemen Ile go home to dinner.

Labe. Home to dinner? birlord, but you shall not, you shall go with vs to the ordinarie, where you shall meete Gentlemen of so good carriage, and passing cōplements, it will do your hart good to fee them, why you neuer saw the best sort of Gentlemen if not at ordinaries.

Foy. I promise you that's rare, my lord, and Monsieur *Lemot*, Ile meet you there presently.

Lem. Weele expect your comming. *Exeunt all.*

Enter Verone with his Napkin upon his Shoulder, and his man Iaques with another, and his sonne bringing in cloth and napkins.

Ver. Come on my maisters, shadow these tables with their white vailes, accomplish the court Cupboord, waite diligently to day for my credite and your owne, that if the meate should chance to be raw, yet your behauiors being neither rude nor raw, may excuse it, or if the meate should chaunce to be tough, be you tender ouer them in your attendance, that the one may beare with the other.

Iaq. Faith, some of them bee so hard to please, finding fault with your cheere, and discommending your wine, saying, they fare better at Verones for halfe the mony.

Boy. Besides, if there be any cheboules in your napkins, they say your nose or ours haue dropt on them, and then they throw them about the house.

Ver. But these bee small faults, you may beare with them, young Gentlemen and wilde heades will be doing.

Enter the Maide.

Maid. Come, whose wit was it to couer in this roome, name in the of God I trowee.

Boy. Why I hope this roome is as faire as the other.

Maid. In your foolish opinion: you might haue tolde a wise body so, and kept your selfe a foole still.

Foy. I cry you mercie, how bitter you are in your prouerbs.

Maid. So bitter I am sir.

Ver. O sweet Sateena I dare not say I loue thee.

Iaq. Must you controule vs, you proud baggage you?

Maid. Baggage? you are a knaue to call me baggage.

Iaq. A knaue? my maister shall know that.

Ver. I will not see them.

Iaq. Maister, here is your Maid vses her selfe so fawfily, that one house shall not holde vs two long, God willing.

Ver. Come hither, hufwife. Pardon mee sweete Iacenan, I must make an angry face outwardly, though I smile inwardly.

Maid. Say what you will to me sir.

Ver. O you are a fine Gossip, can I not keepe honest seruants in my house, but you must controule them? you must be their mistres.

Maid. Why I did but take vp the cloth, because my mistresse would haue the dinner in an other roome, and hee called me baggage.

Iaq. You called me knaue and foole, I thanke you small bones.

Ma. Go to, go to, she were wife enough would talke with you.

Boy. Go thy waies for the proudest harlotrie that euer came in our houise.

Ver. Let her alone boy, I have scoold her I warant thee, she shall not be my maide long, if I can helpe it.

Boy. No, I thinke so sir, but what, shal I take vppe the cloath?

Ver. No, let the cloth lie, hither theile com first, I

am sure of it, then If they will dine in the other roome, they shal.

Enter Rowl.

Ro. Good morrow my host, is no body come yet?

Ve. Your worship is the first sir.

Ro. I was inuited by my cosen *Colinet*, to see your iewells.

Ve. I thanke his worship and yours.

Ro. Heres a prettie place for an ordinarie, I am very fory I haue not vsed to come to ordinaries.

Ve. I hope we shall haue your company hereafter.

Ro. You are very like so.

Enter Berger.

Ber. Good morrow my host, good morrow good Monsieur *Rowle*.

Ro. Good morrow to you sir.

Ber. What are we two the first? giue's the cardes, here come, this gentleman and I wil go to cardes while dinner be ready.

Ro. No truly I cannot play at cardes.

Ber. How! not play, O for shame say not so, how can a yong gentleman spend his time but in play, and in courting his Mistris: come vse this, least youth take too much of the other.

Ro. Faith I cannot play, and yet I care not so much to venture two or three crownes with you.

Ber. O I thought that I shuld find of you, I pray God I haue not met with my match.

Ro. No trust me sir, I cannot play.

Ber. Hearke you my host, haue you a pipe of good Tabacco?

Ve. The best in the towne: boy drie a leafe.

Boy. Theres none in the house sir.

Ve. Drie a docke leafe.

Be. My host, do you know Monsieur *Blanuel*.

Ne. Yea passing well sir.

Be. Why, he was taken learning trickes at old *Lucilas* house the muster mistris of all the smocktearers

in Paris, and both the bawde and the pander were carried to the dungeon.

Ve. There was dungeon vpon dungeon, but call you her the muster-mistris of al the smocktearers in Paris?

Be. Yea, for she hath them all trained vp afore her.

Enter Blanuel.

Bla. Good morow my host, good morow gentlemen al.

Ve. Good morow Monsieur *Blanuel*, I am glad of your quicke deliuery.

Bla. Deliuery; what, didst thou thinke I was with child?

Ve. Yea of a dungeon.

Bla. Why, how knew you that?

Ro. Why *Berger* told vs.

Bla. *Berger* who told you of it?

Be. One that I heard, by the lord.

Bla. O excellent, you are still playing the wagge.

Enter Lemot and Moren.

Le. Good morrow Gentlemen all, good morrow good Monsieur *Rowle*.

Ro. At your seruice.

Le. I pray my lord look what a prety falling band he hath, tis pretty fantasticall, as I haue seen made, with good iudgement, great shew, and but little cost.

Moren. And so it is I promise you, who made it I pray?

Row. I know not yfaith, I bought it by chance.

Le. It is a very pretty one, make much of it.

Enter Catalian sweating.

Ca. Boy, I prethee call for a course napkin. Good morrow Gentlemen, I would you had bin at the tennif-court, you should haue seene me a beat Monsieur *Befan*, and I gaue him fifteene and all his faults.

Le. Thou didst more for him, then euer God wil do for thee.

Ca. Iaques I prethee fill me a cup of canary, three parts water.

Le. You shall haue all water and if it please you.

Enter Maide.

Ma. Who cald for a course napkin ?

Ca. Marry I, sweete heart, do you take the paines to bring it your selfe, haue at you by my hostes leauue.

Ma. Away sir, fie for shame.

Ca. Hearke you my host, you must marry this young wench, you do her mighty wrong els.

Ver. O sir, you are a merry man.

Enter Foyes and Labesha.

Foy. Good morrow gentlemen you see I am as good as my word.

Mo. You are sir, and I am very glad of it.

Le. You are welcome Monsieur *Foyes* : but you are not, no not you.

Be. No, welcome that Gentleman, tis no matter for me.

Le. How sir ? no matter to you, by this rush I am angry with you, as if al our loues protested vnto you were dissembed, no matter for you ?

Be. Nay sweet *Lemot* be not angry, I did but iest, as I am a Gentleman.

Lem. Yea but theres a difference of iesting, you wrong all our affections in so doing.

Be. Faith and troth I did not, and I hope sirs you take it not so.

All. No matter for me, twas very vnkindly sayd, I must needs say so.

La. You see how they loue me.

Foy. I do sir, and I am very glad of it.

Be. And I hope *Lemot*, you are not angry with me stil.

Le. No faith, I am not so very a foole to be angry with one that cares not for me.

Be. Do not I care for you ? nay then.

Ca. What, dost thou cry ?

Be. Nay I do not cry, but my stomacke waters to

thinke that you should take it so heauily, if I do not wish that I were cut into three peeces, and that these peeces were turned into three blacke puddings, and that these three blacke puddings were turned into three of the fairest Ladies in the land for your sake, I would I were hanged, whata diuel can you haue more then my poore heart ?

Ca. Well hearke you *Lemot*, in good faith you are too blame to put him to this vnkindnes, I prethee be friends with him.

Le. Well, I am content to put vp this vnkindnesse for this once, but while you liue take heede of: no matter for me.

Be. Why is it such a hainous word ?

Le. O the hainousest word in the world.

Be. Wel, Ile neuer speake it more, as I am a gentleman.

Le. No I pray do not.

Foy. My lord, will your lordship go to cards ?

Lor. Yea with you Monsieur *Foyes*.

Ro. *Lemot*, will you play ?

Le. Pardon good Monsieur *Rowle*, if I had any disposition to gaming your company should draw me before any mans here.

Foy. *Labesha*, what will you play ?

Lab. Play, yea, with all my heart, I pray lend me three pence.

Row. Ile play no more.

Cat. Why, haue you wonne or lost ?

Row. Faith I haue lost two or three crownes.

Cat. Well to him againe, Ile be your halfe.

Lem. Sirrah, *Catalian*, while they are playing at cardes, thou and I will haue some excellent sport: sirrah, dost thou know that fame Gentleman there ?

Cat. No yfaith, what is he ?

Lem. A very fine gull, and a neat reueller, one that's heire to a great liuing, yet his father keepes him so short, that his shirts will scant couer the bottom of his belly, for all his gay outside, but the linings be very

foule and sweatie, yea and perhappes lowfie, with dis-
pising the vaine shifthes of the world.

Cat. But he hath gotten good store of money now
me thinks.

Lea. Yea, and I wonder of it, some ancient feruing
man of his fathers, that hath gotten fortie shillings in
fiftie years vpon his great good husbandrie, he swearing
monstrous othes to pay him againe, and besides to
doe him a good turne (when God shall heare his prayer
for his father) hath lent it him I warrant you, but how-
soeuer, we must spcake him faire.

Cat. O what else !

Lem. God saue sweete Monsieur *Rowle*, what loose
or win, loose or win ?

Row. 'Faith sir saue my selfe, and loose my money.

Lem. Theres a prouerbe hit dead in the necke like
a Cony, why hearke thee *Catalian*, I could haue told
thee before what he would haue said.

Cat. I do not thinke so.

Lem. No, thou feest heers a fine plumpe of gal-
lants, such as thinke their wits singular, and their felues
rarely accomplished, yet to shew thee how brittle their
wittes be, I will speake to them feuerally and I will tell
thee before what they shall answer me.

Cat. Thats excellent, lets see that yfaith.

Lem. Whatsoeuer I say to Monsieur *Rowlee*, he
shall say, O sir, you may see an ill weed growes apace.

Cat. Come, lets see.

Lem. Now Monsieur *Rowlee*, me thinks you are
exceedingly growne since your comming to Paris.

Row. O sir, you may see an ill weed growes a
pace.

Cat. This is excellent, forward sir I pray.

Lem. What foere I say to *Labesha*, he shall answer
me, blacke will beare no other hue, and that fame olde
Iustice, as greedie of a stale prouerbe, he shall come
in the necke of that and fay, Blacke is a pearle in a
womans eye.

Cat. Yea, much yfaith.

Lem. Looke thee, here comes hither *Labesha, Catalian*, and I haue beene talking of thy complexion, and I say, that all the faire ladies in France would haue beene in loue with thee, but that thou art so blacke.

Labe. O sir blacke will beare no other hue.

Foy. O sir blacke is a pearle in a womans eye.

Lem. You say true sir, you say true sir, firrah *Catalian*, whatsoere I say to *Berger* that is so busie at Cardes, he shall answere me, sblood, I do not meane to die as long as I can see one aliue.

Cat. Come let vs see you.

Lem. Why *Berger*, I thought thou hadst beene dead, I haue not heard thee chide all this while.

Ber. Sblood, I do not meane to die as long as I can see one aliue.

Cat. Why but hearke you, *Lemot*, I hope you cannot make this lord answere so roundly.

Lem. O, as right as any of them all, and he shall aunswere me with an olde Latine Prouerbe, that is, *vñus promptus facit*.

Cat. Once more lets see.

Lem. My lord, your lordship could not play at this game verie latelie, and nowe me thinkes you are growne exceeding perfite.

Mor. O sir, you may see, *vñus promptus facit*.

Enter Iaques.

Iaq. Monsieur *Lemot*, here is a Gentleman and two Gentlewomen do desire to speake with you.

Lem. What are they come? *Iaques*, conuey them into the inwardre Parlour by the inwardre roome, and there is a brace of Crownes for thy labour, but let no bodie know of their being here.

Iaq. I warrant you sir.

Lem. See where they come: welcome my good lord and ladies, Ile come to you presently: so, now the sport begins, I shall starte the disguised King plagulie, nay I shall put the ladie that loues me in a

monstrous fright, when her husband comes and finds her here.

Boy. The Gentleman, and the two Gentlewomen desires your companie,

Lem. Ile come to them preſently.

Foy. Gentlemen, Ile go ſpeake with one, and come to you preſently. [The boy ſpeakes in Foyes his ear.

Lem. My lord, I would ſpeake a worde with your lordship, if it were not for interrupting your game.

Lord. No, I haue done *Lemot*.

Lem. My lord there muſt a couple of ladies dine with vs to day.

Lord. Ladies ? Gods my life I muſt be gone.

Lem. Why, hearke you my Lorde, I knewe not of their comming I protest to your Lordship, and woulde you haue mee turne ſuch faire Ladies as theſe are away ?

Lord. Yea but hearke you *Lemot*, did not you heare mee ſweare to my Wife, that I woulde not tarie, if there were any women, I wonder you would ſuffer any to come there.

Lem. Why you ſwore but by a kiffe, and kiffes are no holie things, you know that.

Lord. Why but hearke you *Lemot*, indeed I would be very loath to do any thing, that if my wife ſhould know it, ſhould diſpleafe her.

Le. Nay then you are to obſequious, hearke you, let me intreate you, and Ile tell you in ſecrete, you ſhall haue no worse company then the Kings.

Lord. Why will the King be there ?

Lem. Yea, though diſguifeſt.

Lord. Who are the ladies ?

Lem. The flowers of Paris, I can tell you, faire counteſſe *Florila*, and the ladie *Martia*.

Enter Iaque.

Iaq. Monsieur *Lemot*, the gentleman and the two Gentlewomen diſire your companie.

Lem. Ile come to them ſtraight : but *Iaques* come hither I prethee, go to *Labeſha*, and tell him that the

Countesse *Florila*, and the ladie *Martia* be here at thy maisters house: and if it come in question hereafter, denie that thou tolde him any such thing.

Iaq. What, is this all? Sblood Ile denie it, and forswear it too.

Lem. My Lorde, Ile goe and see the roome be neate and fine, and come to you presently.

Lord. Yea but hearke you *Lemot*, I prethee take such order that they be not knowne of any women in the house.

Lem. O how shuld they now to his wife go yfaith!

Exit.

Iaq. Hearke you, Monsieur *Labesha*, I pray let me speake a worde with you.

Labe. With all my heart, I pray looke to my stake, theres three pence vnder the Candlesticke.

Iaq. I pray see, do you know the Countesse *Florila*, and the ladie *Martia*?

Lab. Do I know the ladie *Martia*? I knew her before she was borne, why do you aske me?

Iaq. Why, they are both here at my masters house.

Lab. What, is Mistris *Martia* at an ordinarie?

Ia. Yea that she is.

La. By skies and stones Ile go and tel her father.

Exit.

Enter Lemot and the Countesse.

Cou. What you are out of breath, me thinks Monsieur *Lemot*?

Le. It is no matter Madam, it is spent in your seruice, that beare your age with your honesty, better then an hundred of these nise gallants, and indeed it is a shame for your husband, that contrary to his oath made to you before dinner, he shoud be now at the ordinary with that light huswife *Martia*, which I could not chuse but come and tell you; for indeede it is a shame that your motherly care should be so lightly regarded.

Co. Out on thee strumpet and accurst, and miserable dame.

Le. Well, there they are : nothing els now, to her husband go I. *Exit.*

Co. Nothing els quoth you, can there be more ? O wicked man, would he play false, that would so simply vow, and sweare his faith, and would not let me be displeased a minute, but he would sigh, and weepe til I were pleased, I haue a knife within that's rasor sharp, and I wil lay an yron in the fire, making it burning hot to mark the strumpet, but t'will bee colde too ere I can come thither, doe something wretched woman, staies thou here ? *Exit.*

Enter Lemot.

Le. My lorde, the roome is neate and fine, wilt please you go in ?

Ve. Gentlemen, your dinner is ready.

Le. And we are ready for it.

Le. *Iaquis*, shut the doores let no body come in.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Laberuele, Foyes, Labesha, and the Countesse.

La. Where be these puritanes, these murderers, let me come in here ?

Fo. Where is the strumpet ?

Co. where is this harlot, let vs come in here.

La. What shall we do ? the streets do wonder at vs, and we do make our shame knowne to the world, let vs go, and complaine vs to the King.

Fo. Come *Labesha*, will you go ?

Lab. No no I scorne to go ; no King shal heare my plaint, I will in silent liue a man forlorne, mad, and melancholy, as a cat, and neuer more weare hat band on my hat.

Enter Moren, and Martia.

Mo. What dost thou meane ? thou must not hang on me.

Mar. O good lord *Moren*, haue me home with you, you may excuse all to my father for me.

Enter Lemot.

Lem. O my lord, be not so rude to leaue her now.

Lord. Alas man, and if my wife should see it, I were vndone.

Enter the King and another.

Ki. Pursue them sirs, and taking *Martia* from him, conuay her presently to *Valeres* house.

What vilain was it that hath vttered this.

Enter the Puritane to Lemot.

Le. Why twas euen I, I thanke you for your gentle tearmes, you giue me vilain at the first, I wonder wheres this old doter, what doth he thinke we feare him.

Flo. O monstrous man, what wouldst thou haue him take vs ?

Le. Would I quoth you, yea by my troth would I, I know he is but gone to cal the constable, or to raire the streets.

Flo. What meanes the man trow ? is he mad ?

Le. No, no, I know what I do, I doe it of purpose, I long to see him come and raile at you, to call you harlot, and to spurne you too, O you'l loue me a great deale the better, and yet let him come, and if he touch but one thread of you, Ile make that thread his poyson.

Flo. I know not what to say.

Le. Speake, do you loue me ?

Flo. Yea furely do I.

Le. Why then haue not I reason that loue you so dearely as I do, to make you hatefull in his sight, that I might more freely enjoy you.

Flo. Why let vs be gon my kind *Lemot*, and not be wondered at in the open streets.

Lem. Ile go with you through fire, through death, throgħ hell, come giue me your owne hand, my owne deare heart, this hand that I adore and reuerence, and loath to haue it, touch an old mans bosome, O let me sweetely kisse it ; he bites.

Flo. Out on thee wretch, he hath bit me to the bone, O barbarous Canibal, now I perceiue thou wilt make me a mocking stocke to all the world.

Le. Come, come, leaue your passions, they cannot mooue mee, my father and my mother died both in a day, and I rung mee a peale for them, and they were no sooner brought to the church and laide in their graues, but I fetcht me two or three fine capers aloft, and took my leaue of them, as men do of their mistresses at the ending of a galliard ; *Besilos manus.*

Flo. O brutish nature, how accurst was I euer to indure the sound of this damned voice ?

Le. Well, and you do not like my humor, I can be but sorry for it, I bit you for good will, and if you accept it, so, if no, go.

Flo. Vilain, thou didst it in contempt of me.

Le. Well, and you take it so, so be it : harke you Madam, your wifest course is, euen to become puritan againe, put off this vaine attire, and say, I haue despised all : thanks my God, good husband, I do loue thee in the Lord, and he (good man) will thinke all this you haue done, was but to shew thou couldest gouerne the world, and hide thee as a rainebow doth a storne : my dainty wench, go go, what shall the flattering words of a vaine man make you forget your dutie to your husband ? away, repent, amend your life, you haue discredited your religion for euer.

Flo. Well wench, for this foule shame thou puttest on me, the curse of all affection light on thee. *Exit.*

Le. Go *Abacuck*, go, why this is excellent, I shal shortly become a schoolemaster, to whom men will put their wiues, to practise ; well now wil I go set the Queene upō the King, and tell her where he is close with his wench : and he that mends my humor, take the spurres : sit fast, for by heauen, ile iurke the horse you ride on.

Enter my host, Catalian, Blanuel, Berger, Iaquis, Maide, and Boy.

Host. Well Gentlemen, I am vtterly undone without your good helpes, it is reported that I receiued certaine ladies or gentlewomen into my house: no heres my man, my maid, and my boy, now if you saw any, speak boldly before these Gentlemen.

Ia. I saw none sir.

Maid. Nor I, by my maidenhead.

Boy. Nor I, as I am a man.

Ca. Wel my host, weeble go answere for your house at this time, but if at other times you have had wenches, and would not let vs know it, we are the leffe beholding to you.

Exeunt al, but my host and the Gentleman.

Ber. Peraduenture the more beholding to him, but I laye my life *Lemot* hath deuised some ieast, he gaue vs the slip before dinner.

Cat. Well Gentlemen, since we are so fitly mette, Ile tell you an excellent subiect for a fit of myrth, and if it bee well handled.

Ber. Why, what is it?

Cat. Why man, *Labesha* is grown maruelous malecontent, vpon some amorous disposition of his mistres, and you know he loues a meafe of cream, and a spice-cake with his heart, and I am sure he hath not dined to day, and he taken on him the humour of the yong lord *Dowfecer*, and we will set a meafe of creame, a spice-cake, and a spoone, as the armour, picture, and apparell was set in the way of *Dowfecer*, which I doubt not but will woorke a rare cure vpon his melancholie.

Host. Why, this is excellent, Ile go fetch the creame.

Cat. And I the cake.

Ber. And I the spoone.

Exeunt, and come in againe.

Cat. See where hee comes as like the lord *Dowfecer* as may be, nowe you shall heare him begin with some Latin sentence that hee hath remembered euer since hee read his Accidence.

Enter Labesha.

La. *Fælix quē faciunt aliena pericula cautum.* O fillie state of things, for things they be that cause this fillie state: and what is a thing, a bable, a toy, that stands men in small stead: [*He spies the creame*] But what haue we here? what vanities haue we here?

Hofl. He is strongly tempted, the lord strengthen him, see what a vaine he hath.

Lab. O cruell fortune, and dost thou spit thy spite at my poore life: but O fowre creame what thinkest thou that I loue thee still? no, no, faire and sweete is my mistries, if thou haddest strawberries and sugar in thee: but it may bee thou art set with stale cake to choke me: well taste it, and trie it, spoonefull by spoonefull: bitterer and bitterer still, but O fowre creame, wert thou an Onion, since Fortune set thee for mee, I will eat thee, and I will deuour thee in spite of Fortunes spite, choake I, or burst I, mistres for thy sake, to end my life eat I this creame and cake.

Cat. So he hath done, his Melancholy is well eased, I warrant you.

Hofl. Gods my life Gentlemen, who hath beene at this creame.

Lab. Creame, had you creame? where is your creame? Ile spend my penny at your creame.

Cat. Why, did not you eat this creame?

Lab. Talke not to me of creame, for such vaine meate I do despise as food, my stomach dies drowned in the cream boules of my mistres eyes.

Cat. Nay stay *Labeſha*.

Lab. No not I, not I.

Hofl. O he is ashamed yfayth: but I will tell thee howe thou shalt make him mad indeed, say his mistres for loue of him hath drowned her selfe.

Cat. Sblood, that will make him hang him selfe.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Queene, Lemot, and all the rest of the lordes, and the Countesse: Lemots arme in a scarffe.

Lemot. haue at them yfaith with a lame counterfeite humor: ake on rude arme, I care not for thy

paine, I got it nobly in the kings defence, and in the gardiance of my faire Queenes right.

Qu. O tell me sweet *Lemot*, how fares the king, or what his right was that thou didst defend ?

Lem. That you shall know when other things are told.

Lab. Keepe not the Queene too long without her longing.

Foyes. No, for I tell you it is a daungerous thing.

Coun. Little care cruell men how women long.

Le. What would you haue me then put poyson in my breath, and burne the eares of my attentive Queene.

Quee. Tell me what ere it be, Ile beare it all.

Lem. beare with my rudenesse then in telling it, for alas you see I can but act it with the left hande, this is my gesture now.

Quee. Tis well enough.

Lem. Yea well enough you say, this recompence haue I for all my woundes : then thus the King inamoured of an other ladie compares your face to hers, and saies that yours is fat and flat, and that your neather lip was passing big.

Quee. O wicked man, doth he so sodainlie condeme my beautie, that when he married me he thought diuine : for euer blasted be that strumpets face, as all my hopes are blasted, that did change them.

Lem. Nay Madam, though he saide your face was fat, and flat, and so forth, yet he liked it best, and said, a perfect beautie should be so.

La. O did he so ! why that was right eu'en as it should be.

Foy. You see now Madam, howe much too hastie you were in your griefes.

Que. If he did so esteeme of me indeed, happie am I.

Coun. So may your highnesse be that hath so good a husband, but hell hath no plague to such an one as I.

Lem. Indeed Madam, you haue a bad husband : truly then, did the king growe mightily in loue with the other ladie, and swore, no king could more inriched be, then to injoy so faire a dame as shee.

Cat. O monstrous man, and acurst most miserable dame !

Le. But saies the king I do injoy as faire, & though I loue in al honored fort, yet Ile not wrōg my wife for al the world.

Foy. This proues his constancie as firme as brasse.

Que. It doth, it doth : O pardon me my lord, that I mistake thy royll meaning so.

Com. In heauen your highnesse liues, but I in hell.

Lem. But when he vewd her radient eyes againe, blinde was hee strooken with her feruent beames : and now good King he gropes about in corners voide of the chearefull light should guide vs all.

Que. O dismall newes, what is my soueraigne blind ?

Le. Blind as a Beetle madam, that a while houering aloft, at last in cowsheds fall.

Lab. Could her eyes blind him ?

Lem. Eyes or what it was I know not, but blind I am sure he is as any stome.

Q. Come bring me to my Prince my lord that I may leade him, none aliue but I may haue the honour to direct his feete.

Lem. How lead him madam ? why he can go as right as you, or any here, and is not blind of eyesight.

Quee. Of what then ?

Lem. Of reason.

Quee. Why thou saidest he wanted his cheerfull light.

Lem. Of reason still I meant, whose light you knowe should chearefully guide a worthie King, for he doth loue her, and hath forced her into a priuate roome where now they are.

Quee. What mocking chaunges is there in thy

wordes fond man, thou murthereft me with these exclaimes.

Lem. Why madam tis your fault, you cut mee off before my words be halfe done.

Quee. Forth and vnlaide the poyson of thy tongue.

Lem. Another lord did loue this curious ladie, who, hearing that the King had forced her, as she was walking with another Earle, ran straightwaies mad for her, and with a friend of his, and two or three blacke ruffians more, brake desperately vpon the person of the King, swearing to take from him, in traitorous fashion, the instrument of procreation: with them I fought a while, and got this wound, but being vnable to resist so many, came straight to you to fetch you to his ayde.

Lab. Why raised you not the streetes?

Lem. That I forbore, because I would not haue the world, to see what a disgrace my liege was subiect to, being with a woman in so meane a house.

Foy. Whose daughter was it that he forst I pray?

Lem. Your daughter fir.

La. Whose sonne was that ranne so mad for her?

Lem. Your sonne my Lord.

La. O Gods, and fiends forbid.

Co. I pray fir, from whom did he take the Ladie?

Le. From your good Lord.

Co. O Lord I beseech thee no.

Le. Tis all too true, come, follow the Queen and I, where I shall leade you.

Qu. O wretched Queene, what would they take from him?

Le. The instrument of procreation.

Enter Moren.

Mo. Now was there euer man so much accurst, that when his minde misgaue him, such a man was haplesse, to keep him company? yet who would keep him company but I, O vilde *Lemot*, my wife and I are bound to curse thee while we liue, but chiefly I, well: seeke her, or seek her not; find her, or find her not,

I were as good see how hell opens, as looke vpo her.

Enter Catalian, and Berger behind him.

Ca. We haue yfaith, stop thou him there, and wil meet him here.

Mo. Well, I will venture once to seek her.

Ber. Gods Lord, my Lord, come you this way why your wife runnes ranging like as if she were mad swearing to slit your nose if she can catch you. *Exit*

Mo. What shal I do at the sight of her and hern.

Ca. Gods precious my Lord, come you this way your wife comes ranging with a troope of dames, like *Bacchus* drunken foes, iust as you go, shifft for you selfe my Lord.

Mo. Stay good *Catalian*.

Ca. No not I my Lord.

Mo. How now Iaques, whats the newes ?

Enter Iaques.

Iag. None but good my Lord.

Mo. Why hast not seene my wife run round abou the streets.

Ia. Not I my Lorde, I come to you from my maister, who would pray you to speake to *Lemot*, that *Lemot* might speake to the King, that my masters lottery for his iewells may gó forward, he hath made the rarest deuice that euer you heard, we haue fortune in it, and she our maide plaies, and I, and my fellow carrie two torches, and our boy goes before and speakes a speech, tis very fine yfaith fir.

Mo. Sirra in this thou maiest highly pleasure me, let me haue thy place to beare a torch, that I may look on my wife, and she not see me, for if I come into her sight abruptly, I were better be hanged.

Ia. O fir you shall, or any thing that I can do, Ile fende for your wife to.

Mor. I prethee do.

Exeunt both.

Enter the Queene, and all that were in before.

Le. This is the house where the mad Lord did vow to do the deed, draw all your swoords couragious gen-

temen, Ile bring you there where you shall honor win,
but I can tell you, you must breake your shinne.

Ca. Who will not breake his necke to faue his
King: set forward *Lemot*.

Le. Yea, much good can I do with a wounded
arme, Ile go and call more helpe.

Qu. Others shall go, nay we will raise the streets,
better dishonor, then destroy the King.

Le. Sbloud I know not how to excuse my villany,
I would faine be gone.

Enter Dowfecer, and his friend.

Dow. Ile geld the adulterous goate, and take
from him the instrument, that plaies him such swēete
musickē.

La. O rare, this makes my fiction true: now ile
stay.

Quee. Arrest these faithlesse traitorous gentlemen.

Dow. What is the reason that you call vs traitors?

Lea. Nay, why do you attempt such violence
against the person of the King?

Dow. Against the King, why this is strange to
me.

Enter the King, and Martia.

Ki. How now, my masters, what? weapons drawne,
come you to murder me.

Qu. How fares my Lord?

Ki. How fare I? well, but you yfaith shall get me
speak for you another time; he got me here to woote a
curious Lady, and she temptes him, say what I can,
over what state I will, in your behalfe, *Lemot*, she will
not yeeld.

Le. Yfaith my liege, what a hard heart hath she,
well hearke you, I am content your wit shall faue your
honesty for this once.

Ki. Peace, a plague on you, peace; but wherefore
asked you how I did?

Queene. Because I feared that you were hurte my
Lord.

Ki. Hurt, how I pray ?

Lem. Why, hurt Madam, I am well againe.

Quee. Do you aske ? why he told me *Dowfecer* and this his friend, threatned to take away.

Ki. To take away, what should they take away.

La. Name it Madam.

Ru. Nay, I pray name it you.

Le. Why then, thus it was my liege, I told her *Dowfecer*, and this his friende threatned to take away, and if they could the instrument of procreation, and what was that now, but *Martia* beeing a fayre woman, is not shee the instrument of procreation, as all women are ?

Qu. O wicked man.

Le. Go to, go to, you are one of those fiddles too yfaith.

Ki. Well pardon my minion, that hath frayd you thus, twas but to make you mery in the end.

Qu. I ioy it endes so well, my gracious Lord.

Fo. But say my gracious Lord, is no harme done, betweene my louing daughter, and your grace ?

Ki. No, of my honor and my soule *Foyes*.

Dow. The fire of loue which she hath kindled in me being greater then my heate of vanity, hath quite expelled.

Ki. Come *Dowfecer*, receiue with your lost wittes your loue, though lost ; I know youle yeeld, my lord, and you her father.

Both. Most ioyfully my Lord.

Ki. And for her part I know her dispositiō well enough.

Lem. What, will you have her ?

Dow. Yea mary will I.

Le. Ile go and tell *Labesha* presently.

Enter Iaquis, and my Host.

Ia. Monsieur *Lemot*, I pray let me speake with you, I come to you from the Lord *Moren*, who would desire you to speake to the King for my masters lottery, and he hath my place to beare a torch, for bare-faced hee dares not look vpon his wife, for his life.

Le. O excellent, Ile further thy masters lottery and it be but for this iest only, harke you my liege, heres the poore man hath bin at great charges for the preparation of a lottery, and he hath made the rarest deuice, that I know you wil take great pleasure in it, I pray let him present it before you at *Valeres* house.

Ki. With all my heart, can you be ready so soone ?

Hof. Prefently and if it like your grace.

Li. But hearke you *Lemot*, how shall we do for euery mans posie.

Le. Will you all trust me with the making of them ?

All. With all our hearts.

Le. Why then Ile go to make the poses and bring *Labesha* to the lottery presently.

Enter Florila like a Puritan.

Flo. Surely the world is full of vanitie, a woman must take heed she do not heare a lewd man speake, for euery woman cannot when shee is tempted, when the wicked fiend gets her into his snares escape like me, or graces measure is not so filled vp, nor so prest downe in euery one as me, but yet I promise you a little more : well, Ile go seeke my head, who shal take me in the gates of his kind armes vntoucht of any.

King. What Madam are you so pure now ?

Flo. Yea, would not you be pure ?

King. No puritane.

Flo. You must be then a diuell, I can tell you.

Lab. O wife where hast thou beene ?

Flo. where did I tell you I would be I pray.

Lab. In thy close walke thou saidst.

Flo. And was I not ?

Lab. Truly I know not, I neither looked nor knocked, for *Labesha* told me that you, and faire *Martia* were at Verones ordinarie.

Ki. *Labesha* ? my lord you are a wise man to beleeue a fool.

Flo. Well my good head, for my part I forgiue you : but surely you do much offend to be fuspicious. where there is no trust, there is no loue, and where there is no loue twixt man and wife, theres no good dealing surely : for as men should euer loue their wiues, so should they euer trust the, for what loue is there where there is no trust ?

King. She tels you true, my lord.

Lab. She doth my liege ; and deare wife pardon this and I will never be fuspicious more.

Flo. Why I say, I do.

Enter Lemot, leading Labesha in a halter.

Lem. Looke you my liege, I haue done simple seruice amonkest you, here is one had hanged himselfe for loue, thinking his Mistresse had done so for him : well, see your Mistresse liues.

Labesha. And doth my Mistresse liue ?

King. Shee doth, O noble knight, but not your Mistresse now.

Lab. Sblood, but she shall for me, or for no body else.

Lem. How now, what a traitor, draw vpon the King.

Lab. Yea, or vpon any woman here in a good cause.

King. Well sweete *Beſha* let her marry *Dowſecer*, Ile get thee a wife worth fifteene of her, wilt thou haue one that cares not for thee ?

Lab. Not I, by the Lord, I scorne her, Ile haue her better if I can get her.

King. Why that's well said.

Lem. What Madam are you turned puritan againe ?

Flo. When was I other, pray ?

Lem. Marie, Ile tell you when, when you went to the Ordinarie, and when you made false signes to your husband, which I could tell him all.

Flo. Cursed be he that maketh debate twixt man & wife.

Lem. O rare scripturian ! you haue sealed vp my lips, a hall, a hall, the pageant of the Butterie.

Enter two with torches, the one of them Moren, then my host and his son, then his maid drest like Queene Fortune, with two pots in her hands.

King. What is he ?

Lem. This is Verones sonne, my liege.

King. What shall he do ?

Cat. Speak some speach that his father hath made for him.

Qu. Why is he good at speeches ?

Cat. O he is rare at speaches.

Boy. Faire ladies most tender, and nobles most flender, and gentles whose wits be scarce.

Ki. My host, why do you call vs nobles most flender ?

Host. And it shall please your Grace, to be flender is to be proper, and therfore where my boy saies nobles most flender, it is as much to say, fine and proper nobles ?

Le. Yea, but why do you call vs gentles whose wits are scarce.

Host. To be scarce, is to be rare : and therefore where as he fayes Gentles whose wits be scarce, is as much as to say, Gentles whose wits be rare.

Lem. Well, forwards trunchman.

Boy. Faire ladies most tender, and nobles most flender, and gentles whose wittes be scarce, Queene Fortune doth come with her trumpe and her drumme, as it may appeare by my voice.

Lab. Come hither, are you a schoolemaister, where was Fortune Queene, of what countrey or kingdome ?

Host. Wy sir, Fortune was Queene ouer all the world.

Lab. Thats a lie, theres none that euer conquered all the world, but maister *Alisander*, I am sure of that.

Lem. O rare Monsieur *Labesha*, who would haue thought hee could haue found so rare a fault in the speach.

Host. Ile alter it if it please your grace.

King. No, tis very well.

Boy. Father I must begin againe they interrupt me so.

Host. I beseech your grace giue the boy leaue to begin again.

King. With all my heart, tis so good we cannot heare it too oft.

Boy. Fair ladies most tender, and nobles most flender, and gentles whose wittes are scarce, Queene Fortune doth come with her Fife, and her Drum, as it doth appeare by my voice, here is Fortune good, but il by the rood, and this naught but good shall do you, dealing the lots out of our pots, and so good Fortune to you fir.

Lem. Looke you my liege, how hee that caries the torch trembles extreamly.

King. I warrant tis with care to carie his torch well.

Lem. Nay there is someting else in the wind : why my host, what meanes thy man *Iagues* to tremble so ?

Host. Hold still thou knaue, what art thou afraid to looke vpon the goodly presence of a king : hold vp for shame.

Lem. Alas poore man, he thinks tis *Iagues* his man : poore lord, how much is he bound to suffer for his wife ?

King. Hearke you mine host, what goodly person is that ? is it Fortune her selfe ?

Host. Ile tell you Maiestie in secrete who it is, it is my maide *Iaquena*.

King. I promise you she becomes her state rarely.

Lem. Well my liege, you were all content that I should make your poses : well, here they be euery one : giue Master Verone his fие crownes.

King. Theres mine and the Queenes.

Labefh. Theirs ours.

Dow. And there is mine and *Martias*.

Lem. Come *Labefha* thy money.

Lab. You must lend me some, for my boy is runne away with my purse.

Le. Thy boy ? I neuer knew any that thou hadst.

Lab. Had not I a boy three or foure yeares ago, and he ran away.

Lem. And neuer since he went thou hadst not a peny, but stand by, Ile excuse you. But firrah *Catalian*, thou shalt stand on one fide and reade the prises, and I will stand on the other and read the Poses.

Cat. Content *Lemot*.

Lem. Come on Queene Fortune, tell euery man his posie, this is orderly, the King and Queene are first.

King. Come let vs see what goodly poses you haue giuen vs.

Lem. This is your Maiesties, At the fairest, so it bee not *Martia*.

King. A plague vpon you, you are still playing the villaines with me.

Lem. This is the Queenes, Obey the Queene : and she speakes it to her husband, or to Fortune, which she will.

Cat. A prize : Your Maiesties is the summe of foure shillings in gold.

King. Why how can that be, there is no such coyne.

Host. Here is the worth of it, if it please your grace.

Quee. Well, whats for me ?

Ca. A heart of gold.

Quee. A goodly iewell.

Le. Count *Laberuele* and *Florila*.

La. Whats my posie sir I pray ?

Le. Mary this my Lord,

Of all fortunes friends, that hath ioy in this life,
He is most happy that puts a sure trust in his wife.

La. A very good one sir, I thanke you for it.

Flo. Whats mine I pray ?

Le. Mary this Madam,

Good fortune, be thou my good fortune bringer,
And make me amends for my poore bitten finger.

La. Who bit your finger wife ?

Flo. No body ; tis vain posie.

Ca. Blanke for my lord *Laberuele*, for his wife a
posie, a paire of holy beades with a crucifix.

Flo. O bommination Idle, Ile none of them.

King. Keep them thy self Veron, she will not
hauue them.

Le. *Dowfecer and Martia*, I haue fitted your lord-
ship for a posie.

Dow. Why, what is it ?

Le. *Ante omnia vna*.

Mar. And what is mine sir ?

Lem. A serius one, I warrant you change : for
the better.

Ma. Thats not amisse.

Cat. A price : *Dowfecer* hath a cats eyes, or *Mer-*
curies rod of gold, set with Iacinths and Emeralds.

Dow. What is for *Martia* ?

Ca. *Martia* hath the two serpents heades set with
Diamonds.

Le. What my host *Verone* ?

Ki. What ? is he in for his owne iewells

Le. O what els my liege, tis our bountie, and his
posie is

To tell you the truth, in words plaine and mild

Verone loues his maide, and she is great with child.

Ki. What Queene fortune with child, shall we haue
yong fortunes my host ?

Host. I am abused, and if it please your Maiestie.

Maid. Ile play no more.

Lem. No faith you need not now, you have plaid
your bellie full alreadie.

Host. Stand still good *Iaquena*, they do but ieast.

Maid. Yea, but I like no such ieasting.

Lem. Come great Queene Fortune, let see your posies, what madam, alas, your ladiship is one of the last.

Coun. What is my posie sir I pray ?

Lem. Marie Madame your posie is made in manner and forme of an Eccho, as if you were seeking your husbande, and fortune should be the Eccho, and this you say : where is my husbande hid so long vnmaskt, maskt? fayes the Eccho : but in what place sweete Fortune ? let me heare : heare fayes the Eccho.

King. There you lie Eccho, for if he were here we must needes see him.

Lem. Indeed sweete King, there me thinkes the Eccho must needes lie, if hee were here wee must needes see him, tis one of thē that caries the torches : no that cannot be neither, and yet by the Masse heres *Iaques*, why my host, did not you tell me that *Iaques* should be a torchbearer : who is this ? Gods my life, my lord.

Mor. And you be Gentlemen let me go.

Coun. Nay come your way, you may be well enough ashamed to shew your face that is a periured wretch, did not you sweare, if there were any wenches at the ordinarie, you would straight come home ?

King. Why, who tolde you Madam, there were any there ?

Count. He that will stand to it, *Lemot* my liege.

Lem. Who I stand to it, alas, I tolde you in kindnesse, and good will, because I would not haue you companie long from your husband.

Mor. Who loe you bird, how much you are deceuied.

Co. Why wherefore were you afraid to be seene ?

Mor. Who I afraid ? alas I bore a torch to grace this honorable presence, for nothing els sweete bird.

King Thankes, good *Moren*, see lady with what wrong you have pursued your most inamored lord : but come now al are friends, now is this day spent

with anhurtfull motiues of delight, and ouer ioyes more
my sences at the night : and now for *Dowfecer*, if all
will follow my deuise, his beauteous loue and he shall
married be, and here I solemnly inuite you all home
to my court, where with feastes wee will crowne this
myrthfull day, and vow it to renowne.

FINIS.



LONDON

Printed by Valentine Simmes.

1599.

AL FOOLES

A

Comody, Presented at the Black
Fryers, And lately before
his Maiestie.

Written by *George Chapman.*



AT LONDON,
Printed for Thomas Thorpe.

1605.

Actors.

Gostanzo. { Knights.
Mar. Antonio. {
Valerio, sonne to Gostanzo.
Fortunio, elder sonne to Marc. Antonio.
Rynaldo, the younger.
Dariotto. { Courtiers.
Claudio. {
Cornelio, A start-vp Gentleman.
Curio, a Page.
Kyte, a Scriuener.
Fraunces Pock, a Surgeon.
Gazetta, Wife to Cor :
Bellonora, daughter to Gostanzo.
Gratiana Stolne wife to Valerio.



Prologus.

THe fortune of a Stage (like Fortunes selfe)
Amazeth greatest iudgements : And none knowes
The hidden causes of those strange effects,
That rise from this Hell, or fall from this Heauen :
Who can shew cause, why your wits, that in ayme
At higher Obiects, scorne to compose Playes ;
(Though we are sure they could, would they vouchsafe
it ?)

Should (without means to make) iudge better farre,
Then those that make, and yet yee see they can ;
For without your applause, wretched is he
That vndertakes the Stage, and he's more blest,
That with your glorious fauours can contest.

Who can shew cause, why th' ancient Comick yaine
Of Eupolis and Cratinus (now reviu'd,
Subiect to personall application)
Should be exploded by some bitter splenes ?
Yet merely Comicall, and harmelesse iestes
(Though nere so witty) be esteem'd but toyes,
If voide of th' other satyrismes sauce ?

Prologus,

Who can shew cause why quick Venerian iestes,
Should sometimes rauish? sometimes fall farre
Of the iust length and pleasure of your eares?
When our pure Dames, thinke them much
Then those that winne your Panegyrick
But our poore doomes (alas) you kno w're nothing;
To your inspired censure, euer w
Must needs submit, and there's the wry.

Great are the giftes giuen to vnted heades,
To gifts, attyre, to faire attyre, the stage
Helps much, for if our other audience see
You on the stage depart before we end,
Our wits goe with you all, and we are fooles;
So Fortune gouernes in these stage euent,
That merit beares least sway in most contents.
Auriculas Asini quis non habet?
How we shall then appeare, we must referre
To Magicke of your doomes, that neuer erre.



All Fooles.

Aetus primi.

Scœna prima.

Enter Rynaldo, Fortunio, Valerio.

Ryn. **C**an one selfe cause, in subiects so a like
As you two are, produce effect so vnlike?
One like the Turtle, all in mournefull straines,
Wailing his fortunes? Th' other like the Larke
Mounting the sky in shrill and cheerefull notes:
Chaunting his ioyes aspir'd, and both for loue?
In one, loue rayfeth by his violent heate,
Moyst vapours from the heart into the eyes,
From whence they drowne his brest in dayly showers;
In th' other, his diuided power infuseth
Onely a temperate and most kindly warmth,
That giues life to those fruites of wit and vertue,
Which the vnkinde hand of an vnciuile father,
Had almost nipt in the delightsome blossome.

For. O brother loue rewards our seruices
With a most partiall and iniurious hand,
If you consider well our different fortunes:
Valerio loues, and ioyes the dame he loues;
I loue, and never can enjoy the sight
Of her I loue, so farre from conquering
In my desires assault, that I can come
To lay no battry to the Fort I seeke;
All passages to it, so strongly kept,
By straite guard of her Father.

Ryn. I dare fweare,
If iust desert in loue measur'd reward,

Your fortune should excede *Valerios* farre :
 For I am witnes (being your Bedfellow)
 Both to the dayly and the nightly seruice,
 You doe vnto the deity of loue,
 In vowes, fighes, teares, and solitary watches,
 He neuer serues him with such sacrifice,
 Yet hath his Bowe and Shaftes at his commaund :
 Loues seruice is much like our humorous Lords ;
 Where Minions carry more then Seruitors,
 The bolde and carelesse seruant still obtaines :
 The modest and respective, nothing gaines ;
 You neuer see your loue, valesse in dreames,
 He, *Hymen* puts in whole possession :
 What different starres raign'd when your loues were
 borne,
 He forc't to weare the Willow, you the horne ?
 But brother, are you not ashamed to make
 Your selfe a flauie to the base Lord of loue,
 Begot of Fancy, and of Beauty borne ?
 And what is Beauty ? a meere Quintessence,
 Whose life is not in being, but in seeming ;
 And therefore is not to all eyes the same,
 But like a coufoning picture, which one way
 Shewes like a Crowe, another like a Swanne ;
 And vpon what ground is this Beauty drawne ?
 Vpon a Woman, a most brittle creature,
 And would to God (for my part) that were all.

Fort. But tell me brother, did you neuer loue ?

Ryn. You know I did, and was belou'd againe,
 And that of such a Dame, as all men deem'd
 Honour'd, and made me happy in her fauours,
 Exceeding faire she was not ; and yet faire
 In that she neuer studyed to be fayrer
 Then Nature made her ; Beauty cost her nothing,
 Her vertues were so rare, they would haue made
 An *Aethyop* beautifull : At least, so thought
 By such as stood aloofe, and did obserue her
 With credulous eyes ; But what they were indeed
 Ile spare to blaze, because I lou'd her once,

Onely I found her such, as for her faxe
I vow eternall warres against their whole sexe,
Inconstant shuttle-cocks, louing fooles, and iesters ;
Men rich in durt, and tytles sooner woone
With the most vile, then the most vertuous :
Found true to none : if one amongst whole hundreds
Chance to be chaste, she is so proude withall,
Wayward and rude, that one of vnchaste life,
Is oftentimes approu'd, a worthier wife :
Vndressed, sluttish, nasty, to their husbands,
Spung'd vp, adorn'd, and painted to their louers :
All day in cesselesse vprore with their housholdes,
If all the night their husbands haue not pleas'd them,
Like hounds, most kinde, being beaten and abus'd,
Like wolues, most cruell, being kindelyest vf'd.

For. Fye, thou prophan'st the deity of their sexe.

Ry. Brother I read, that *Ægypt* heretofore,
Had Temples of the riches frame on earth ;
Much like this goodly edifice of women,
With Alabaster pillers were those Temples,
Vphelde and beautified, and so are women :
Most curiously glaz'd, and so are women ;
Cunningly painted too, and so are women ;
In out-side wondrous heauenly, so are women :
But when a stranger view'd those phanes within,
In stead of Gods and Goddeses, he should finde
A painted fowle, a fury, or a serpent,
And such celestiall inner parts haue women.

Val. *Rynaldo*, the poore Foxe that lost his tayle, 7 A sop
Perfwaded others also to loose theirs :
Thy selfe, for one perhaps that for desert
Or some defect in thy attempts refus'd thee,
Reuil'st the whole sexe, beauty, loue and all :
I tell thee, Loue, is Natures seconnd sonne,
Causing a spring of vertues where he shines,
And as without the Sunne, the Worlds great eye,
All colours, beauties, both of Arte and Nature,
Are giuen in vaine to men, so without loue
All beauties bred in women are in vaine ;

All vertues borne in men lye buried,
 For loue informes them as the Sunne doth colours,
 And as the Sunne reflecting his warme beames
 Against the earth, begets all fruites and flowers :
 So loue, fayre shining in the inward man,
 Brings foorth in him the honourable fruites
 Of valour, wit, vertue, and haughty thoughts,
 Braue resolution, and diuine discourse :
 O tis the Paradice, the heauen of earth,
 And didst thou know the comfort of two hearts,
 In one delicious harmony vnited ?
 As to ioy one ioy, and thinke both one thought,
 Liue both one life, and therein double life :
 To see their foules met at an enter-view
 In their bright eyes, at parle in their lippes,
 Their language kisles : And to obserue the rest,
 Touches, embraces, and each circumstance
 Of all loues most vnmatched ceremonies :
 Thou wouldst abhorre thy tongue for blasphemy,
 O who can comprehend how sweet loue tastes,
 But he that hath been present at his feastes ?

Ryn. Are you in that vaine too *Valerio* ?
 Twere fitter you should be about your charge,
 How Plow and Cart goes forward ; I haue knowne
 Your ioyes were all imployde in husbandry,
 Your study was how many loades of hay
 A meadow of so many acres yeelded ;
 How many Oxen such a close would fat ?
 And is your rurall seruice now conuerted
 From *Pan* to *Cupid* ? and from beastes to women ?
 O if your father knew this, what a lecture
 Of bitter castigation he would read you ?

Val. My father ? why my father ? does he thinke
 To rob me of my selfe ? I hope I know
 I am a Gentleman, though his couetous humour
 And education hath transform'd me Bayly,
 And made me ouerfeer of his pastures,
 Ile be my selfe, in spight of husbandry.

Enter Gratiana.

And see bright heauen here comes my husbandry,

Amplectitur eam.

Here shall my cattle graze, here *Nectar* drinke,
Here will I hedge and ditch, here hide my treasure,
O poore *Fortunio*, how wouldst thou tryumph,
If thou enjoy'dst this happines with my Sister ?

For. I were in heauen if once twere come to that.

Ryn. And me thinkes tis my heauen that I am
past it,

And should the wretched Macheuillian,
The couetous Knight your father see this fight
Lusty *Valerio*.

Val. Sfoote Sir if he should,
He shall perceiue ore long my skille extends
To something more, then sweaty husbandry.

Syn. Ile bear thee witnes, thou canst skill of dice,
Cards, tennis, wenching, dauncing, and what not ?
And this is something more then husbandry :
Th' art known in Ordinaries, and *Tabacco* shops,
Trusted in Tauerne and in vaulting houses,
And this is something more then husbandry :
Yet all this while, thy father apprehends thee
For the most tame and thriftie Groome in *Europe*.

For. Well, he hath venter'd on a mariage
Would quite vndoe him, did his father know it.

Rin. Know it ? alas Sir where can he bestow
This poore Gentlewoman he hath made his wife,
But his inquisitiue father will heare of it ?
Who, like the dragon to th' esperean fruite,
Is to his haunts ? flight hence, the olde knight comes.

Intrat Goflano. Omnes aufugiunt.

Gofl. *Rynaldo.*

Ry. Whose that calles ? what Sir *Goflano* ?
How fares your Knighthood Sir ?

Gofl. Say who was that
Shrunke at my entry here ? was't not your brother ?

Ryn. He shrunke not sir, his busines call'd him
hence.

Gof. And was it not my sonne that went out with him ?

Ryn. I faw not him, I was in serious speech About a secret busines with my brother.

Gof. Sure twas my sonne, what made he here ?
I sent him

About affaires to be dispacht in hast.

Ryn. Well sir, left silence breed vniust suspect, Ile tell a secret I am sworne to keep, And craue your honoured assistance in it.

Gof. What ist *Rynaldo* ?

Ryn. This sir, twas your sonne.

Gof. And what yong gentlewoman grac'ft their company ?

Ryn. Thereon depends the secret I must vtter : That gentlewoman hath my brother maryed.

Gof. Maryed ? what is she ?

Ryn. Faith sir, a gentlewoman : But her vnnurishing dowry must be tolde Out of her beauty.

Gof. Is it true *Rynaldo* ?

And does your father vnderstand so much ?

Ryn. That was the motion sir, I was entreating Your sonne to make to him, because I know He is well spoken, and may much preuaile In satiffying my father, who much loues him, Both for his wisedome and his husbandry.

Gof. Indeede he's one can tell his tale I tell you, And for his husbandry.

Ryn. O fir, had you heard, What thrifty discipline he gaue my brother, For making choyce without my fathers knowledge, And without riches, you would haue admir'd him.

Gof. Nay, nay, I know him well, but what was it ?

Ryn. That in the choyce of wiues men must respect The chiefe wife, riches, that in euery course A mans chiefe Load-starre should shine out of riches,

Loue nothing hartely in this world but riches ;
Cast off all friends, all studies, all delights,
All honesty, and religion for riches :
And many such, which wisedome sure he learn'd
Of his experient father ; yet my brother,
So foorthes his rash affection, and presumes
So highly on my fathers gentle nature,
That he's resolu'd to bring her home to him,
And like enough he will.

Gofl. And like enough.

Your filly father too, will put it vp,
An honest knight, but much too much indulgent
To his presuming children.

Ryn. What a difference
Doth interpose it selfe, twixt him and you ?
Had your sonne vf'd you thus ?

Gofl. My sonne ? alas
I hope to bring him vp in other fashion,
Followes my husbandry, sets early foote
Into the world ; he comes not at the citty,
Nor knowes the citty Artes.

Ryn. But dice and wenching.

Auersus.

Gofl. Acquaints himselfe with no delight but
getting,
A perfect patterne of sobriety,
Temperance and husbandry to all my houshalde,
And what's his company I pray ? not wenches.

Ryn. Wenches ? I durst be sworne he neuer smelt
A wench's breath yet, but methinkes twere fit
You sought him out a wife.

Gofl. A wife *Rynaldo* ?

He dares not lookee a woman in the face.

Ryn. Sfoote holde him to one, your sonne such a
sheep ?

Gofl. Tis strange in earnest.

Ryn. Well sir, though for my thriflesse brothers
sake,

I little care how my wrong'd father father takes it,
Yet for my fathers quiet, if your selfe

Would ioyne hands with your wife and toward Sonne,
I should deserue it some way.

Gost. Good Rynaldo,

I loue you and your father, but this matter
Is not for me to deale in: And tis needless,
You say your brother is resolu'd, presuming
Your father wll allow it.

Enter Marcantonio.

Ryn. See my father,
Since you are resolute not to moue him Sir,
In any case conceale the secret *Abscondit fe.*
By way of an attonement let me pray you will.

Gost. Upon mine honour.

Ryn. Thankes Sir.

Mar. God faue thee honourable Knight *Gostanzo.*

Gost. Friend *Marc Antonio?* welcome, and I
thinke

I haue good newes to welcome you withall.

Ryn. He cannot holde.

Mar. What newes I pray you Sir?

Gost. You haue a forward, valiant eldest Sonne,
But wherein is his forwardnes, and valour?

Mar. I know not wherein you intend him so.

Gost. Forward before, valiant behinde, his duety,
That he hath dar'd before your due consent
To take a wife.

Mar. A wife sir? what is she?

Gost. One that is rich enough, her hayre pure
Amber,

Her forehead mother of pearle, her faire eyes
Two wealthy diamants: her lips, mines of Rubies:
Her teeth, are orient pearle, her necke, pure Iuory.

Mar. Iest not good Sir, in an affayre so serious,
I loue my sonne, and if his youth reward me
With his contempt of my consent in marriage:
Tis to be fear'd that his presumption buildes not
Of his good choyce, that will beare out it selfe,
And being bad, the newes is worse then bad.

Gost. What call you bad? is it bad to be poore?

Mar. The world accounts it so ; but if my soone
Haue in her birth and vertues helde his choice,
Without disparagement, the fault is lesse.

Gost. Sits the winde there ? blowes there so calme
a gale

From a contemned and deserued anger ?
Are you so easie to be disobay'd ?

Mar. What should I doe ? if my enamour'd sonne
Haue been so forward ; I assure my selfe
He did it more to satisfie his loue,
Then to incense my hate, or to neglect me.

Gost. A passing kinde construction ; suffer this,
You ope him doores to any villany,
He'le dare to sell, to pawne, runne euer ryot,
Despise your loue in all, and laugh at you :
And that knights competency you haue gotten
With care and labour ; he with lust and idlenesse
Will bring into the stypend of a begger ;
All to maintaine a wanton whirly-gig,
Worth nothing more then she brings on her back,
Yet all your wealth too little for that back :
By heauen I pitty your declining state,
For be assur'd your sonne hath set his foote,
In the right path-way to consumption :
Vp to the heart in loue ; and for that loue,
Nothing can be too deare his loue desires :
And how infatiate and unlymited,
Is the ambition and the beggerly pride
Of a dame hoyf'd from a beggers state,
To a state competent and plentifull,
You cannot be so simple not to know :

Mar. I must confess the mischiefe : But alas
Where is in me the power of remedy ?

Gost. Where ? in your iust displeasure : cast him
off,

Receiue him not, let him endure the vse
Of their enforced kindnesse that must trust him
For meate and money, for apparrell, house,
And euery thing belongs to that estate,

Which he must learne with want of misery,
Since pleasure and a full estate hath blinded
His dissolute desires.

Mar. What should I doe ?
If I should banish him my house and sight,
What desperate resolution might it breed ?
To runne into the warres, and there to liue
In want of competencie and perhaps
Taste th' vnrecouerable losse of his chiefe limbes,
Which while he hath in peace, at home with me,
May with his spirit, ransome his estate
From any losse his marriage can procure.

Gost. If true ? Ne let him runne into the warre,
And lose what limbes he can : better one branch
Be lopt away, then all the whole tree should perish :
And for his wants, better young want then olde,
You have a younger sonne at *Padoa*,
I like his learning well, make him your heire,
And let your other walke : let him buy wit
Att's owne charge, not at's fathers, if you loose him,
You loose no more then that was lost before,
If you recouer him, you finde a sonne.

Mar. I cannot part with him.

Gost. If it be so, and that your loue to him be so
extreame,
In needfull daungers, euer chuse the least :
If he should be in minde to passe the Seas,
Your sonne *Rynaldo* (who tolde me all this)
Will tell me that, and so we shall preuent it :
If by no sterne course you will venture that,
Let him come home to me with his faire wife :
And if you chaunce to see him, shake him vp,
As if your wrath were hard to be refleected,
That he may feare hereafter to offend
In other dissolute courses : At my house
With my aduice and my sonnes good example,
Who shall serue as a glasse for him to see
His faults, and mend them to his president :
I make no doubt but of a dissolut Sonne

And disobedient, to send him home
Both dutifull and thrifte,

Mar. O *Goflano!*

Could you do this, you should preserue your selfe,
A perfect friend of mee, and mee a Sonne.

Gofl. Remember you your part, and feare not
mine :

Rate him, reuile him, and renounce him too :
Speak, can you doo't man ?

Mar. Ile do all I can.

Exit Mar.

Gofl. Ahlas good man, how Nature ouer-wayes
him.

Rynaldo comes forth.

Ryn. God faue you Sir.

Gofl. *Rynaldo,* All the Newes

You told mee as a secret, I perceiue
Is passing common ; for your Father knowes it,
The first thing he related, was the Marriage.

Ryn. And was extreamly mou'd ?

Gofl. Beyond all measure :

But I did all I could to quench his furie :
Told him how easie t'was for a young man
To runne that Amorous course : and though his choyce
Were nothing rich, yet shee was gentlie borne,
Well quallified and beautifull : But hee still
Was quite relentles, and would needes renounce him.

Ryn. My Brother knowes it well, and is resolud
To trayle a Pyke in Field, rather then bide
The more feard push of my vext Fathers furie.

Gofl. Indeed that's one way : bnt are no more
meanes

Left to his fine wits, then t'incence his Father
With a more violent rage, and to redeeme
A great offence with greater ?

Ryn. So I told him :

But to a desperat minde all breath is lost,

Gofl. Go to, let him be wise, and vse his friendes,
Amongst whom, Ile be formost to his Father :
Without this desperate errour he intends

Ioynd to the other ; Ile not doubt to make him
Easie returne into his Fathers fauour :
So he submit himselfe, as duetie bindes him :
For Fathers will be knowne to be them selues,
And often when their angers are not deepe,
Will paint an outward Rage vpon their lookes.

Rin. All this I told him Sir ; but what sayes hee ?
I know my Father will not be reclaymde,
Heele thinke that if he wincke at this offence,
T'will open doores to any villanie :
Ile dare to sell to pawne, and run all ryot,
To laugh at all his patience, and consume
All he hath purchast to an honord purpose,
In maintenance of a wenton Whirligigg,
Worth nothing more than she weares on her backe.

Gost. The very words I vsd t' incense his Father,
But good *Rinoldo* let him be aduisde :
How would his Father grieue, should he be maynd,
Or quite miscarie in the ruthles warre ?

Rin. I told him so ; but better farr (sayd hee,)
One branch should vtterly be lopt away,
Then the whole Tree of all his race should perish :
And for his wants, better yong want, then eld.

Gost. By heauen the same words still I vsde t' his
Father.

Why comes this about ? Well, good *Rinaldo*,
If hee dare not indure his Fathers lookes,
Let him and his faire wife come home to me,
Till I have quallified his Fathers passion,
He shall be kindly welcome, and be sure
Of all the intercession I can vse.

Rin. I thanke you sir, Ile try what I can doe,
Although I feare me I shall striue in vaine.

Gost. Well, try him, try him.

Exit.

Rin. Thanks sir, so I will.

See, this old politique dissembling Knight,
Now he perceiues my Father so affectionate,
And that my brother may hereafter liue
By him and his, with equall vse of either,

He will put on a face of hollowe friendship.
But this will proue an excellent ground to fowe
The seede of mirth amongst vs ; Ile go seeke
Valerio and my brother, and tell them
Such newes of their affaires, as they'le admire.

Exit.

Enter Gazetta, Bellonora, Gratiana.

Gaze. How happie are your fortunes aboue mine ?
Both still being woode and courted : still so feeding
On the delightes of loue, that still you finde
An appetite to more ; where I am cloyde,
And being bound to loue sportes, care not for them.

Bell. That is your fault *Gazetta*, we haue Loues
And wish continuall company with them
In honour'd marriage rites, which you enjoy.
But feld or neuer can we get a looke
Of those we loue, *Fortunio* my deare choyce
Dare not be knowne to loue me, nor come neere
My Fathers house, where I as in a prifon
Confume my lost dayes, and the tedious nights,
My Father guarding me for one I hate
And *Gratiana* here my brothers loue,
Ioyes him by so much stelth, that vehement feare
Drinkes vp the sweetnesse of their stolne delightes :
Where you enioye a husband, and may freely
Performe all obsequies you desire to loue.

Gaze. Indeede I haue a husband, and his love
Is more then I desire, being vainely ielouse :
Extreames, tho' contrarie, haue the like effects,
Extreames heate mortifies like extreame colde :
Extreame loue breedes facietie as well
As extreame Hatred ; and too violent rigour,
Tempts Chastetie as much, as too much Licence :
There's no mans eye fixt on mee but doth pierce
My Husbandes foule : If any aske my wel-fare ?
Hee straight doubts Treason practis'd to his bed :
Fancies but to himselfe all likelihoods
Of my wrong to him, and layes all on mee
For certaine trueths ; yet seekes he with his best,

To put Disguise on all his Ielosie,
 Fearing perhaps, least it may teach me that,
 Which otherwise I should not dreame vpon :
 Yet liues he still abrode, at great expence,
 Turns merely Gallant from his Farmers state,
 Vses all Games and recreations :
 Runnes Races with the Gallants of the Court,
 Feastes them at home, and entertaines them costly,
 And then vpbraydes mee with their companie :

Enter Cornelio.

See see wee, wee shalbe troubl'd with him now.

Cor. Now Ladyes, what plots haue we now in hand ?

They say, when onely one Dame is alone,
 Shee plots some mischiefe ; but if three together,
 They plot three hundred : Wife, the Ayre is sharpe,
 Y'ad best to take the house least you take cold.

Gaz. Ahlas this time of yeere yeeldes no such danger,

Cor. Goe, in I say ; a friend of yours attends you.

Gaz. Hee is of your bringing, and may stay.

Cor. Nay stand not chopping Logicke ; in I pray.

Gaz. Yee see, Gentlewomen, what my happines is,

These humors raigne in mariage *Exit, he followeth.*
 humors, humors.

Gra. Now by my Sooth I am no fortune teller,
 And would be loth to prooue so ; yet pronounce
 This at aduenture, that t'were indecorum
 This Heffer should want hornes.

Bell. Fie on this Loue,
 I rather wish to want, then purchase so.

Gra. In deede such Loue is like a Smokie fire
 In a cold morning ; though the Fire be cheerefull,
 Yet is the Smoke so sowre and combersome,
 T'were better lose the Fire, then finde the Smoke :
 Such an attendant then as Smoke to Fire,
 Is Ielosie to Loue : Better want both,
 Then have both.

Enter Valerio and Fortunio.

Val. Come *Fortunio*, now take hold
On this occasion, as my selfe on this :
One couple more would make a Barly-breake.

For. I feare *Valerio*, wee shall breake too soone,
Your Fathers Ielosie Spy-all, will displease vs.

Val. Well Wench, the daye will come his Argus
eyes

Will shut, and thou shalt open : Sfoote, I thinke
Dame *Natures* memorie begins to fayle her :
If I write but my Name in Mercers Bookes,
I am as sure to haue at sixe months end
A Rascole at my elbow with his Mace,
As I am sure my Fathers not farre hence :
My Father yet hath ought *Dame Nature* debt
These threescore yeeres and ten, yet cals not on him :
But if shee turne her Debt-booke ouer once,
And finding him her debtor, do but send
Her Sergeant *John Death* to arrest his body,
Our Soules shall rest Wench then, And the free Light
Shall triumph in our faces ; where now Night,
In imitation of my Fathers frownes,
Lowres at our meeting :

Enter Rinald.

See where the Scholler comes.

Rin. Downe on your knees ; poore louers reuer-
ence learning.

For. I pray thee why *Rinaldo* ?

Rin. Marke what cause

Flowes from my depth of knowledge to your loues,
To make you kneele and blesse me while you liue.

Val. I pray thee, good Scholards giue vs cause.

Rin. Marke then, erect your eares : you know
what horror

Would flye on your loue from your fathers frownes,
If he should know it. And your sister here,
(My brothers sweete hart) knowes a swell what rage
Would fease his powers for her, if he should knowe
My brother woo'd her, or that she lou'd him,

Is not this true ? speake all.

Omn. All this is true.

Rin. It is as true that now you meete by stelth
In depth of midnight, kissing out at grates,
Clime ouer walles. And all this Ile reforme.

Vale. By Logicke.

Rin. Well sir, you shall haue all meanes
To live in one house, eate and drinke together,
Meete and kiffe your fils.

Val. All this by learning ?

Rin. I, and your frowning father know all this.

Val. I marry, small learning may proue that.

Rin. Nay he shall know it, and desire it too,
Welcome my Brother to him, and your wife,
Entreating both to come and dwell with him.
Is not this strange ?

For. I too strange to be true.

Rin. Tis in this head shall worke it : Therefore
heare ;

Brother, this Lady you must call your wife,
For I have tolde her sweet harts Father here
That she is your wife ; and because my Father
(Who now beleeuers it) must be quieted
Before you see him, you must liue a while
As husband to her, in his Fathers house.

Valerio here's a simple meane for you
To lye at racke and manger with your wedlocke
And brother, for your selfe to meete as freely
With this your long-desir'd and barred loue.

For. You make vs wonder.

Rin. Peace, be ruld by mee,
And you shall see to what a perfect shape
Ile bring this rude Plott, which blind Chaunce, (the
Ape

Of Counfaile and aduice) hath brought foorth blind.

Valerio, can your heat of loue forbeare
Before your Father, and allow my brother
To vse some kindnes to your wife before him ?

Val. I before him, I do not greatlie care,

Nor anie where in deed ; my Sister here
Shall be my spie : if shee will wrong her selfe,
And giue her right to my wife, I am pleaseid.

For. My dearest life I know, will neuer feare
Anie such will or thought in all my powers :
When I court her then, thinke I thinke tis thee :
When I embrace her, hold thee in mine Armes :
Come, let vs practise gainst wee see your Father.

Val. Soft Sir, I hope you need not do it yet,
Let mee take this time.

Rin. Come, you must not touch her.

Val. No, not before my Father ?

Rin. No nor now,
Because you are so foone to practise it ;
For I must bring them to him prefentlie.
Take her *Fortunio* ; goe, hence man and wife,
Wee will attend you rarely with fixt faces.
Valerio keepe your countenaunce, and conseauer
Your Father in your forged sheepishnes,
Who thinks thou darst not looke vpon a Wench,
Nor knowest at which end to begin to kisse her.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Prima.

Actus secundi, Scæna prima.

Gostanzo, Marcantonio.

Gost. It is your owne too simple lenitie,
And doting indulgence showne to him still
That thus hath taught your Sonne to be no Sonne,
As you haue vs'd him, therefore so you haue him :
Durft my Sonne thus turne rebell to his dutie,
Steale vp a match vnshuting his estate
Without all knowledge of a friend or father ;
And to make that good with a worse offence
Adsolue to runne beyond Sea to the warres.
Durft my Sonne serue me thus ? well, I haue stayd
him,

Though much against my disposition,
And this howre I haue set for his repaire,
With his young mistresse and concealed wife,
And in my house here they shall sojourne both
Till your blacke angers storne be ouer-blowne.

Mar. My angers storne ? Ah poore *Fortunio*,
One gentle word from thee would foone resolute
The storne of my rage to a showre of teares.

Gost. In that vaine still ? well *Marcantonio*,
Our olde acquaintance and long neighbourhoud
Ties my affection to you, and the good
Of your whole house ; in kinde regard whereof
I have aduisde you for your credite sake,
And for the tender welfare of your sonne,
To frowne on him a little ; if you do not
But at first parle take him to your fauour,
I protest vtterly to renownce all care
Of you and yours, and all your amities.
They say hee's wretched that out of himselfe
Cannot draw counsell to his propper veale,
But hee's thrice wretched that has neither counsell

Within himselfe, nor apprehenfion
Of counfaile for his owne good, from another.

Mar. Well, I will arme my felfe against this weak-
nes

The best I can ; I long to see this *Hellene*
That hath enchaunted my young *Paris* thus,
And's like to set all our poore *Troye* on fire.

Enter Valerio with a Page. *Marc.* retyres himselfe.

Gost. Here comes my Sonne ; withdraw, take vp
your stand,

You shall heare odds betwixt your Sonne and mine.

Val. Tell him I cannot doo't : Shall I be made
A foolish Nouice, my Purse set a broch
By euerie cheating come you feauen ? to lend
My Money and be laught at ? tell him plaine
I professe Husbandrie, and will not play
The Prodigall like him, gainst my profession.

Gost. Here's a Sonne.

Mar. An admirable sparke.

Page. Well sir, Ile tell him so.

Exit Page.

Val. Sfoote, let him lead

A better Husbands life and liue not idlyly,
Spending his time, his coyne, and felfe on Wenchess.

Gost. Why what's the matter Sonne ?

Val. Cry mercie Sir ; why there comes messengers
From this and that braue Gallant : and such Gallants,
As I protest I saw but through a Grate.

Gost. And what's this Message ?

Val. Faith Sir, hee's disappoyneted
Of payments ; and disfurnisht of meanes present :
If I would do him the kind office therefore
To trust him but some feuen-night with the keeping
Of fourtie Crownes for mee, hee deepeley fweares
As hee's a Gentleman, to discharge his trust,
And that I shall eternally endeare him
To my wiſt seruice, he protestes and conſteſtes.

Gost. Good words *Valerio* ; but thou art too wife
To be deceiu'd by breath : Ile turne thee loose
To the moſt cunning Cheater of them all.

Val. Sfoote, Hee's notashamde besides to charge mee
With a late Promise : I must yeeld in deed,
I did (to shifft him with some contentment)
Make such a frivall promise.

Gost. I, well done,
Promises are no Fetteres : with that tongue
Thy promise past, vnpromise it againe.
Wherefore has Man a Tongue, of powre to speake
But to speake still to his owne priuate purpose ?
Beastes vtter but one sound ; but Men haue change
Of speach and Reasfon, euen by Nature given them :
Now to say one thing, and an other now,
As best may serue their profitable endes.

Mar. Ber-Ladie sound instructions to a Sonne.

Val. Nay Sir, he makes his claime by debt of
friendship.

Gost. Tush, Friendship's but a Terme boy : the
fond world

Like to a doting Mother glases ouer
Her Childrens imperfections with fine tearms :
What she calls Frindship and true humane kindnes,
Is onely want of true Experience :
Honestie is but a defect of Witt,
Respect but meere Rusticitie and Clownerie.

Mar. Better and better. Soft, here comes my
Sonne.

Enter Fortunio, Rinaldo, and Gratiana.

Rin. Fortunio, keepe your countenance : See fir
here

The poore young married couple, which you please
To send for to your house.

Gost. Fortunio welcome,
And in that welcome I imploy your wiues,
Who I am sure you count your secong selfe.

He kisses her.

For. Sir, your right noble fauours do exceede
All powre of worthy gratitude by words,
That in your care supplie my Fathers place.

Gost. Fortunio, I can not chuse but loue you,

Being Sonne to him who long time I haue lou'd :
From whose just anger, my house shall protect you,
Till I haue made a calme way to your meetings.

For. I little thought Sir, that my Fathers loue
Would take so ill, so sleight a fault as this.

Gost. Call you it sleight ? Nay, though his spirit
take it

In higher manner then for your lou'd sake,
I would haue wisht him ; yet I make a doubt,
Had my Sonne done the like, if my affection
Would not haue turnd to more spleene, then your
Fathers :

And yet I quallifie him, all I can,
And doubt not but that time and my perswasion,
Will worke out your excuse : since youth and loue
Were th' vuresfisted organies to seduce you :
But you must giue him leaue, for Fathers must
Be wonne by penitence and submision,
And not by force or opposition.

For. Ahlas Sir, what aduise you mee to doe ?
I know my Father to be highly moou'd,
And am not able to endure the breath
Of his exprest displeasure, whose hote flames
I thinke my absence soonest would haue quencht.

Gost. True Sir, as fire with oyle, or else like them
That quench the fire with pulling downe the house,
You shall remaine here in my house conceal'd
Till I haue wonne your Father to conceiue
Kinder opinion of your ouersight.

Valerio entertaine *Fortunio*
And his faire wife, and giue them conduct in.

Val. Y' are welcome sir.

Gost. What sirha is that all ?
No entertainment to the Gentlewoman ?

Val. Forsooth y'are welcome by my Fathers leaue.

Gost. What no more complement ? Kiffe her you
sheepes-head,

Why when ? Go go Sir, call your Sister hither.

Exit Val.

Ladie, youle pardon our grosse bringing vp ?
 Wee dwell farre off from Court you may perceiue :
 The sight of such a blazing Starre as you,
 Dazles my rude Sonnes witts.

Grat. Not so good Sir,
 The better husband, the more courtlie euer.

Rin. In deed a Courtier makes his lipps go farre,
 As he doth all things else.

Enter Valerio, Bell.

Gost. Daughter reciue
 This Gentlewoman home, and vse her kindly.

She kisses her.

Bell. My Father bids you kindly welcome Lady,
 And therefore you must needes come well to mee.

Grat. Thanke you for-foth.

Gost. Goe Dame, conduct-am in.

Exeunt Rinaldo, Fortunio, Bell. Grat.

Ah errant Sheepes-head, hast thou liu'd thus long,
 And dar'st not looke a Woman in the face ?
 Though I desire especially to see
 My Sonne a Husband, Shall I therefore haue him
 Turne absolute Cullion ? Lets see, kiffe thy hand.
 Thou kiffe thy hand ? thou wip'st thy mouth by th'
 maffe.

Fie on thee Clowne ; They say the world's growne
 finer,

But I for my part neuer saw Youngmen
 Worse fashin'd and brought vp then now a dayes.
 Sfoote, when my selfe was young, was not I kept
 As farre from Court as you ? I thinke I was :
 And yet my Father on a time inuited
 The Dutchesse of his house ; I beeing then
 About some fие and twentie yeares of age,
 Was thought the onelie man to entertaine her :
 I had my Conge ; plant my selfe of one legg,
 Draw backe the tother with a deepe fetcht honor :
 Then with a Bell regard aduant mine eye
 With boldnes on her verie visnomie.

Your Dauncers all were counterfets to mee :
And for discourse in my faire Mistresse prefence,
I did not as you barraine Gallants doe,
Fill my discourses vp drinking *Tobacco* ;
But on the present furnisht euer more
With tales and practisde speeches ; as some times
What ist a clocke ? What stuff's this Petticoate ?
What cost the making ? What the Frindge and all ?
And what she vnder her Petticoate ?
And such like wittie complements : and for need,
I could haue written as good Prose and Verse,
As the most beggerlie Poet of am all,
Either accrostique, *Exordion*,
Epithalamions, *Satyres*, *Epigrams*,
Sonnets in Doozens, or your *Quatorzanies*
In any Rime Masculine, *Feminine*,
Or Sdruciolla, or cooptlets, Blancke Verse,
Y' are but bench-whistlers now a dayes to them
That were in our times : well, about your Hus-
bandrie,
Go, for I'fayth th' art fit for nothing else.

Exit. Val. prodit Mar.

Mar. Ber-Ladie you have plaide the Courtier
rarelie.

Gost. But did you euer see so blanck a Foole,
When he should kisse a Wench, as my Sonne is ?

Mar. Ahlas tis but a little bashfulnes,
You let him keepe no companie, nor allow him
Monie to spend at Fence and Dauncing-scholes,
Y' are too seueere, y' faith.

Gost. And you too supple.
Well Sir, for your sake I haue staide your Sonne
From flying to the warres : now see you rate him,
To staie him yet from more expencefull courses,
Wherein your lenitie will encourage him.

Mar. Let me alone, I thank you for this kindnes.

Exeunt.

Enter Valerio and Rinaldo.

Rin. So, are they gone? Now tell me braute
Valerio

Haue I not wonne the wreath from all your wits,
Brought thee t' enioy the most desired presence
Of thy deare loue at home? and with one labour
My brother t'enioy thy sister, where
It had beene her vndooing t'haue him seene,
And make thy father craue what he abhorres:
T' entreat my brother home t' enioy his daughter,
Commaund thee kiffe thy wench, chide for not
kissing,
And worke all this out of a Macheuil,
A miserable Politician?

I thinke the like was neuer plaid before!

Vale. Indeede I must commend thy wit of force,
And yet I know not whose deserues most praise
Of thine, or my wit: thine for plotting well,
Mine, that durst vndertake and carrie it
With such true forme.

Rin. Well, th' euening crownes the daie,
Perfeuer to the end, my wit hath put
Blinde Fortune in a string into your hand,
Vse it discreetlie, keepe it from your Father,
Or you may bid all your good daies good night.

Val. Let me alone boy.

Rin. Well sir, now to varie
The pleasures of our wits, thou knowst *Valerio*
Here is the new turnd Gentlemans faire wife,
That keepes thy wife and sister companie;
With whome the amorous Courtier *Doriotto*
Is farre in loue, and of whome her sowre husband
Is passing ielous, puts on Eagles eies
To prie into her carriage. Shall wee see
If he be now from home, and visite her.

Enter Gazetta sowing, Cornelio following.

See, see, the prisoner comes.

Val. But soft Sir, see
Her ielous Iaylor followes at her heeles:

Come, we will watch some fitter time to boord her,
And in the meantime seeke out our mad crue.
My spirit longs to swagger.

Rin. Goe too youth,
Walke not too boldly, if the Sergeants meete you ;
You may have fwaggering worke your bellie full.

Val. No better Copesmates,

Gazetta fits and singes sowing.

Ile go seeke am out with this light in my hand,
The flaues grow proud with seeking out of vs. *Exeunt.*

Cor. A prettie worke, I pray what flowers are
these ?

Gaze. The Pancie this.

Cor. O tharts for louers thoughtes.
Whats that, a Columbine ?

Gaze. No, that thankles Flower fitts not my Garden.

Cor. Him ? yet it may mine :
This were a prettie present for some friend,
Some gallant Courtier, as for *Doriotto*,
One that adores you in his soule I know.

Val. Mee ? why mee more then your selfe I pray ?
Cor. O yes, hee adores you, and adhornes mee :
Yfaith deale plainelie, Doe not his kisfes relish
Much better then such Pessants as I am ?

Val. Whose kisses ?

Cor. *Doriottoes* ; does he not ?

The thing you wot on ?

Val. What thing good Lord ?

Cor. Why Lady, lie with you ?

Val. Lie with mee ?

Cor. I with you.

Val. You with mee indeed.

Cor. Nay I am told that he lies with you too,
And that he is the onely Whore-maister
About the Cittie.

Val. Yf he be so onely,
Tis a good hearing that there are no more.

Cor. Well Mistresse well, I will not be abusde,

Thinke not you daunce in Netts ; for though you
do not

Make brode profession of your loue to him,
Yet do I vnderstand your darkest language,
Your treads ath' toe, your secret ioggess and wringes :
Your entercourse of glaunces : euery tittle
Of your close Amorous rites I vnderstand,
They speake as loud to mee, as if you said,
My dearest *Dariotto*, I am thine.

Val. Iefus what moods are these ? did euer
Husband

Follow his Wife with Ielosie so vniust ?
That once I lou'd you, you your selfe will sware.
And if I did, where did you lose my Loue ?
In deed this strange and vndeserued vsage,
Hath powre to shake a heart were nere so fetled :
But I protest all your vnkindnes, neuer
Had strength to make me wrong you, but in thought.

Cor. No, not with *Doriotto* ?

Val. No by heauen.

Cor. No Letters past, nor no designes for meeting ?

Val. No by my hope of heauen.

Cor. Well, no time past,

Goe goe ; goe in and fow.

Val. Well, bee it so.

Exit Val.

Cor. Suspition is (they say) the first degree
Gf deepest wifedome : and how euer others
Inveygh against this mood of Ielousy,
For my part I suppose it the best curb,
To check the ranging appetites that raigne
In this weake sexe : my neighbours poynt at me
For this my ielousy ; but should I doe
As most of them doe ; let my wife fly out
To feasts and reuels, and inuite home Gallants,
Play *Menelaus*, giue them time and place,
While I sit like a well-taught wayting-woman,
Turning her eyes vpon some worke or picture,
Read in a Booke, or take a fayned nap,
While her kind Lady takes one to her lap ?

No, let me still be poynted at, and thought
A ielouse Asse, and not a wittally Knaue.
I haue a shew of Courtyers haunt my house,
In shew my friends, and for my profit too :
But I perceiue vm, and will mock their aymes,
With looking to their marke, I warrant vm :
I am content to ride abroad with them,
To reuell, dice, and fit their other sports ;
But by their leaues ile haue a vigilant eye
To the mayne chaunce still. See my braue Comrades.

Enter Dariotto, Claudio and Valerio: Valerio putting vp his Sword.

Dar. Well, wag, well, wilt thou still deceiue thy father,
And being so simple a poore soule before him,
Turne swaggerer in all companies besides ?

Clau. Hadst thou bin rested, all would haue come forth.

Val. Soft, sir, there lyes the poynt ; I do not doubt,
But t' haue my pennyworths of these Rascals one day :
Ile smoke the buzzing Hornets from their nests,
Or else ile make their lether Ierkins stay.
The whorson hungry Horfe-flyes ; Foot, a man
Cannot so foone, for want of Almanacks,
Forget his day but three or foure bare moneths,
But strait he fees a sort of Corporals,
To lye in Ambuscado to surprize him.

Dar. Well, thou hadst happy fortune to escape vm.

Val. But they thought theirs was happier to scape me.

I walking in the place, where mens law suites
Are heard and pleaded, not so much as dreaming
Of any such encounter, steps me forth
Their valiant fore-man, with the word, I rest you.
I made no more adoe, but layd these pawes
Close on his shoulders, tumbling him to earth ;
And there fate he on his *posteriors*,
Like a Baboone ; and turning me about,

I strayt espyed the whole troope issuing on me.
 I stept me backe, and drawing my olde friend heere,
 Made to the midſt of them, and all vnable
 T' endure the ſhock, all rudely fell in rout,
 And downe the ſtayres they ranne with ſuſh a fury,
 As meeting with a troope of Lawyers there,
 Man'd by their Clyents: ſome with ten, ſome with
 twenty,

Some five, ſome three; he that had leaſt, had one:
 Vpon the ſtayres they bore them downe afore them:
 But ſuſh a rattling then was there amongſt them
 Of rauifh Declaratiōns, Replications,
 Reioynders and Petitions; all their bookeſ
 And writings torne and trod on, and ſome loſt,
 That the poore Lawyers comming to the Barre,
 Could ſay nougħt to the matter, but instead,
 Were fayne to rayle and talke beſides their bookeſ
 Without all order.

Clau. Fayth, that ſame vayne of rayling became
 Now moſt applauſiue; your beſt Poet, is
 He that rayles groſteſt.

Dar. True, and your beſt foole is your broad
 rayling foole.

Val. And why not, fir?

For by the gods, to tell the naked trueth,
 What obiects ſee men in this world, but ſuſh
 As would yeeld matter to a rayling humour?
 When he that laſt yeere carried after one
 An empty Buckram bag, now fills a Coach,
 And crowds the Senate with ſuſh troops of Clyents:
 And ſeruile followers, as would put a mad ſpleene
 Into a Pigeon.

Dar. Come, pray leauue theſe crosse capers,
 Let's make ſome better vſe of preceſious time.
 See, here's *Cornelio*: come, Lad, ſhall we to dice?

Cor. Any thing I.

Clau. Well ſayd, how does thy wife?

Cor. In health, God ſaue her.

Val. But where is ſhe, man?

Cor. Abroad about her busynesse.

Val. Why, not at home ?

Foot, my masters, take her to the Court,
And this rare Lad her husband : and doest heare ?
Play me no more the miserable Farmer,
But be aduise by friends, sell all ith countrey,
Be a flat Courtier, follow some great man,
Or bring thy wife there, and sheele make thee great.

Cor. What, to the Court? then take me for a
Gull.

Val. Nay, neuer shun it to be cald a Gull :
For I see all the world is but a Gull :
One man Gull to another in all kinds :
A Marchant to a Courtyer is a Gull :
A Clyent to a Lawyer is a Gull :
A marryed man to a Bacheler, a Gull :
A Bacheler to a Cuckold is a Gull :
All to a Poet, or a Poet to himselfe.

Cor. Hark *Dariotto*, shall we gull this Guller ?

Dar. He gulls his father, man, we cannot gull
him.

Cor. Let me alone. Of all mens wits aliuie,
I most admyre *Valerioes*, that hath stolne,
By his meere industry, and that by spurts,
Such qualities, as no wit else can match,
With plodding at perfection euery houre ;
Which, if his father knew eche gift he has,
Were like enough to make him giue all from him :
I meane besides his dycing and his wenching,
He has stolne languages, th' Italian, Spanish,
And some spice of the French, besides his dauncing,
Singing, playing on choyce Instruments :
These has he got, almost against the hayre.

Clau. But hast thou stolne all these, *Valerio* ?

Val. Toyes, toyes, a pox ; and yet they be such
toyes

As euery Gentleman would not be without.

Cor. Vayne glory makes yee iudge on lyte yfayth.

Dar. Afore heauen I was much deceyu'd in him :

But hee's the man indeed that hides his gifts,
And sets them not to sale in euery presence.
I would have sworne, his soule were far from musike;
And that all his choyce musike was to heare
His fat beastes bellow.

Cor. Sir, your ignorance
Shall eftsoone be confuted. Prythee *Val*,
Take thy *Theorbo* for my sake a little.

Val. By heauen, this moneth I toucht not a
Theorbo.

Cor. Toucht a *Theorbo* ? marke the very word.
Sirra, goe fetch. *Exit Page.*

Val. If you will haue it, I must needs confess,
I am no husband of my qualityes.

He untrusses and capers.

Cor. See what a Caper there was !

Claud. See agayne.

Cor. The best that euer ; and how it becomes
him !

Dar. O that his father saw these qualityes !

Enter a Page with an Instrument.

Cor. Nay, that's the very wonder of his wit,
To carry all without his fathers knowledge.

Dar. Why, we might tell him now.

Cor. No but we could not,
Although we think we could : his wit doth charme vs.
Come sweet *Val*, touch and sing.

Dar. Foote, will you heare
The worst voyce in Italy ? *Enter Rinaldo.*

Cor. O God, fir. *He sings.* Courtiers, how ike
you this ?

Dar. Beleeue it excellent.

Cor. Is it not naturall ?

Val. If my father heard me,
Foot, hee'd renounce me for his naturall sonne.

Dar. By heauen, *Valerio*, and I were thy father,
And lou'd good qualities as I doe my life,
Ide disinherite thee : for I neuer heard
Dog howle with worse grace.

Cor. Go to, Signeur Courtier,
You deale not courtly now to be so playne,
Nor nobly, to discourage a young Gentleman,
In vertuous qualityes, that has but stolne vm.

Clau. Call you this touching a *Theorbo*?

Omn. ha, ha, ha.

Exeunt all but Val. and Rin.

Val. How now, what's heere?

Rin. Zoones, a plot layd to gull thee.
Could thy wit thinke the voyce was worth the hearing?

This was the Courtiers and the Cuckolds project.

Val. And ist eene so? 'tis very well, mast Courtier, & Dan Cornuto, ile cry quit with both: And first, ile cast a iarre betwixt them both, With firing the poore cuckolds ielousy. I haue a tale will make him madde, And turne his wife diuorced loose amongst vs. But first let's home, and entertayne my wife. O father, pardon, I was borne to gull thee.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundi.

ACTVS III. SCENA I.

Enter Fortunio, Bellanora, Gratiana, Goflanozo following closely.

Fort. How happy am I, that by this sweet meanes
I gayne accesfe to your most loued fight,
And therewithall to vtter my full loue,
Which but for vent would burne my entrayles vp !

Gof. Byth masfe they talke too softly.

Bell. Little thinks

The austere mind my thrifty father beares,
That I am vowd to you, and so am bound
From him : who for more riches he would force
On my disliking fancy.

Fort. Tis no fault,
With iust deeds to defraud an iniury.

Gof. My daughter is perswading him to yeeld
In dutifull submision to his father.

Enter Valerio.

Val. Do I not dreame ? do I behold this fight
With waking eyes ? or from the Iuory gate
Hath *Morpheus* sent a vision to delude me ?
Ist possible that that I a mortall man,
Should shrine within mine armes so bright a God-
desfe,
The fayre *Gratiana*, beautyes little world !

Gof. What haue we heere ?

Val. My dearest Myne of Gold,
All this that thy white armes enfold,
Account it as thine owne free-hold.

Gof. Gods my deare soule, what fuddē change is
here !

I smell how this geare will fall out yfayth.

Val. *Fortunio*, syster ; come, let's to the garden.

Exeunt.

Gost. Sits the wind there, yfayth I see what example

Will worke vpon the dullest appetite.

My sonne last day so bashfull, that he durst not
Looke on a wench, now courts her ; and byrlady,
Will make his friend *Fortunio* weare his head
Of the right moderne fashion. What, *Rinaldo*.

Enter Rin.

Rin. I feare I interrupt your priuacy.

Gost. Welcome, *Rinaldo*, would 'thad bin your hap

To come a little sooner, that you might
Haue seene a handsome fight : but let that passe,
The short is that your sister *Gratiana*
Shall stay no longer here.

Rin. No longer, sir ?

Repent you then so soone your fauour to her,
And to my brother ?

Gost. Not so, good *Rinaldo* ;
But to preuent a mischiefe that I see
Hangs ouer your abused brothers head.
In briefe, my sonne has learn'd but too much courtship.
It was my chaunce euen now to cast mine eye
Into a place whereto your sister entred :
My metamorphosde sonne : I must conceale
What I saw there : but to be playne, I saw
More then I would see : I had thought to make
My house a kind receypt for your kind brother ;
But ide be loth his wife should find more kindnesse,
Then she had cause to like of.

Rin. What's the matter ?

Perhaps a little complement or so.

Gost. Wel, sir, such complement perhaps may cost
Marryed *Fortunio* the setting on :
Nor can I keepe my knowledge ; He that lately
Before my face I could not get to looke
Vpon your sister ; by this light, now kist her,
Embrac't and courted with as good a grace,
As any Courtyer could : and I can tell you

(Not to disgrace her) I perceyu'd the Dame
Was as far forward as himselfe, byth maffe.

Rin. You should have schoold him for 't.

Gost. No, Ile not fee 't:

For shame once found, is lost ; Ile haue him thinke
That my opinion of him is the same
That it was euer ; it will be a meane,
To bridle this fresh humour bred in him.

Rin. Let me then schoole him ; foot, ile rattle
him vp.

Gost. No, no, *Rinaldo*, th' onely remedy,
Is to remoue the cause ; carry the obiect
From his late tempted eyes.

Rin. Alas, sir, whither ?

You know, my father is incenſt fo much,
Heele not receyue her.

Gost. Place her with ſome friend
But for a time, till I reclayme your father :
Meane time your brother ſhall remaine with me.

To himselfe. *Rin.* The care's the leſſe then, he
has ſtill his longing,

To be with this Gulls daughter.

Gost. What resolute you ?
I am resolu'd ſhe lodges here no more :
My friends ſonne ſhall not be abuſde by mine.

Rin. Troth, sir, ile tell you what a fudden toy
comes in my head ; what' think you if I brought her
home to my fathers house ?

Gost. I mary, sir ;
Would he receyue her ?

Rin. Nay, you heare not all :
I meane, with vſe of ſome deuice or other.

Gost. As how, *Rinaldo* ?

Rin. Mary fir, to ſay,
She is your fonnes wife, maryed paſt your knowledge.

Gost. I doubt, laſt day he ſaw her, and will know
her to be *Fortunioes* wife.

Rin. Nay, as for that
I wil pretend ſhe was eu'en then your fonnes wife,

But faynde by me to be *Fortunioes*,
Onely to try how he would take the matter.

Gof. 'Fore heauen 'twere pretty.

Rin. Would it not doe well ?

Gof. Exceeding well in fadnesse.

Rin. Nay, good fir,

Tell me vnfaynedly, do ye lik 't indeed.

Gof. The best that ere I heard.

Rin. Amd do you thinke
Heele swallow downe the Gudgion ?

Gof. A my life,

It were a grosle gob would not downe with him,
An honest knight, but simple, not acquainted
With the fine flights and policies of the world,
As I my selfe am.

Rin. Ile go fetch her strait :
And this iest thriue, 'twill make vs princely sport :
But you must keepe our counsell, seconfd all,
Which to make likely, you must needs sometimes
Giue your sonne leauue (as if you knew it not)
To steale and see her at my fathers house.

Gof. I, but see you then that you keepe good
gard

Ouer his forward new begun affections :
For by the Lord, heele teach your brother else,
To sing the Cuckooes note : spirit will breake out,
Though neuer so supprest and pinioned.

Rin. Especially your sonnes : what would he be,
If you should not restrayne him by good counsell ?

Gof. Ile haue an eye on him, I warrant thee.
Ile in and warne the Gentlewoman to make ready.

Rin. Wel, fir, & Ile not be long after you.

Exit Gof.

Heauen, heauen, I see these Politicians,
(Out of blind Fortunes hands) are our most fooles.
'Tis she that giues the lustre to their wits,
Still plodding at traditionall deuices :
But take vm out of them to preſent actions,
A man may grope and tickle vm like a Trowt,

And take vñ from their cloſe deere holes, as fat
 As a Phisician ; and as giddy-headed,
 As if be myracle heauen had taken from them,
 Euen that which commonly belongs to fooles.
 Well, now let's note what black ball of debate,
Valerioes wit hath cast betwixt *Cornelio*,
 And the inamoured Courtyer ; I beleeue
 His wife and he will part : his ielousy
 Hath euer watcht occasion of diuorce,
 And now Valerioes villany will present it.
 See, here comes the twyn-Courtier his companiō.

Enter Claud.

Clau. *Rinaldo*, well encountered.

Rin. Why ? what newes ?

Clau. Most ſudden and infortunate, *Rinaldo* :
Cornelio is incenſt fo 'gainſt his wife,
 That no man can procure her quiet with him.
 I haue affayd him, and made *Marc Antonio*,
 With all his gentle Rethorike ſecond me,
 Yet all I feare me will be caſt away.
 See, fee, they come : ioyne thy wit, good *Rinaldo*,
 And helpe to pacify his yellow fury.

Rin. With all my heart, I conſecrate my wit
 To the wiſt comfort of diſtrefled Ladies.

Enter Cornelio, Marc Ant. Valerio, Page.

Cor. Will any man affuſe me of her good beha-
 uiour ?

Val. Who can affuſe a ielous ſpirit ? you may be
 afrayd of the ſhadow of your eares, & imagine thē to
 be hornes : if you will affuſe yourſelfe, appoyn特 keepers
 to watch her.

Cor. And who ſhall watch the keepers ? *Juvenal*

Mar. To be ſure of that, be you her keeper.

Val. Well ſayd, and ſhare the hornes your ſelfe :
 For that's the keepers fee.

Cor. But ſay I am gone out of town, & muſt truſt
 others ; how ſhall I know if thoſe I truſt be truſty to
 me ?

Rin. Mary, fir, by a ſingular iñſtinct, giuen natur-

ally to all you maryed men, that if your wiues play legerdeheeble, though you bee a hundred miles off, yet you shall be sure instantly to find it in your forheads.

Cor. Sound doctrine I warrant you: I am resolu'd, ifaith.

Pag. Then giue me leaue to speak, sir, that hath all this while bene silent: I haue heard you with extreme patience, now therefore pricke vp your eares, and vouchsafe me audience.

Clau. Good boy, a mine honour.

Cor. Pray what are you, sir?

Pag. I am here, for default of better, of counsel with the fayre *Gazetta*, and though her selfe had bene best able to defend her selfe, if she had bin here, and would haue pleasd to put forth the Buckler, which Nature hath giuen all women, I meane her tongue.

Val. Excellent good boy.

Pag. Yet since she either vouchsafes it not, or thinks her innocence a sufficient shield against your ielous accusations, I wil presume to vndertake the defence of that absent & honorable Lady, whose sworne Knight I am; and in her of all that name (for Lady is growne a common name to their whole sex) which sex I haue euer loued frō my youth, and shall neuer cease to loue, till I want wit to admire.

Mar. An excellent spoken boy.

Val. Give eare, *Cornelio*, heere is a yong *Mercurio* sent to perswade thee.

Cor. Well, sir, let him say on.

Pag. It is a heauy case, to see how this light sex is tūbled and tost from post to piller, vnder the vnsavory breath of euery humourous Peasant: *Gazetta*, you sayd, is vnchaste, disloyall, and I wot not what; Alas, is it her fault? is shee not a woman? did she not fuck it (as others of her sex doe) from her mothers brest? and will you condemne that, as her fault, which is her Nature? Alas, sir, you must consider, a woman is an vnfinisht Creature, deliuered haftly to the world, be-

fore Nature had set to that Seale which should haue made them perfect. Faultes they haue (no doubt) but are wee free? Turne your eye into your selfe (good Signeur *Cornelio*) and weygh your owne imperfections with hers: If shee be wanton abroad, are not you wanting at home? if she be amorous, are not you ielous? if she be high set, are not you taken downe? if she be a Courtizan, are not you a Cuckold?

Cor. Out you rogue.

Rin. On with thy speech, boy.

Marc. You do not well, *Cornelio*, to discourage the bashfull youth.

Clau. Forth, boy, I warrant thee.

Pag. But if our owne imperfections will not teach vs to beare with theirs; yet let their vertues perswade vs: let vs indure their bad qualities for their good; allow the prickle for the Rose; the bracke for the Velvet; the paring for the cheese, and so forth: if you say they range abroad, consider it is nothing but to auoyd idlenesse at home; their nature is still to be doing; keepe vm a doing at home; let them practise one good quality or other, either sowing, finging, playing, chiding, dauncing or so, & these will put such idle toyes out of their heads into yours: but if you cannot find them variety of busynesse within dores, yet at least imitate the ancient wife Citizens of this City, who vsed carefully to prouide their wiues gardens neere the towne, to plant, to graft in, as occasion serued, onely to keepe vm from idlenesse.

Val. Euerlasting good boy.

Cor. I perceyue your knauery, sir, and will yet haue patience.

Rin. Forth, my braue Curio.

Pag. As to her vnquietnesse (which some haue rudely tearm'd shrewishnesse) though the fault be in her, yet the cause is in you. What so calme as the sea of it own nature? Arte was neuer able to equall it: your dycing tables, nor your bowling alleys are not comparable to it; yet if a blast of wind do but crosse

it, not so turbulent & violent an element in the world: So (nature in lieu of womens scarcity of wit, hauing indued them with a large portion of will) if they may (without impeach) injoy their willes, no quieter creatures vnder heauen: but if the breath of their husbāds mouthes once crosse their wils, nothing more tempestuous. Why thē, sir, should you husbands crosse your wiues wils thus, considering the law allowes thē no wils at all at their deaths, because it intended they should haue their willes while they liued ?

Val. Answere him but that, *Cornelio*.

Cor. All shall not serue her turne, I am thinking of other matters.

Mar. Thou hast halfe wonne him, Wag; ply him yet a little further.

Pag. Now (sir) for these Cuckooish songs of yours, of Cuckolds, hornes, grafting, and such like; what are they, but meere imaginary toyes, bred out of your owne heads, as your owne, and so by tradition deliuered from man to man, like Scar-crowes, to terrify fooles from this earthly paradice of wedlock, coyn'd at first by some spent Poets, superannated Bachelers, or some that were scarce men of their hands; who, like the Foxe, hauing lost his taile, would perswade others to lose theirs for company? Agayne, for your Cuckold, what is it but a meere fiction? shew me any such creature in nature; if there be, I could neuer see it, neyther could I euer find any sensible difference betwixt a Cuckold and a Christen creature. To conclude, let Poets coyne, or fooles 'credit what they list; for mine owne part, I am cleere of this opinion, that your Cuckold is a meere *Chymæra*, and that there are no Cuckoldes in the world, but those that haue wiues: and so I will leaue them.

Cor. Tis excellent good, sir; I do take you, sir, d'ye see? to be, as it were bastard to the fawcy Courtier, that would haue me father more of your fraternity, d'ye see? & so are instructed (as we heare) to second

that villayne with your toungh, which he has acted with his Tenure piece, dy'e see ?

Pag. No such matter, a my credit, fir.

Cor. Wel, fir, be as be may, I scorn to set my head against yours, dy'e see ? when in the meane time I will fircke your father, whether you see or no.

Exit drawing his rapier.

Rin. Gods my life, *Cornelio.*

Exit.

Val. Haue at your father ifaith, boy, if he can find him.

Mar. See, he comes here, he has mist him.

Enter Dariot.

Dar. How now, my hearts, what, not a wench amongst you ?

Tis a signe y' are not in the grace of wenches,
That they will let you be thus long alone.

Val. Well, *Dariotto*, glory not too much,
That for thy briske attyre and lips perfumde,
Thou playest the Stallyon euer where thou com'st ;
And like the husband of the flocke, runn'st through
The whole towne heard, and no mans bed secure :
No womans honour vnattempted by thee.
Thinke not to be thus fortunate for euer :
But in thy amorous conquests at the last
Some wound will flice your mazer : *Mars* himselfe
Fell into *Vulcans* snare, and so may you.

Dar. Alas, alas, fayth I haue but the name :
I loue to court and wynne ; and the consent,
Without the act obtayn'd, is all I seeke.
I loue the victory that drawes no bloud.

Clau. O, tis a high desert in any man
To be a secret Lecher ; I know some,
That (like thy selfe) are true in nothing else.

Mar. And, me thinks, it is nothing, if not told ;
At least the ioy is neuer full before.

Val. Well, *Dariotto*, th' hadst as good confessie,
The Sunne shines broad vpon your practises.
Vulcan will wake and intercept you one day.

Dar. Why, the more ielous knaue and coxcombe he.

What, shall the shaking of his bed a little Put him in motion ? It becomes him not ; Let him be duld and stald, and then be quiet. The way to draw my costome to his house, Is to be mad and ielous ; tis the sauce That whets my appetite.

Val. Or any man's :

Sine periculo friget lufus.

They that are ielous, vse it still of purpose To draw you to their houfes.

Dar. I, by heauen, I am of that opinion. Who would steale Out of a common Orchard ? Let me gayne My loue with labour, and inioy 't with feare, Or I am gone.

Enter Rinaldo.

Rin. What, *Dariotto* here ? Foot, darft thou come neere *Cornelioes* house ?

Dar. Why ? is the Bull run mad ? what ayles he, trow ?

Rin. I know not what he ayles ; but I would wish you To keepe out of the reach of his sharpe hornes For by this hand heele gore you.

Dar. And why me, More then thyselfe, or these two other whelps ? You all haue basted him as well as I. I wonder what's the cause.

Rin. Nay, that he knowes, And sweares withall, that wherefoere he meets you, Heele marke you for a marker of mens wiues.

Val. Pray heauen he be not ielous by some tales That haue bin told him lately : did you neuer Attempt his wife ? hath no Loues Harbenger, No looks, no letters past twixt you and her ?

Dar. For looke I cannot answere ; I bestow them At large, and carelesly, much like the Sunne :

If any be so foolish to apply them
To any priuate fancy of their owne,
(As many doe) it's not my fault, thou knowest.

Val. Well, *Dariotto*, this set face of thine,
(If thou be guilty of offence to him)
Comes out of very want of wit and feeling
What danger haunts thee : for *Cornelio*
Is a tall man, I tell you ; and 'twere best
You shund his sight awhile, till we might get
His patience, or his pardon : for past doubt
Thou dyest if he but see thee.

Enter Cornelio.

Rin. Foot, he comes.

Dar. Is this the Cockatrice that kils with sight ?
How doest thou boy ? ha ?

Cor. Well.

Dar. What, lingring still
About this paltry towne ? hadst thou bin rulde
By my aduice, thou hadst by this time bene
A gallant Courtyer, and at least a Knight :
I would have got thee dubd by this time certayne.

Cor. And why then did you not your selfe that
honour ?

Dar. Tush, tis more honour still to make a Knight,
Then tis to be a Knight : to make a Cuckold,
Then tis to be a Cuckold.

Cor. Y'are a villayne.

Dar. God shield man : villayne ?

Cor. I, ile proue thee one.

Dar. What, wilt thou proue a villayne ? By this
light thou deceyf'st me, then.

Cor. Well, fir, thus I proue it.

Drawes.

Omn. Hold, hold, rayse the streets.

Clau. *Cornelio.*

Rin. Hold, *Darioto*, hold.

Val. What, art thou hurt ?

Dar. A scratch, a scratch.

Val. Goe firra, fetch a Surgeon.

Co. Youle set a badge on the ielous fooles head,
fir ; Now set a Coxcombe on your owne.

Val. What's the cause of these warres, *Darioto* ?

Dar. Foot, I know not.

Cor. Well, sir, know and spare not ; I will presently
bee diuorft, and then take her amongst ye.

Rin. Diuorft ? nay good *Cornelio*.

Cor. By this fword I will, the world shall not
disswade me. *Exit.*

Val. Why this has bin your fault now *Darioto*,
You youths have fashions when you haue obtei'nd
A Ladies fauour, straight your hat must weare it,
Like a Iacke-daw that when he lights vpon
A dainty morsell, kaas and makes his brags,
And then some kite doth scoope it from him straight,
When if he fed without his dawish noise,
He might fare better, and haue lesse disturbance :
Forbeare it in this case ; and when you proue,
Victorius ouer faire *Gazettas Forte*,
Do not for pittie sound your trumpe for ioy,
But keepe your valour close, and ti's your honour.

Enter Page and Pock.

Poc. God saue you Signior *Darioto*,

Dar. I know you not Sir, your name I pray ?

Poc. My name is *Pock* Sir ; a practitioner in
Surgery.

Dar. *Pock* the Surgeon, y' are welcome Sir, I
know a Doctor of your name maister *Pocke*.

Poc. My name has made many Doctors Sir.

Rinal. Indeede tis a worshipfull name.

Val. Mary is it, and of an auncient discent.

Poc. Faith Sir I could fetch my pedigree far, if I
were so dispos'd.

Rin. Out of France at least.

Poc. And if I stood on my armes as others doe,

Dar. No doe not *Pock*, let other stand a their
armes, and thou a thy legs as long as thou canst.

Poc. Though I liue by my bare practise, yet I
could shew good cardes for my Gentilitie.

Val. Tush thou canst not shake off thy gentry
Pock, tis bred i' th bone ; but to the maine *Pock*,

what thinkest thou of this gentlemans wound, *Pock*, canst thou cure it *Pock*.

Poc. The incision is not deepe, nor the Orifice exorbitant, the Pericranion is not dislocated, I warrant his life for forty crownes, without perishing of any joynt.

Dar. Faith *Pock*, 'tis a ioynt I would be loath to loose, for the best joynt of Mutton in Italy.

Rin. Would such a scratch as this hazards a mans head?

Poc. I Byr-lady Sir, I have knownen some haue lost there heads for a lesse matter I can tell you, therefore sir you must keepe good dyet: if you please to come home to my house till you be perfectly cur'd, I shall haue the more care on you.

Val. Thats your onely course to haue it well quickly.

Poc. By what time would he haue it well fir.

Dari. A very necessary question, canst thou limit the time.

Pock. O fir, cures are like causes in law, which may be lengthned or shortned at the discretion of the Lawyer, he can either keepe it greene with replications or reioinders, or sometimes skinne it faire a' th outside for fashion fake, but so he may be sure 'twill breake out againe by a wrigg of error, and then has he his suite new to begin, but I will couenant with you, that by such a time Ile make your head as found as a Bell, I will bring it to suppuration, and after I will make it coagulate and growe to a perfect *Cycatrice*, and all within these ten dayes, so you keepe a good dyet.

Dar. Well come *Pock*, weeble talke farther on't within, it drawes neere dinner time; what's aclock boye?

Page. By your clock fir it should be almost one, for your head rung noone some halfe houre agoe.

Dar. If true fir?

Val. Away let him alone, though he came in at

the window he sets the gates of your honor open I
can tell you.

Dar. Come in *Pock*, come, apply ; and for this
deede

Ile give the Knaue a wound shall neuer bleed :
So sir I thinke this knock rings lowd acquittance,
For my ridiculous.

Exeunt all but Rinal. & Valer.

Ryn. Well sir to turne our heads toalue your
licence,

Since you have vsd the matter fo vnwisely,
That now your father has discern'd your humor,
In your too careleffe vstage in his house,
Your wife must come from his house to *Antonios*,
And he, to entertaine her must be tould
She is not wife to his sonne ,but to you :
Which newes will make his simple wit triumphe
Ouer your father ; and your father thinking
He still is guld, wil still account him simple :
Come sir, prepare your villanous witt to faine
A kinde submision to your fathers fury,
And we shall see what harty policie,
He will discouer, in his fained Anger,
To blinde *Antonios* eyes, and make him thinke,
He thinkes her hartely to be your wife.

Val. O will I gull him rarely with my wench,
Lowe kneeling at my heeles before his furie,
And iniury shalbe salu'd with iniurie.

Finis Actus 3.

ACTVS 4. SCENA 1.

Marc-Ant: Gostanzo.

Marc-Ant. You see how too much wisdome euermore,

Out-shootes the truth: you were so forwards still,
To taxe my ignorance, my greene experience
In these gray haires, for giuing such advantage,
To my sonnes spirit, that he durst vndertake
A secret match, so farre short of his woorth:
Your sonne so seasoned with obedience,
Euen from his youth, that all his actions relish
Nothing but dutie, and your angers feare,
What shall I say to you, if it fall out
That this most precious sonne of yours, has plaide
A part as bad as this, and as rebellious:
Nay, more, has grofely guld your witt withall.
What if my sonne has vndergone the blame
That appertain'd to yours? and that this wench
With which my sonne is charg'd, may call you father:
Shall I then say you want experience?
Y'are greene, y'are credulous; easie to be blinded.

Gost. Ha, ha, ha,

Good *Marc-Antonio*, when 't comes to that;
Laugh at me, call me foole, proclaime me so,
Let all the world take knowledge I am an Asse.

Marc. O the good God of Gods,
How blinde is Pride? what Eagles we are still,
In matters that belong to other men?
What Beetles in our owne? I tell you Knight,
It is confess to be as I haue tould you;
And *Gratiana*, is by young *Rinaldo*,
And your white sonne, brought to me as his wife:
How thinke you now Sir?

Gost. Euen iust as before,
And haue more cause to thinke honest *Credulity*,
Is a true Loadstone to draw on *Decrepity*:

You have a hart to open to imbrace,
All that your eare receiues : alas good man,
All this is but a plot for entertainment
Within your house, for your poore sonnes yong wife
My house without huge danger cannot holde :

Mar. Ist possible, wht danger Sir I pray ?

Gost. Ile tell you Sir, twas time to take her thence :
My sonne that last day you saw could not frame,
His lookes to entertaine her, now bir-lady
Is grone a Courtier : for my selfe vnfeene,
Saw when he courted her, imbrac't and kist her,
And I can tell you left not much vndone,
That was the proper office of your sonne.

Mar. What world is this ?

Gost. I tolde this to *Rinaldo*,
Aduising him to fetch her from my house,
And his yong wit not knowing where to lodge her
Vnleffe with you : and saw that could not be,
Without some wyle : I presently suggested
This queint deuise, to say she was my sonnes :
And all this plot, good *Marc-Antonio*,
Flow'd from this fount, onely to blinde our eyes.

Mar. Out of how sweete a dreame haue you
awak't me ?

By heauen, I durst haue laid my part in heauen
All had bin true ; it was so liuely handled,
And drawne with such a seeming face of trueth :
Your sonne had cast a perfect vaile of grieve
Ouer his face, for his so rash offence,
To seale his loue with act of marriage,
Before his father had subscrib'd his choyce :
My sonne (my circumstance lessening the fact)
Intreating me to breake the matter to you,
And ioyning my effectuall perswasions,
With your sonnes penitent submision,
Appease your fury ; I at first assented,
And now expect their comming to that purpose.

Gost. T'was well, t'was well, seeme to beleue it
still,

Let Art end what Credulitie began,
 When they come, suite your words and lookes to theirs,
 Second my sad Sonnes fain'd submission,
 And see in all points how my braine will answere,
 His disfisde grieve, with a set countenance
 Of rage and choller ; now obserue and learne
 To schoole your sonne by me.

Intrant Rynaldo, Val : Grat :

Mar. On with your maske ; here come the other
 maskers fir,

Rinal. Come on I say,
 Your father with submission wilbe calm'd ;
 Come on ; downe a your knees.

Gof. Villaine durst thou
 Presume to gull thy Father ? doost thou not
 Tremble to see my bent and cloudy browes
 Ready to thunder on thy graceleffe head,
 And with the bolt of my displeasure cut
 The thred of all my liuing from thy life,
 For taking thus a beggar to thy wife ?

Val. Father, if that part I haue in your blood,
 If teares, which so abundantly distill
 Out of my inward eyes : and for a neede,
 Can drowne these outward (lend me thy hand-kercher)
 And being indeed as many drops of blood,
 Issuing from the Creator of my hart,
 Be able to beget so much compaffion,
 Not on my life, bfit on this louely Dame,
 Whom I hold dearer ?

Gof. Out vpon thee villaine.

Marc. Nay good *Gofstanzo*, thinke you are a Father.

Gof. I will not heare a word ; out, out vpon thee :
 Wed without my aduise, my loue, my knowledge,
 I, and a begger too, a trull, a blowfe ?

Rinal. You thought not so last day, when you
 offerd her
 A twelue months boord for one nights lodging with
 her.

Gof. Goe too, no more of that, peace good *Rinaldo*,

It is a fault that onely she and you know.

Rin. Well sir, go on I pray.

Gof. Haue I fond wretch,
With vtmost care and labour brought thee vp,
Euer instructing thee, omitting neuer
The office of a kinde and carefull Father,
To make thee wise and vertuous like thy father :
And hast thou in one acte euered all ?
Proclaim'd thy selfe to all the world a foole ?
To wedde a begger ?

Val. Father, say not so,

Gof. Nay shees thy owne, here, rise foole, take
her to thee,

Liue with her still, I know thou countst thy selfe
Happy in soule, onely in winning her :
Be happy still, heere, take her hand enjoy her,
Would not a sonne hazard his Fathers wrath,
His reputation in the world ? his birth-right,
To haue but such a messe of broth as this ?

Marc. Be not so violent, I pray you good *Gofanzo*,
Take truce with passion, licence your fad sonne,
To speake in his excuse.

Gof. What ? what excuse ?

Can any orator in this cafe excuse him ?

What can he say ? what can be said of any ?

Val. Ahlas sir, heare me, all that I can say
In my excuse, is but to shew loues warrant.

Gof. Notable wagge.

Val. I know I haue committed
A great impiety, not to mooue you firs^t
Before the dame, I meant to make my wife
Consider what I am, yet young, and greene,
Beholde what she is, is there not in her
I, in her very eye, a power to conquer,
Euen age it selfe and wisdome, call to mind,
Sweete Father, what your selfe being young haue bin,
Thinke what you may be, for I doe not thinke
The world so farre spent with you, but you may
Looke back on such a beauty, and I hope

To see you young againe, and to liue long
 With young affections, wisdome makes a man
 Liue young for euer: and where is this wisdome
 If not in you? ahlas I know not what
 Rests in your wisedome to subdue affections,
 But I protest it wrought with me so strongly,
 That I had quite bin drownd in feas of teares
 Had I not taken hold in happy time
 Of this sweete hand, my hart had beene consum'de
 T' a heape of Ashes with the flames of loue,
 Had it not sweetly bin asswag'd and cool'd,
 With the moist kisses of these fugred lippes.

Gost. O puissant wag, what huge large thongs he
 cuts

Out of his friend *Fortunios* stretching leather.

Marc. He knows he does it but to blinde my eyes.

Gost. O excellent, these men will put vp any thing.

Val. Had I not had her, I had lost my life,
 Which life indeed I would haue lost before,
 I had displeas'd you, had I not receau'd it
 From such a kinde, a wife, and honour'd Father.

Gost. Notable Boy.

Val. Yet doe I here renounce
 Loue, life and all, rather then one houre longer
 Indure to haue your loue eclipsed from me.

Gra. O I can hold no longer, if thy words
 Be vf'd in earnest my *Valerio*,
 Thou woundst my hart, but I know tis in iest.

Gost. No ile be sworne she has her lyripoope too.

Grat. Didst thou not sweare to loue, spight of
 Father, & all the world

That nought should feuer vs but death it selfe.

Val. I did, but if my father
 Will haue his sonne foresworne, vpon his soule,
 The blood of my black periurie shall lye,
 For I will seeke his fauour tho' I dye.

Gost. No, no, liue still my sonne, thou well shalt
 know,
 I haue a fathers hart, come ioyne your hands,

Still keepe thy vowes, and liue together still,
Till cruell death set foote betwixt you both.

Val. O speake you this in earnest ?

Gost. I by heauen.

Val. And neuer to recall it ?

Gost. Not till death.

Rinal. Excellent sir, you haue done like your selfe :
What would you more *Valerio* ?

Val. Worshipful Father.

Rinal. Come sir, come you in, and celebrate your
joyes. *Exeunt all saue the old men.*

Gost. O *Marc-Antonio*,

Had I not armd you with an expec~~t~~ation,
Would not this make you pawne your very soule,
The wench had bin my sonnes wife ?

Marc. Yes by heauen :

A knauerie thus effected might deceiue
A wiser man then I, for I ah las,
Am noe good polititian, plaine beleeuing
Simple honesty, is my policy still.

Gost. The visib~~e~~ marks of folly, honesty,
And quick Credulitie his yonger brother.
I tell you, *Marc Antonio* there is mutch
In that young boy my Sonne.

Marc. Not much honesty, if I may speake without
offence to his father.

Gost. O God you cannot please me better sir,
H 'as honesty enough to serue his turne,
The leſſe honesty euer the more wit,
But goe you home, and vſe your daughter kindly,
Meane time Ile schoole your sonne : and do you ſtill
Diſſembl~~e~~ what you know, keepe off your ſonne,
The wench at home muſt ſtill be my ſonne ſwife,
Remember that, and be you blinded ſtill.

Marc. You muſt remember too, to let your ſonne
Vſe his accustom'd viſiſtations,
Onely to blinde my eyes.

Gost. He ſhall not faile :
But ſtill take you heede, haue a vigilant eye,

On that flie childe of mine, for by this light,
Heele be too bould with your sonnes forehead els.

Marc. Well sir let me alone, Ile beare a braine.

Exeunt.

Enter Valerio, Rynaldo.

Val. Come they are gone.

Ryn. Gone, they were farre gone heere.

Val. Guld I my father, or guld he himselfe ?
Thou toldst him *Gratiana* was my wife,
I haue confest it, he has pardoned it.

Ryn. Nothing more true, enow can witnesse it.
And therefore when he comes to learne the truth,
(As certainly for all these flie disguises,
Time will strip Truth into her nakedneffe)
Thou hast good plea against him to confesse,
The honor'd Action, and to claime his pardon.

Val. Tis true, for all was done he deeply swore
Out of his hart.

Ryn. He has much faith the whiles,
That swore a thing, so quite against his hart :

Val. Why this is pollicie.

Ryn. Well see you repaire,
To *Gratiana* daily, and enjoy her
In her true kinde ; and now we must expect
The resolute and ridiculous diuorce,
Cornelio hath sued against his wedlock.

Val. I thinke it be not so ; the Affe dotes on her.

Ryn. It is too true, and thou shalt answere it,
For setting such debate twixt man and wife :
See, we shall see the solemne maner of it.

Enter Cor: Darioto. Claud. Notarie, Page, Gazetta.

Bell: Gratiana.

Bell. Good Signior *Cornelio* vs poore Gentlewomen
intreat you to forbear.

Cor. Talke no more to me, Ile not be made
Cuckold in my owne house : Notarie read me the
diuorce.

Gazet. My deare *Cornelio*, examine the cause better
before you condemne me.

Cor. Sing to me no more Syren, for I will heare thee no more, I will take no compassion on thee.

Page. Good Signior *Cornelio* be not too mankinde against your wife, say y'are a cuckold (as the best that is may be so at a time) will you make a trumpet of your owne hornes ?

Cor. Goe too sir, y'are a rascall, ile giue you a fee for pleading for her one day, *Notary*, doe you your office.

Val. Goe too Signior looke better to your wife, and be better aduised, before you grow to this extremitie.

Cor. Extremity ? go too, I deale but too mercifully with her, If I should vse extremitie with her I might hang her, and her copesmate my drudge here, how say you, M. *Notary*, might I not doe it by law ?

Not. Not hang am, but you may bring them both to a white sheete.

Cor. Nay by the masse they haue had too much of the sheete already.

Not. And besides you may set capitall letters on their foreheads.

Cor. What's that to the capitall letter thats written in minde, I say for all your law, maister *Notary* that I may hang am, may I not hang him that robs me of mine honour, as well as he that robs me of my horse ?

Not. No sir your horse is a chattell.

Cor. Soe is honour, a man may buy it with his peny, and if I may hang a man for stealing my horse (as I say) much more for robbing mee of my honour ; for why ? if my horse be stolne, it may bee my owne fault; for why ? eyther the stable is not strong enough, or the pasture not well fenc't, or watcht, or so foorth : But for your wife that keepes the stable of your honour : Let her be lockt in a brazen towre, let *Argus* himselfe keepe her, yet can you neuer bee secure of your honour, for why ? she can runne through all with her serpent noddle : besides you may hang a locke vpon your horse, and so can you not vpon your wife.

Rin. But I pray you Sir what are the presumptions on which you would build this diuorce?

Cornelio. Presumption enough Sir, for besides their intercourse, or commerce of glances that past betwixt this cockrill-drone, and her, at my table the last Sunday night at supper, their winckes, their beckes, due gard, their treads a' the toe (as by heauen I sweare she trode once vpon my toe instead of his) This is chiefly to be noted, the same night she would needs lie alone; and the same night her dog barkt, did not you heare him, *Valerio*?

Val. And vnderstand him too, Ile be sworne of a booke.

Cornelio. Why very good, if these be not manifest presumptions now, let the world be iudge: Therefore without more ceremony, Maister *Notarie* plucke out your Instrument.

Notary. I will sir, if there be no remedie.

Corn. Haue you made it strong in law, Maister *Notary*? haue you put in words enough?

Notary. I hope so sir, it has taken me a whole skinne of Parchment you see.

Cornelio. Very good, and is Egressse and Regresse in?

Nota. Ile warrant you sir, it is *forma Iuris*.

Corn. Is there no hoale to be found in the Orthography?

Nota. None in the world sir.

Corn. You haue written *Sunt* with an *S* haue you not?

Nota. Yes that I haue.

Corn. You have done the better for quietnesse sake: and are none of the Autenticall dashes ouer the head left out? if there be Maister *Notary* an error will lye out.

Nota. Not for a dashe ouer head sir I warrant you, if I should ouersee; I haue seene that tryed in *Butiro* & *Cafeo*, in *Butler* and *Cafons* cafe, *Decimo sexto* of *Duke Anonimo*.

Rinal. Y'au gotten a learned Notarie *Signior Cornelio.*

Corn. Hees a shroad fellow indeed, I had as leeve haue his head in a matter of felony, or Treafon, as any Notary in *Florence*, read out Maister *Notary*, harken you mistresse, Gentlemen marke I beseech you.

Omnes. We will all marke you sir, I warrant you.

Nota. I thinke it would be something tedious to read all, and therfore Gentlemen the summe is this: That you *Signior Cornelio* Gentlemen, for diuers & fundry waightly and mature considerations, you especially mouing, specifying all the particulars of your wiues enormities in a scedule hereunto annexed, the transcript whereof is in your owne tenure, custodie, occupation, & keeping: That for these the aforesaid premises, I say, you renounce, disclaime and discharge *Gazetta* frō being your leeful, or your lawfull wife: And that you eftsoones deuide, disioyne, seperate, remoue, & finally eloigne, sequester, & diuorce her, frō your bed & your boord; That you forbid her all accesoſſe, repaire, egressſe or regrefſſe to your person, or persons, mansion or mansions, dwellings, habitations, remainences or abodes, or to any shop, sellar, Sollar, easements chamber, dormer, and so forth, now in the tenure, custody, occupation or keeping of the said *Cornelio*; notwithstanding all former contracts, couenants, bargaines, conditions, agreements, compactſ, Promiſes, vowes, affiances, assurances, bonds, billes, indentures, pole-deedes, deeds of guift, defefances, feoffments, endowments, vowchers, double vowchers, privie entries, actions, declarations, explications, reioinders, surreioinders, rights, intereſts, demands, claymes, or titles whatſoever, heretofore betwixt the one and the other party, or parties, being had, made, past, couenanted & agreed, from the beginning of the world, till the day of the date hereof, giuen the 17. of

Nouenber 1500. and so forth, here Sir you must set to your hand.

Cor. What els maister Notary, I am resolute ifaith.

Gaz. Sweete husband forbeare.

Cor. Auoyde, I charge thee in the name of this diuorce : Thou mightst haue lookt to it in time yet this I will doe for thee ; if thou canst spie out any other man that thou wouldest cuckolde, thou shalt haue my letter to him : I can do no more : more Inke maister *Notary*, I wright my name at large.

Not. Here is more Sir.

Cor. Ah asse that thou could not know thy happynesse till thou hadst lost it, how now ? my nose bleed ? shall I write in blood ? what onely three drops ? Sfoote thi's Omninous : I will not set my hand toot now certaine, maister *Notary* I like not this abodement : I will deferre the setting too of my hand till the next court day : keepe the diuorce I pray you, and the woman in your house together.

Om. Burne the diuorce, burne the diuorce.

Cor. Not so Sir, it shall not serue her turne M. *Notary*, keep it at your perill, & gentlemen you may be gone a Gods name, what haue you to doe to flocke about me thus ? I am neither *Howlet* nor *Cuckooe* : gentlewomen for gods fake medle with your owne cases, it is not fit you should haunt these publike asfembles.

Om. well, farewell *Cornelio*.

Val. Vse the gentlewoman kindely maister *Notary*, As mine owne wife, I assure you Sir. *Exeunt.*

Clau. Signor *Cornelio* I cānot but in kindenes tell you that *Balerio* by counfaile of *Rinaldo* hath whis-
pered all this iealousie into your eares, not that he knew any iust cause in your wife, but only to be reuenged on you, for the gull, you put vpon him, when you drew him with his glory to touch the *Theorbo*.

Cor. May I beleue this ?

Clau. As I am a gentleman : and if this accident
of your nose had not falne out, I would haue told you
this before you set too your hand.

Cor. It may well be, yet haue I cause enough
To perfect my diuorce, but it shall rest,
Till I conclude it with a Counterbuffe,
giuen to these noble rascals : *Claudio* thankes :
What comes of this, watch but my braine a little,
And yee shall see, if like two partes in me,
I leaue not both these gullers wits Imbrierd,
Now I perceiue well where the wilde winde fits,
Heres Gull for Gull, and wits at warre with wits.

Exeunt.

ACTVS QVINTI: SCENA PRIMA.

Rinaldo folus.

Fortune the great commandresse of the world,
Hath diuers wayes to aduance her followers :
To some she giues honour without deseruing,
To other some deseruing without honour,
Some wit, some wealth : and some wit without
wealth :

Some wealth without wit, some, nor wit nor wealth
But good smocke-faces : or some qualities,
by nature without iudgement, with the which
They liue in sensuall acceptation,
And make shew onely, without touche of substance ;
My fortune is to winne renowne by Gulling,
Goflanzo, Darioto, and Cornelio :
All which suppose in all their different kindes,
Their witts entyre, and in themselues no piece,
All at one blow : my helmet yet vnbruise,de,
I haue vnhorst, laid flat on earth for Guls ;
Now in what taking poore *Cornelio* is,
Betwixt his large diuorce, and no diuorce,
I long to see, and what he will resolute :
I lay my life he cannot chew his meate,
And lookes much like an Ape had swallowed pilles,
And all this comes of bootelesse iealousie :
And see where bootelesse iealousie appeares.

Enter Cornel.

Ile boord him straight ; how now *Cornelio* ?
Are you resolu'd on the diuorce or no ?

Cor. What's that to you ? looke to your owne af-
faires,
The time requires it ; are not you engag'd
In some bonds forfeit for *Valerio* ?

Rinal. Yes, what of that ?

Corn. Why so am I my selfe,
And both our dangers great, he is arrested
On a recognizance, by a vsuring flau.

Rinal. Arrested ? I am sorry with my hart,
It is a matter may import me much,
May not our bayle suffize to free him thinke you ?

Cor. I thinke it may, but I must not be seene
in't,
Nor would I wish you, for we both are parties,
And liker farre to bring our selues in trouble,
Then beare him out : I haue already made
Meanes to the officers to sequester him
In priuate for a time, till some in secret
Might make his Father vnderstand his state,
Who would perhaps take present order for him,
Rather then suffer him t' endure the shame
Of his imprisonment ; Now, would you but goe
And breake the matter closely to his Father,
(As you can wisely doo't) and bring him to him,
This were the onely way to saue his credit,
And to keepe off a shrowd blow from our selues.

Rinal. I know his Father will be mou'd past
measure.

Corn. Nay if you stand on such nice ceremonies,
Farewell our substance : Extreame diseases
Aske extreame remedies, better he should storne
Some little time, then we be beate for euer
Vnder the horred shelter of a prison,

Rinal. Where is the place ?

Corn. Tis at the halfe Moone Tauerne,
Hast, for the matter will abide no staye.

Rin. Heauen fend my speed be equall with my
hast. *Exit.*

Corn. Goe shallow scholler, you that make all
Guls,
You that can out-fee cleere-ey'd ieolousie,
Yet make this flight a Milstone, where your braine
Sticks in the midst amazd : This Gull to him.

And to his fellow Guller, shall become
 More bitter then their baiting of my humour :
 Heere at this Tauerne shall *Goflanzo* finde,
Fortunio, Darioto, Claudio,
 And amongst them, the ringleader his sonne
 His husband, and his Saint *Valerio*,
 That knowes not of what fashion Dice are made,
 Nor euer yet lookt towards a red Lettice,
 (Thinkes his blinde Sire) at drinking and at Dice,
 Withall their wenches, and at full discouer
 His owne grose folly, and his sonnes distempers,
 And both shall know (although I be no scholler)
 Yet I haue thus much Latin, as to say

Iam sumus ergo pares.

Exit.

Enter Valerio, Fortunio, Claudio, Page, Grat: Gazetta, Bellanora. A Drawer or two, setting a Table.

Val. Set me the Table heere, we will shift roomes,
 To see if Fortune will shift chances with vs :
 Sit Ladies, sit, *Fortunio* place thy wench,
 And *Claudio* place you *Dariotos* mistresse,
 I wonder where that neate spruce flaue becomes :
 I thinke he was some Barbers sonne by th' masse,
 'Tis such a picked fellow, not a haire
 About his whole Bulke, but it stands in print,
 Each Pinne hath his due place, not any point,
 But hath his perfect tie, fashion, and grace ;
 A thing whose soule is specially employde
 In knowing where best Gloues, best Stockings, Wase-
 cotes,
 Curiously wrought are folde ; sacks Milleners shops
 For all new tyres and fashions, and can tell yee
 What new deuices of all sorts there are :
 And that there is not in the whole *Rialto*,
 But one new-fashion'd Wast-cote, or one Nightcap,
 One paire of Gloues, pretty or well perfum'd,
 And from a paire of Gloues of halfe a crowne,
 To twenty crownes : will to a very scute

Smell out the price : and for these womanly parts
He is esteem'd a witty Gentleman.

Enter Darioto.

Fortunio. See where he comes.

Dari. God sauе you louely Ladies.

Val. I well said louely *Paris*, your wall eye,
Must euer first be gloting on mens wiues,
You thinke to come vpon vs, being halfe drunke,
And so to part the freshest man amongst vs,
But you shall ouertake vs, Ile be sworne.

Dario. Tush man where are your dice ? lets fall to
them.

Clau. We haue bin at am, Drawer, call for
more.

Vale. First lets haue Wine, Dice haue no perfect
edge,

Without the liquid whetstone of the Sirrope.

Fort. True, and to welcome *Darioto's* latenes,
He shall (vnpledg'd) carouze one crowned cup
To all these Ladies health.

Dar. I am well pleasd.

Val. Come on, let vs varie our sweete time
With fundry excercises, Boy ? Tabacco.
And Drawer, you must get vs musique too,
Calls in a cleanly noyse, the flaues grow lowzy.

Drawer. You shall haue such as we can get you
fir. *Exit.*

Dariot. Let's haue some Dice : I pray thee, they
are clenly.

Val. Page, Let mee see that Leafe ?

Page. It is not Leafe Sir, Tis pudding cane *Ta-*
bacco :

Val. But I meane, your Linstock fir, what leafe is
that, I pray

Page. I pray you fee fir, for I cannot read.

Val. Foote a rancke stincking Satyre : this had
been
Enough to have poysned euerie man of vs.

Dari. And now you speake of that, my Boy once
lighted
A pipe of Cane *Tabacco* with a peece
Of a vild Ballad, and Ile sweare I had
A singing in my head a whole weeke after.

Val. Well, th' old verse is, *A potibus incipe io-c-um.*

Enter Drawer with Wine and a Cupp.

Vall. Drawer, fill out this Gentlemans Carowse,
And harden him for our societie.

Dariot. Well, Ladies heere is to your honourd
healths.

For. What *Dariotto*, without hat or knee ?

Val. Well said *Fortunio* : O y'are a rare Courtier,
Your knee good Signior, I beseech your knee.

Dariot. Nay pray you, lets take it by degrees,
Valerio ; on our feete first, for this will bring's too
soone vpon our knees.

Vall. Sir, there are no degrees of order in a
Tauerne,

Heere you must, I chargd yee runne all a head,
Slight, Courtier, downe ;

I hope you are no Elephant, you haue Ioynts ?

Dari. Well Sir, heere's to the Ladies on my
knees.

Vall. Ile be their pledge.

Enter Goflano & Rinaldo.

Fort. Not yet, *Valerio*,
This hee must drinke vnpledgd.

Vall. Hee shall not, I will giue him this aduan-
tage.

Gof. How now ? whats heere ? are these the Of-
fers ?

Rin. Slight, I would all were well.

Enter Cornelio.

Vall. Heere is his pledge :
Heere's to our common friend *Cornelioes* health.

Clau. Health to *Gazetta*, Poyson to her husband.
He kneeles.

Cor. Excellent Guestes: these are my dayly Guestes.

Val. Drawer, make euen th' impartiall skales of Iustice,

Glue it to *Claudio*, and from him fill round.

Come *Dariotto*, sett mee, let mee rest,

Come in when they haue done the Ladyes right.

Gost. Sett mee, doe you know what belongs to setting?

Rin. What a dull flauue was I to be thus gull'd.

Cor. Why *Rinald*, what meant you to intrap your friend,

And bring his Father to this spectacle?

You are a friend in deed.

Rin. Tis verie good Sir,

Perhaps my friend, or I, before wee part,

May make euen with you.

Fort. Come, letts sett him round.

Vall. Doe fo: at all. A plague vpon these Dice. Another health, sfoote I shall haue no lucke, Till I be druncke: come on, heere's to the comfort, The Caualier my Father should take in mee, If he now saw mee, and would do me right.

Fort. Ile pledge it, and his health *Valerio*.

Gost. Heere's a good Husband.

Rin. I pray you haue patience Sir.

Val. Now haue at all, an 'twere a thoufand pound.

Gost. Hold Sir, I barr the Dice.

Val. What Sir, are you there? Fill's a fresh pottle, by this light, Sir Knight, You shall do right.

Enter Marc. Ant.

Gost. O thou vngratiouous villaine, Come, come, we shall haue you now thunder foorth Some of your thriftie sentences, as grauely:

For as much *Valerius* as euery thing has time, and a Pudding has two: yet ought not satisfaction to fwerue

so much from defalcation of well dispos'd people, as that indemnitie should preiudice what securitie doth insinuate : atryall yet once againe.

Marc. An. Heere's a good sight, y' are well en-
countered sir,

Did not I tell you you'd oreshoote your selfe
With too much wisdome.

Val. Sir, your wifest do so.
Fill the old man some wine.

Gost. Heere's a good Infant.

Marc. Why Sir : Ahlas Ile wager with your wife-
dome,

His consorts drew him to it, for of him selfe
He is both vertuous, bashfull, innocent :
Comes not at Cittie : knowes no Cittie Art,
But plies your Husbandrie ; dares not view a Wench.

Val. Father, hee comes vpon you.

Gost. Heere's a Sonne.

Marc. Whose wife is *Gratiana* now I pray ?

Gost. Sing your old song no more, your braine's too
short

To reach into these pollicies.

Marc. 'Tis true,
Mine eyes foone blinded : and your selfe would say
so,
If you knew all : Where lodg'd your Sonne last night ?
Doe you know that with all your pollicie ?

Gost. Youle say he lodg'd with you, and did
not I
Foretell you : all this must for culLOUR sake
Be brought about, onely to blinde your eyes ?

Marc. By heauen I chaunc't this morne, I know
not why
To passe by *Gratianas* bed-chamber,
And whom saw I fast by her naked side,
But your *Valerio* ?

Gost. Had you not warning giuen ?
Did not I bidd you watch my Courtier well,
Or hee would set a Crest a your Sonnes head ?

Marc. That was not all, for by them on a stoole,

My Sonne fate laughing, to see you so gull'd,

Gost. Tis too too plaine.

Mar. Why Sir, do you suspect it the more for that?

Gost. Suspect it? is there any So grosse a wittoll, as if t'were his wife, Would sit by her so tamelie?

Mar. Why not Sir, To blind my eyes?

Gost. Well Sir, I was deceiu'd, But I shall make it prooue a deare deceipt to the deceiuier.

Rin. Nay Sir, lets not haue A new infliction, set on an old fault: Hee did confesse his fault vpon his knees, You pardned it, and swore twas from your hart.

Gost. Swore; a great peece of worke, the wretch shall know I haue a Daughter heere to giue my land too, Ile giue my Daughter all: the prodigall Shall not haue one poore House to hide his head in.

Fort. I humblie thanke you Sir, and vow all duetie

My life can yeelde you.

Gost. Why are you so thankfull?

Fort. For giuing to your Daughter all your Lands,

Who is my Wife, and so you gaue them mee.

Gost. Better, and better.

Fort. Pray Sir be not moou'd, You drew mee kindlie to your house, and gaue mee Accessse to woe your Daughter, whom I lou'd: And since (by honord mariage) made my wife.

Gost. Now all my Choller flie out in your witts: Good trickes of Youth y'faith, no *Indecorum*, Knights fonne, Knights daughter; *Marc.* Antonio

Giue mee your hand, There is no remedie,
Mariage is euer made by Desenie.

Rin. Scilence my Maisters, now heere all are
pleaf'd,

Onelie but *Cornelio*. who lackes but perswasion
To reconcile himselfe to his faire wife :
Good sir will you (of all men our best speaker)
Perswade him to receiue her into grace ?

Gof. That I will gladlie, and he shalbe rul'd good
Cornelio : I haue heard of your wayward Ielosie, and
I must tell you plaine as a friend, y' are an Affe : you
must pardon me, I knew your Father.

Rin. Then you must pardon him, indeed Sir.

Gof. Vnderstand mee : put case *Dariotto* lou'd
your wife, whereby you would seeme to refuse her ;
would you desire to haue such a Wife as no man could
loue but your selfe ?

Mar. Answere but that *Cornelio*.

Gof. Vnderstand mee : Say *Dariotto* hath kist your
wife, or perform'de other offices of that nature, whereby
they did conuerse togeather at bedd and at boord, as
friendes may seem to doe :

Mar. Marke but the now vnderstand mee.

Gof. Yet if there come no proofes, but that her
actions were cleanlie, or indiscreete priuate, why t'was
a signe of modestie : and will you blow the Horne
your selfe, when you may keepe it to your selfe ? Goe
to, you are a Foole, vnderstand mee ?

Val. Doe vnderstand him *Cornelio*.

Gof. Nay *Cornalio* I tell you againe, I knew your
Father ; Hee was a wife Gentleman, and so was your
Mother : mee thinkes I see her yet, a lustie stoute
Woman, bore great Children, you were the very skundrell
of am all ; but let that passe : as for your Mother,
shee was wife, a most flippant tongue shee had, and
could set out her Taile with as good grace as any shee
in *Florence*, come cut and long-tayle ; and shee was
honest enough too : But yet by your leauue shee would

tickle *Dob* now and then, as well as the best on am ; by *Ioue* it's true *Cornelio*, I speake it not to flatter you: your Father knew it well enough, and would he do as you do thinke you ? set Rascalles to vndermine her, or looke to her water (as they say) ? No, when he saw twas but her humour (for his owne quietnesse sake) hee made a Backe-doore to his house for conuenience, gott a Bell to his fore doore, and had an odd fashion in ringing, by which shee and her Mayde knew him ; and would stand talking to his next neighbour to prolong time, that all thinges might be ridde clenly out a the way before he came, for the credite of his Wife : This was wisedome now, for a mans owne quiet.

Mar. Heere was a man *Cornelio*.

Gost. What I say ? Young men thinke olde men are fooles ; but old men know young men are fooles.

Cor. Why harke you, you two Knights ; Doe you thinke I will forsake *Gazetta* ?

Gost. And will you not ?

Cor. Why theer's your wisedome ; why did I make shew of Diuorce thinke you ?

Marc. Pray you why Sir ?

Cor. Onelie to bridle her stout stomack : and how did I draw on the culour for my diuorce ? I did traine the Woodcocke *Dariotto* into the net, drew him to my house, gaue him opportunitie with my wife (as you say my Father dealt with his wiues friendes) onely to traine him in ; let him alone with my wife in her bedchamber ; and sometimes founde him a bedd with her, and went my way backe againe softlie, onlie to draw him into the Pitte.

Gost. This was well handled in deed *Cornelio*.

Marc. I marrie Sir, now I commend your wisedome.

Corn. Why, if I had been so minded as you thinke, I could haue flung his Pantable downe the staires, or doone him some other disgrace : but I winckt at it, and drew on the good foole more and more, onelie to bring him within my compasie.

Gof. Why, this was pollicie in graine.

Cor. And now shal the world see I am as wise as my father.

Val. Is't come to this ? then will I make a speech in praise of this reconcilement, including therein the praise and honor of the most fashionable and authenticall *HORNE*: stande close Gentles, and be silent.

He gets into a chaire.

Gof. Come on, lets heare his wit in this potable humour.

Valerio.

The course of the world (like the life of man) is said to be deuided into feuerall ages: As wee into Infancie, Childhood, Youth, and so forward to Old-age: So the World into the Golden age, the Siluer, the Brasse, the Iron, the Leaden, the Wooden; and now into this present age, which wee tearme the *Horned age*: not that but former ages haue injoyde this benefite as well as our times; but that in ours it is more common, and neuerthelesse pretious. It is said, that in the Golden age of the world, the vse of Gold was not then knowne: an argument of the simplicitie of that age, least therefore succeeding ages should hereafter impute the same fault to vs, which wee lay vpon the first age; that wee liuing in the Horned age of the world, should not vnderstand the vse, the vertue, the honour, and the very royltie of the Horne; I will in briefe found the prayses thereof, that they who are alreadie in possession of it, may beare their heades aloft, as beeing proud of such loftie acowtrementes: And they that are but in possibilite, may be rauisht with a desire to be in possession.

A Trophey so honorable, and vnmatchably powerfull, that it is able to raise any man from a Beggar to an Emperours fellow, a Dukes fellow, a Noble-mans fellow, Alderman's fellow; so glorious, that it deserues to be worne (by most opinions) in the most conspicuous

place about a man : For what worthier Crest can you
beare then the Horne ? which if it might be feene with
our mortall eyes, what a wonderfull spectacle would
there be ? and how highly they would rauish the be-
holders ? But their substaunce is incorporall, not falling
vnder fence, nor mixt of the grosse concretion of Ele-
mentes, but a quintessence beyond them ; a spirituall
essence inuisible, and euerlasting.

And this hath been the cause that many men haue
called their beeing in question, whether there be such
a thing in *rerum natura*, or not ; because they are not
to be feene : as though nothing were that were not to
be feene ? Who euer saw the Winde ? yet what won-
derfull effectes are feene of it ? It drives the cloudes,
yet no man sees it : it rockes the House, beares downe
Trees, Castles, Steeples, yet who sees it ? In like sort
does your Horne, it swelles the Forehead, yet none
sees it ; it rockes the Cradle, yet none sees it : so that
you plainly perceiue Sence, is no Iudge of Esence.
The Moone to any mans fence, seemes to be Horned ;
yet who knowes not the Moone to be euer perfectly
round : So likewise your Heades seeme euer to be
round, when indeed they are oftentimes Horned : for
their originall, it is vnsearchable : Naturall they are
not ; for there is Beast borne with Hornes more then
with Teeth : Created they were not, for *Ex nihilo nihil
fit* ; Then will you aske mee, How came they into the
world ? I know not ; but I am sure Women brought
them into this part of the world, howsoeuer some
Doctors are of opinion that they came in with the
Diuell . and not vnlike ; for, as the Diuell brought
Sinne into the worlde ; but the Woman brought it to
the Man : so it may very well be that the Diuell
brought Hornes into the world ; but the Woman
brought them to the man.

For their power, it is generall ouer the world, no
Nation so barbarous, no Countrey so proude, but doth

equall homage to the Horne. *Europa* when shee was carried through the Sea by the *Saturnian* Bull, was said (for feare of falling) to haue held by the Horne: and what is this but a plaine shewing to vs, that all *Europa*, which tooke name from that *Europa*, should likewise hold by the Horne: So that I say, it is vniuersall ouer the face of the world, general ouer the face of *Europe*, and common ouer the face of this Countrey. What Cittie, what Towne, what Village, what Streete? nay what House can quit it felse of this prerogatiue? I haue read that the Lion once made a proclamation through all the Forrest, that all Horned Beastes should depart foorthwith vpon paine of death: If this Proclamation should be made through our Forrest, Lord what pressing, what running, what flying, would there be euen from all the parts of it? he that had but a bunch of Flesh in his head would away: and some foolishly fearefull, would imagine the shadow of his Eares to be Hornes: Ahlas how desart would this Forrest be left?

To conclude for there force it is irreuitable, for were they not irreuitable, then might eyther propernesse of person secure a man, or wisedome preuent am; or greatnesse exempt, or riches redeeme them, but present experience hath taught vs, that in this case, all these stand in no steade: for we see the properst men take part of them, the best wits cannot auoide them (for then should Poets be no cuckolds) nor can money redeeme them, for then would rich-men fine for their hornes, as they do for offices: But this is held for a maxime, that there are more rich cuckolds then poore, lastly, for continuance of the horne it is vndeterminable till death: Neither doe they determine with the wiues death, (howsoeuer ignorant writers holde opinion they doe) For as when a knight dies, his Ladie still retaines the title of Ladie; when a company is cast yet the Captaine still retaines the title of Captaine; So though the wife die by whom this title came to her husband, yet by the curtesie of the City, he shalbe a cuckold

during life, let all ignorant asses prate what they list.

Gofl. Notable wag, come sir shake hands with him,

In whose high honour you haue made this speech :

Mar. Ant. And you sir come, ioyne hands, y' are one amogst thê.

Gofl. Very well done, now take your feuerall wiues,

And spred like wilde-geese, though you now grow tame:
Liue merily together and agree,
Hornes cannot be kept off with iegaloufie.

FINIS.



Epilogue.

*Since all our labours are as you can like,
We all submit to you ; nor dare presume,
To thinke ther's any reall worth in them :
Sometimes feastes please the Cookes, and not the guesles,
Sometimes the guesles, and curious Cookes contemne them,
Our dishes we intirely dedicate
To our kinde guesles, but since yee differ so,
Some to like onely mirth without taxations,
Some to count such workes trifles, and such-like,
We can but bring you meate, and set you stooles,
And to our best cheere say, you all are () welcome.*



MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

A

Comedie, as it vvas
fundrie times acted by her

*Maiesties children at the Blacke-
Friars.*

By George Chapman.



L O N D O N

Printed by T. C. for *William Holmes*, and are to be sold at
his Shop in Saint Dum-slons Church-yard in
Fleete-streete, 1606.



MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

ACTVS PRIMI.

Scæna Prima.

VANDOME with seruants and saylors laden,
VAMONT, another way walking.

Vand.

COnuey your carriage to my brother in Lawes,
Th'Earle of Saint *Anne*, to whome and to my
Sister,
Commend my humble seruice, tell them both
Of my arriuall, and intent t'attend them :
When in my way, *I* haue performd fit duties,
To Count *Vaumont*, and his most honoured Countesse.

Ser. We will Syr, this way, follow honest Saylors.

Exeunt Seruants.

Vand. Our first obseruance, after any absence
Must be presented euer to our Mistresse :
As at our parting she should still be last,
Hinc Amor ut circulus, from hence tis said
That loue is like a circle, being th'efficient
And end of all our actions ; which excited
By no worse abie&t then my matchlesse mistresse
Were worthy to employ vs to that likenesse ;
And be the onely Ring our powers should beate,
Noble she is by birth, made good by vertue,
Exceeding faire, and her behauour to it,
Is like a singular Musitian
To a sweete *Instrument*, or else as doctrine
Is to the soule, that puts it into *Act*,

And prints it full of admirable formes
 Without which twere an emptie, idle flame
 Her eminent iudgement to dispofe these parts,
 Sits on her browe and holds a siluer Scepter,
 with which ſhe keepes time to the feuerall musiques,
 Plac't in the ſacred conſort of her beauties :
 Loues compleat armorie is managde in her.
 To stirre affection, and the discipline
 To checke and to affright it from attempting
 Any attaint might diſproportion her,
 Or make her graces leſſe then circular ;
 Yet her euen carriage, is as farre from coynesſe
 As from *Immodestie*, in play, in dancing,
 In ſuffering court ſhip : in requiting kindneſſe.
 In vſe of places, hours, and companies
 Free as the *Sunne*, and nothing more corrupted,
 As circumſpect as *Cynthia*, in her vowes,
 And conſtant as the Center to obſerue them,
 Ruthfull, and bountious neuer fierce nor dull,
 In all her courſes euer at the full.

These three yeaſes, *I* haue trauaile, and ſo long
 Haue beene in trauaile with her deareſt fight,
 Which now ſhall beautifie the enamour'd light.
 This is her houſe, what ? the gates ſhut and cleere
 Of all attendants ? Why, the houſe was wont
 To hold the vſuall concurſe of a Court,
 And ſee, me thinks through the encourtained windowes
 (In this high time of day) I ſee light Tapers,
 This is exceeding ſtrange, Behold the Earle
 Walking in as ſtrange fort before the dore,
 Ile know this wonder ſure : My honoured Lord ?

Vau. Keepe of Sir and beware whom you embrace,

Vand. Why flyes your Lordſhip back ?

Vau. You ſhould be ſure

To knowe a man your friend ere you embrac't him.

Vand. I hope my knowledge cannot be more ſure
 Then of your Lordſhips friendſhip.

Vau. No mans knowledge

Can make him ſure of anything without him,

Or not within his power to keepe, or order.

Vand. I comprehend not this ; and wonder much
To see my most lou'd Lord so much estrang'd.

Vau. The truth is, *I* haue done your knowne de-
ferts

More wrong, then with your right should let you
greet me

And in your absence, which makes worse the wrong,
And in your honour, which still makes it worse.

Vand. If this be all my Lord, the discontent
You feeme to entertaine, is meerly causlesse :
Your free confession, and the manner of it,
Doth liberally excuse what wrong soeuer,
Your mis-conceit could make you lay on me.
And therefore, good my Lord discouer it,
That we may take the spleene and corfey from it.

Vau. Then heare a strange report and reason, why
I did you this repented iniurie.

You know my wife is by the rights of courtship,
Your chosen Mistresse, and she not disposde
(As other Ladies are) to entertaine
Peculiar termes, with common acts of kindnesse :
But (knowing in her, more then womens iudgement,
That she should nothing wrong her hufbands right,
To vse a friend onely for vertue, chosen
With all the rights of friendship) tooke such care
After the solemne parting to your trauaile,
And spake of you with such exceeding passion,
That *I* grew iealous, and with rage excepted
Against her kindnesse, vtterly forgetting
I should haue waied so rare a womans words,
As duties of a free and friendly iustice :
Not as the head-strong and incontinent vapors
Of other Ladies bloods, enflamed with lust,
Wherein I iniured both your innocencies,
Which *I* approue, not out of flexible dotage,
By any cunning flatteries of my wife,
But in impartiall equitie, made apparant
Both by mine owne well-waid comparisfon

Of all her other manifest perfections,
 With this one onely doubtfull leuitie,
 And likewise by her violent apprehencion
 Of her deepe wrong and yours, for she hath vowde,
 Neuer to let the common Pandresse light,
 (Or any doome as vulgar) censure her
 In any action she leaues subiect to them,
 Neuer to fit the day with her attire,
 Nor grace it with her presence ; Nourish in it,
 (Vnlesse with sleepe) nor stir out of her chamber :
 And so hath muffled and mewd vp her beauties
 In neuer-ceasing darkenesse, Neuer sleeping,
 But in the day transform'd by her to night :
 With all Sunne banisht from her smothered graces :
 And thus my deare and most vnmatched wife,
 That was a comfort and a grace to me,
 In euery iudgement, euery companie,
 I, by false Iealousie, haue no lesse then lost,
 Murtherd her liuing, and entoomd her quicke.

Vand. Conceit it not so deepeley, good my Lord,
 Your wrong to me or her, was no fit ground
 To beare so waightie and resolu'd a vowe,
 From her incensed and abused vertues.

Vau. There could not be a more important cause
 To fill her with a ceaslesse hate of light,
 To see it grace grose lightnesse with full beames,
 And frowne on continence with her oblique glances,
 As nothing equals, right to vertue done,
 So is her wrong past all comparison.

Vand. Vertue is not malitious, wrong done her
 Is righted euer when men grant they Erre,
 But doth my princely mistresse so contemne
 The glorie of her beauties, and the applause
 Giuen to the worth of her societie,
 To let a voluntarie vowe obscure them ;

Vau. See all her windowes, and her doores mad
 fast,
 And in her Chamber lights for night enflam'd,
 Now others rise, she takes her to her bed.

Vand. This newes is strange, heauen grant I be
encounterd

With better tydings of my other friendes,
Let me be bold my Lord t'enquire the state
Of my deare sister, in whose selfe and me,
Survives the whole hope of our familie,
Together with her deare and princely husband
Th'Earle of Saint Anne.

Vau. Vnhappie that I am,
I would to heauen your most welcome steppes
Had brought you first vpon some other friend,
To be the sad Relator of the changes
Chanc't your three yeares most lamented absence,
Your worthy sister, worthier farre of heauen
Then this vnworthy hell of passionate Earth,
Is taken vp amongst her fellow Starres.

Vand. Vnhappie man that euer *I* returnd
And perisht not ere these newes pierst mine eares.

Vau. Nay be not you that teach men comfort,
grieued,

I know your iudgement will set willing shoulders
To the knowne burthens of necessitie :
And teach your wilfull brother patience,
Who stroies with death, and from his caues of rest
Retaines his wiues dead Corfe amongst the liuing,
For with the rich sweetes of restoring Balmes,
He keepes her lookes as fresh as if she liu'd,
And in his chamber (as in life attirde)
She in a Chaire sits leaning on her arme,
As if she onely slept : and at her feete
He like a mortified hermit clad,
Sits weeping out his life, as hauing lost
All his lifes comfort : And that she being dead
(Who was his greatest part) he must consume,
As in an Apoplexy strooke with death.
Nor can the Duke nor Dutchesse comfort him,
Nor messengers with consolatory letters,
From the kinde King of France, who is allied
To her and you. But to lift all his thoughts

Vp to another world, where she expects him,
He feedes his eares with soule-exciting musicke.
Solemne and Tragicall, and so Resolues
In those fadde accents to exhale his soule.

Van. O what a second Ruthles Sea of woes
Wracks mee within my Hauen, and on the Shore?
What shall *I* doe? mourne, mourne, with them that
mourne,
And make my greater woes their leſſe expell,
This day *I*le confecrate to fighes and teares.
And this next Euen, which is my mistrefſe morning
*I*le greete her, wondring at her wilfull humours,
And with rebukes, breaking out of my Loue,
And duetie to her honour, make her fee
How much her too much curious vertue wrongs her.

Vau. Sayd like the man the world hath euer held
you,
Welcome, as new liues to vs, our good. Now
Shall wholly be ascrib'de and trust to you.

Exeunt.

Enter Rhoderique and Mugeron.

Mug. See, see, the vertuous Counteffe hath bidden
our day
Good night, her starres are now vifible: when was
any Ladie feene to be fo constant in her vowe, and
able to forbeare the ſociety of men fo ſincerely?

Rho. Neuer iu this world, at leaſt exceeding fel-
dome. What shame it is for men to ſee women fo
farre ſurpaſſe them: for when was any man
knowne (out of iudgement) to perorme fo ſtaied an
abſtinēce, from the ſociety of women.

Mug. Neuer in this world.

Rhoderique. What an excellent Creature an honest
woman is? I warrant you the Counteffe, and her
Virgine fifter, ſpend all their times in Contemplation,
watching to ſee the ſacred Spectacles of the night,
when other Ladies lye drowned in ſleepe or ſenſualitie,
Iſt not fo think'ſt?

Mug. No queſtion.

Rhoderic. Come, come, lets forget we are Courtiers, and talke like honest men, tell truth, and shame all trauaylers and tradesmen : Thou beleeu'ft alls naturall beautie that shewes faire, though the Painter enforce it, and sufferst in soule I know for the honorable Ladie.

Mug. Can any heart of Adamant not yeeld in compassion to see spotlesse Innocencie suffer such bitter penance ?

Rhoder. A very fitte stocke to graffe on : Tush man thinke what she is, thinke where she liues, thinke on the villanous cunning of these times, Indeed did we liue now in old *Saturnes* time : when women had no other art, than what Nature taught am (and yet there needes little Art I wisse to teach a woman to dissemble) when Luxurie was vnborne, at least vntaught, the art to steale from a forbidden tree : when Coaches, when Perwigges, and painting, when Maskes, and Masking: in a word when Court and Courting was vnkowne, an easie mist might then perhappes haue wrought vpon my fence as it does now on the poore Countesse and thine.

Mug. O world !

Rho. O flesh !

Mug. O Diuell !

Rhod. I tell thee *Mugeron*, the Flesh is growne so great with the Diuell, as theres but a little Honestie left ith world. That, that is, is in Lawyers, they ingrosse all : S'foote what gaue the first fire to the Counts Iealousie ?

Mug. What but his misconstruction of her honourable affection to *Vandome*.

Rho. Honourable affection ? first shees an ill huf-wife of her honour, that puts it vpon construction : but the presumption was violent against her, no speeche but of *Vandome*, no thought but of his memorie, no myrth but in his companie, besides the free enter-course of Letters, Fauours, and other entertainments,

too too manifest signes that her heart went hand in hand with her tongue.

Mug. Why, was shee not his mistresse ?

Rhod. I, I, a Court tearme, for I wotte what, flight *Vandome* the Stallion of the Court, her deuoted Seruant, and forsoothe loues her honourable : Tush, hees a foole that beleeues it : for my part *I* loue to offende in the better part still, and that is, to iudge charitablie : But now forsoothe to redeeme her Honour, shee must by a laborious and violent kinde of *Purgation*, Rubbe off the Skinne, to wash out the spotte, Turne her Chamber to a Cell, the Sunne into a Taper, And (as if shee liu'd in another worlde among the *Antipodes*,) make our night her day, and our day her night, that vnder this curtaine, shee may laye his ialousie a sleepe, whiles shee turnes poore *Argus* to *Acteon*, and makes his Sheets common to her Seruaunt *Vandome*.

Mug. *Vandome*? Why hee was mette i'th streete but euен now, newly arriv'd after three yeares trauaile.

Rhod. Newly arriv'd ? hee has beene arriv'd this twelue-month, and has euer since lyne close in his mistresse cunning darkenesse, at her seruice.

Mug. Fye a the Deuill, who will not enuie flaunder ? O the miserable condition of her Sexe : borne to liue vnder all construction. If shee be courteous, shees thought to be wanton : if shee be kinde, shees too willing : if coye, too wilfull : if shee be modest : shees a clowne, if shee bee honest, shees a foole : And so is hee.

Enter *D'olive*.

Rhod. What *Monsieur D'olive*, the onely admyrer of wit and good words.

D'ol. Morrowe wits, morrowe good wits : my little parcell of wit, *I* haue Roddes in pisse for you ; how doest *Jacke*, may *I* call thee *Syr Jack* yet ?

Mug. You may *Syr* : Syrs as commendable an ad-dition as *Jacke*, for ought *I* knowe.

D'ol. I know it *Jacke*, and as common too.

Rho. Go too, you may couer ; wee haue taken notice of your embroydered Beuer ;

D'ol. Looke you : by Heauen tha'art one of the maddest bitter flaues in *Europe*, *I* doe but wonder how *I* made shifte to loue thee all this while.

Rho. Go too what might such a parcell guilt couer be worth ?

Mug. Perhappes more then the whole peece besides.

D'ol. Good yfaith, but bytter, O you madde flaues, I thinke you had *Satyres*, to your fyres, yet *I* must loue you, *I* must take pleasure in you, and yfaith tell mee, how ist ? liue *I* see you doe, but how ? but how ? witts ?

Rno. Faith as you see, like poore younger Brothers.

D'ol. By your wittes ?

Mug. Nay not turnd Poets neither.

D'ol. Good foothe : but indeede to say truth, Time was when the sonnes of the *Muses* had the priuiledge to liue onlie by their wits, but times are altered, *Monopolies* are nowe calld in, & wits become a free trade for all sorts to liue by, Lawyers liue by wit and they liue worshipfully : Souldiers liue by wit, and they liue honourably : Panders liue by wit, and they liue honestlie. *In a word* there are fewe trades but liue by wit, onely bawdes and Midwifes liue by Womens labours, as Fooles and *Fidlers* do by making myrth, Pages and Parasits by making legges : Paynters and Players by making mouthes and faces : ha doest well wits ?

Rho. Faith thou followest a figure in thy iests, as countey Gentlemen followe fashions when they bee worne threed-bare.

D'ol. Well, well, lets leaue these wit skirmishes, and say when shall we meete ?

Mug. How thinke you, are we not met now ?

D'ol. Tush man, *I* meane at my chamber, where we may take free vse of our felues, that is, drinke Sacke, and talke *Satyre*, and let our wits runne the wilde

Goose chace ouer Court and Countrey, I will haue my chamber the Rende-vous of all good wits, the shoppe of good wordes, the Mint of good iestes, an Ordinary of fine discourse, Critickes, Essayists, Linguists, Poets, and other professors of that facultie of wit, shall at certaine houres ith day resort thither, it shall be a second *Sorbonne*, where all doubts or differences of Learning, Honour, Duellisme, Criticisme, and Poetrie shall be disputed : and how wits, do ye follow the Court still ?

Rhod. Close at heeles sir, and I can tell you, you haue much to aunswere for your starres, that you doe not so too.

D'ol. As why wits ? as why ?

Rhod. VVhy sir, the Court's as twere the stage : and they that haue a good suite of parts and qualities, ought to presse thither to grace them, and receiue their due merite.

D'ol. Tush, let the Court follow me : he that foares too neare the funne, melts his wings many times : as I am, I posseſſe my ſelfe, I enjoy my libertie, my learning, my wit, as for wealth and honor let am go, Ile not looſe my learning to be a Lord, nor my wit to be an Alderman.

Mug. Admirable *D'olive*.

D'ol. And what ! you ſtand gazing at this Comet here, and admire it, I dare fay.

Rhod. And do not you ?

D'ol. Not I, I admire nothing but wit.

Rhod. But I wonder how ſhe entertaines time in that ſolitarie Cell : does ſhe not take *Tabacco* thinke you ?

D'ol. She does, ſhe does : others make it their Phyſicke, ſhe makes it her foode : her ſister and ſhe take it my turhe, firſt one, then the other, and *Van-dome* ministers to them both.

Mug. How fayest thou by that *Helene* of Greece, the Counteffes ſister, there were a Paragon *Monsieur D'olive*, to admire and marrie too.

D'ol. Not for me.

Rhod. No, what acceptions lies against the choise.

D'ol. Tush, tell me not of choise, if I stood affected that way, I would chuse my wife as men do *Valentines*, blindfold, or draw cuts for them, for so I shall be sure not to be deceiued in choosing : for take this of me, there's ten times more deceipt in women then in Horse-flesh : and I say still, that a prettie well pac'd Chambermaid is the only fashion, if she grow full or fulsome, giue her but six pence to buy her a handbasket, and send her the way of all flesh, theres no more but so.

Mug. Indeed that's the fauingst way.

D'ol. O me ! what a hell tis for a man to be tied to the continuall charge of a Coach, with the appurtenances, horse, men, and so forth ; and then to haue a mans house pestered with a whole countrey of Guests, Groomes, Panders, wayting maides ? &c. I carefull to please my wife, she carelesse to displease me, shrewish if she be honest, intolerable if shee be wife, imperious as an Emperesse, all she does must be law, all shee fayes Gospell : O what a pennance tis to endure her, I glad to forbeare still, all to keepe her loyall, and yet perhappes when all's done, my heyre shall be like my Horse-keeper : Fie on't, the very thought of marriage were able to coole the hottest liuer in France. .

Rhod. VVell, I durst venture twice the price of your guilt Connies wooll, we shall haue you change your copy ere a twelue moneths day.

Mug. We must haue you dubd ath order thers no remedie, you that haue vnmarryed, done such honourable seruice in the common-wealth, must needes receyue the honour due t'oot in marriage.

Rho. That hee may doe, and neuer marrie.

D'ol. As how wits, yfaith as how ?

Rho. For if hee can prooue his father was free ath order, and that hee was his fathers sonne, then by the laudable custome of the Cittie, hee may bee a cuckold by his fathers coppie, and neuer serue fort.

D'ol. Euer good yfaith :

Mug. Nay howe can hee pleade that, when t'is as well knowne his father dyed a batcheler.

D'ol. Bitter, in verity, bitter. But good still in it kinde.

Lho. Goe too, we must haue you follow the lan-thorne of your forefathers.

Mug. His forefathers ? S'body had hee more fathers then one.

D'ol. Why this is right : heers wit canuast out ans coate, into's Iacket : the string sounds euer well, that rubs not too much ath frets : *I* must loue your Wits, *I* must take pleasure in you. Farewell good wits, you know my lodging, make an Errand thether now and than, and faue your ordinarie, doe wits, doe.

Mug. Wee shall be troublesome tee.

D'ol. O God Syr, you wrong mee, to thinke *I* can, bee troubled with wit, *I* loue a good wit, as *I* loue my selfe, if you neede a brace or two of *Crownes* at any time Addresse but your Sonnet, it shall bee as sufficient as your bonde at all times, *I* carrie half a score byrdes in a *Cage*, shall euer remaine at your call : Farewell wits, farewell good wits. *Exijt.*

Rho. Farewell the true mappe of a gull : by Heauen hee shall too'th *Court* : t'is the perfect model of an impudent vpstart : the compound of a Poet, and a Lawyer, hee shall sure too'th *Court*.

Mug. Naye for Gods sake, letts haue no fooles at *Court*.

Rho. Hee shall too't tharts certaine, the Duke had a purpose to dispatch some one or other to the French King, to entreat him to send for the bodie of his Neece, which the melancoly Earle of *Saint Anne*, her husband hath kept so long vnburied, as meaning one graue should entombe himselfe and her together.

Mug. A very worthy subiect for an Ambaflage, as *D'olive* is for an Ambassador Agent, and t'is as sutable to his braine, as his parcell guilt Beuer to his fooles head.

Rho. Well it shall goe hard but hee shall bee em-
ployd, O tis a most accomplitsh affe, the mugrill of a
Gull, and a villaine, the very essence of his soule is
pure villany: The substance of his braine-foolery: one
that beleuees nothing from the starres vpward. A
Pagan in beleefe, an Epicure beyond beleefe, Prodi-
gious in lust, *Prodigall* in wastfull expence, in necessary
most penurious, his wit is to admire and imitate, his
grace is to censure, and detract; he shall to'th Court,
yfaith hee shall thither, I will shape such employmement
for him, as that hee himselfe shall haue no lesse con-
tentment, in making myrth to the whole Court, then
the Duke and the whole Court shall haue pleasure in
enjoying his presence. A knaue if hee be riche, is fit
to make an Officer, As a Foole if hee bee a knaue is
fit to make an Intelligencer.

Exeunt.

Actus secundi Scena
prima.

Enter Digue, Licette, with Tapers.

Dig. What an order is this? Eleuen a clocke at night is our Ladies morning, and her houre to rise at, as in the morning it is other Ladies houre: these Tapers are our Sunnes, with which we call her from her bed. But I pray thee *Licette* what makes the virgin Ladie, my Ladies sister, breake wind so continually, and sigh so tempestuously, I beleue shees in loue?

Lycet. With whom, can you tell?

Dig. Not very well, but certes thats her disease, a man may cast her water in her face: The truth is, tis no matter what she is, for there is little goodnesse in her, I could neuer yet finger one Cardicue of her bountie: And indeed all bountie now adayes is dead amongst Ladies. This fame *Bonitas* is quite put downe amongst am. But see, Now we shall discouer the heauiness of this virgine Ladie, Ile eauesdroppe, and if it be possible, heare who is her Louer: For when this fame amorous spirit possesses these young people, they haue no other subiect to talke of.

Enter Marcellina and Euryone.

Eur. O sister, would that matchlesse Earle euer haue wrongd his wife with iealousie?

Mar. Neuer.

Eury. Good Lord what difference is in men? but such a man as this was euer seen to loue his wife, euen after death so dearely, to liue with her in death? To leaue the world and all his pleasures: all his friends

and honours, as all were nothing, now his wife is gone, is not strange ?

MAR. Exceeding strange.

EVRY: But sister should not the noble man be Chronicled if he had right, I pray you sister, should he not ?

Mar: Yes, yes he should.

EVRY: But did you euer heare of such a Noble gentleman: did you sister ?

MAR: I tell you no :

EVRY: And doe not you delight to heare him spoken of? and praif'd, and honord ?

Doe you not Madame ?

MAR. What should I say ? I doe ;

EVRY: Why very well : and should not euery woman that loues the Soueraigne honour of her Sexe, delight to heare him praifd as well as wee ?

Good Maddam answere hartely ?

MAR: Yet againe, who euer heard one talke so ?

EVRY: Talk so ? Why should not euery Lady talke so ?

You thinke belike I loue the Noble man :
Heauen is my iudge if I : indeede his loue
And honour to his Wife so after death :
Would make a Fayry loue him, yet not loue,
But thinke the better of him, and sometimes,
Talke of his loue or so ; But you know Maddam :
I cald her sister, and if I loue him,
It is but as my Brother I protest.

An other within.

VAND. Let me come in ; Sir you mvst not enter :

MAR. What rude disordred noise is that within ?

Lycit. I know not Maddam,

DiQ. How now ;

Sic: Whers my Lady ?

MAR. What haft with you ?

Sic: Maddame thers one at doore that askes to peake with you, admittes no answere but will enforce his passage to your honor.

MAR. what insolent guest is that ?

EVRY. Who should he be ;

That is so ignorant of your worth and custome :

Enter an other Seruant.

2 LEC. Maddam hers one hath drawne his rapier
on vs and will come in he fayes.

MAR. Tis is strange Rudenes,

What is his name, doe you not know the man ?

SIG. No Maddam, tis too darke.

MAR. Then take a light,
See if you know him, if not raiſe the streetes

Exit LVCITTE walkes with a candle,

EVRY. And keepe the doore safe : what night-
walker' this, that hath not light enough to see his rude-
nes.

Exit LVCITTE in haſt.

LVCYT. O Maddame tis the Noble gentleman,
Monsieur VANDOME your Seruant.

EVRY: Is it he ? is he returnd ?

MAR: Haſt commend me to him tel him I may
not nor will not ſee him : for I haue vowed the contrary
to all.

LVCYT. Maddam, we told him ſo a hundred times
yet he will enter : [within]

Within: Hold, hold, keepe him backe there :

MAR: What rudenes what ſtrange inſolence is this :

Enter VANDOME.

VAND: What hower is this ? what fashion ? what
fad life ?

What ſuperftition of vnholy vow ?

What place is this ? O ſhall it ere be ſaid

Such perfect Iudgement ſhould be drownd in
Humor ?

Such beauty conſecrate to Batts and Owles :

Here lyes the weapon that enforſt my paſſage,

Sought in my loue, fought in regard of you :

For whom I will indure a thouſand deaths,

Rather then ſuffer you to perish thus

And be the fable of the ſcornefull world ;

Yf I offend you Lady kill me now,

MAR: What shall I say? Ahlas my worthy Seruant,
I would to God I had not liu'd to be
A fable to the worlde, a shame to thee.

VAND Deare mistris heare me & forbeare these
humors.

M.AR Forbeare your vaine diffwasions

VAND. shall your iudgement?

MAR. I will not heare a word.

EXIT MARD:

VAND. Strange will in women;

EXIT MARC.

What fayes my honorable virgin fister?

How is it you can brooke, this Batt-like life?
And sit as one withoxt life?

EVRY: Would I were,

If any man would kill me, I'de forgiue him,

VAN. O true fit of a maiden Melancholy?
Whence comes it, louely fister?

EVRY: In my minde:

Your selfe hath small occasion to be merry:
That are arriu'd on such a haples Shore:
As beares the dead waight of so deare a Sister:
For whose decease being my deare Sister vow'd.
I shall for euer leade this desolate life.

VAN. Now heauen forbid; women in Loue with
women;

Loues fire shines with too mutuall a refraction,
And both wayes weakens his colde beames too much:
To pierce so deeply tis not for her I know
that you are thus impassioned.

EVRY: For her I would be sworne and for her huf-
band,

VAN: I mary Sir, a quick man may doe much,
In theise kinde of impressions.

EVRY: See how Idely.

You vnderstand me? theise fame travailers,
That can liue any where, make iests of any thing:
And cast so farre from home, for nothing else;
But to learne how they may cast of their friends,
She had a hufband does not cast her of so:

O tis a rare, a Noble gentleman.
 Well, well, there is some other Humor stirring,
 In your young bloud then a dead womans Loue :

EVRY: No, ile be sworne :

VAND: Why is it possible ?

That you, whose frolicke breft was euer filde,
 With all the spirits of a mirthfull Lady :
 Shovld be with such a sorrow so transform'd ?
 Your most sweet hand in touch of Instruments :
 Turnd to pick strawes, and fumble vpon Rushes ;
 Your heauenly voice, turnd into heauy fighes,
 And your rare wit to in a manner tainted.
 This cannot be, I know some other cause,
 Fashions this strange effect, and that my selfe :
 Am borne to find it out and be your cure :
 In any wound it forceth whatsoeuer,
 But if you wil not, tell me at your perill.

EVRY: Brother.

VAND. Did you call ?

EVRY: No tis no matter.

VAND: So then :

EVRY. Doe you heare ?

Affur'd you are my kind and honor'd Brother,
 Ile tell you all :

VAND: O will you doe so then ?

EVRY. you will be secreit ?

VAND: Secret ? ist a secreit ?

EVRY: No tis a trifle that torments one thus :

Did euer man aske such a question,

When he had brought a woman to this passe ?

VAND: What tis no Treason is it ?

EVRY: Treason quoth he ?

VAND: Well if it be, I will engage my quarters
 With a faire Ladies euer, tell the secreit.

EVRY: Attending oftentimes the Duke & Dutchesse,
 To visit the most passionate Earle your Brother :
 That Noble Gentleman.

VAND: Well said put in that,

EVRY Put it in ? why ? y'faith y'are such a man,

Ile tell no further, you are changed indeede.
A trauaile quoth you ?

VAND: Why what meanes this ?
Come Lady fourth, I would not loose the thankes
The credit and the honor I shall haue :
For that most happy Good I know in Fate,
I am to furnish thy desires withall :
For all this house in Gold,

EVRY Thanke you good Brother :
Attending (as I say) the Duke and Dutchesse
To the sad Earle.

VAND: That noble gentleman ?
EVRY: Why I, is he not ?
VAND: Befrew my hart else,
The Earle quoth you, he cast not of his Wife.

EVRY: Nay looke you now,
VAND: Why does he pray ?
EVRY: Why no :
VAN. Foorth then I pray, you louers are so captious
EVRY: When I obseru'd his constancie in Loue :
His honor of his deere wiues memory,
His woe for her, his life with her in death :
I grew in loue, euen with his very mind.

VAND: O with his mind ?
EVR: I by my soule no more,
VAND: A good mind certainly is a good thing :
And a good thing you know.

EVR. That is the chiefe :
The body without that, Ahlas is nothing :
And this his mind cast such a fier into me :
That it hath halfe consum'd me, since it lou'd
His Wife so dearely, that was deere to me.
And euer I am faying to my selfe :
How more then happy should that woman be :
That had her honor'd place in his true loue :
But as for me I know I haue no reason.
To hope for such a honor at his hands.

VAND: What at the Earles hands : I thinke so indeede,

Heauen I beseech thee was your loue so simple :
 T' nflame it selfe with him ? why hee's a husband :
 For any Princesse any Queene or Empresse :
 The Ladies of this land would teare him peece-meale :
 (As did the drunken Froes, the THRATIAN HARPER)
 To mary but a lymbe, a looke of him,
 Heauens my sweet comfort : Set your thoughts on
 him ?

EV. O cruell man, dissembling trauailer,
 Euen now you took vpon you to be sure
 It was in you to satisfie my longings,
 And whatfoeuer t'were, you would procure it,
 O you were borne to doe me good, you know.
 You would not loose the credit and the honor.
 You should haue by my satiffaction ?
 For all this house in Gold the very Fates,
 And you were all one in your power to help me.
 And now to come and wonder at my folly.
 Mocke me ? and make my Loue impossible
 Wretch that I was, I did not keepe it in,

VAN. Alas poore syster ; when a greefe is growne.
 Full home, and to the deepest then it breakes.
 And ioy (Sunn like] out of a black cloude shineth.
 But couldst thou thinke yfaith I was in earnest :
 To esteeme any man without the reach
 Of thy far-shooting beauties any name ?
 Too Good to subscribe to EVRIONE :
 Here is my hand, if euer I were thought
 A gentleman or would be still esteemd so
 I will so vertuously solicite for thee :
 And with such cunning wind into his heart,
 That I sustaine no doubt I shall dissolue
 His setled Melancholy be it nere so grounded.
 On rationall loue, and grave Philosophie,
 I know my fight will cheere him at the heart :
 In whom a quick forme of my deare deade Sister
 Will fire his heauy spirrits. And all this
 May worke that change in him, that nothing else

Hath hope to ioy in, and so farewell Sister
Some few dayes hence, ile tell thee how I speed.

EVR, Thankes honord Brother: but you shall not
goe

before you dine with your best loued Mistris.

Come in sweet Brother :

VAND: In to dinner now ?

Midnight would blush, at that farewell, farewell :

EVR. Deere Brother doe but drinke or taft a Ban-
quet

y-faith I haue most excellent conserues
You shall come in, in earnest, stay a little
Or will you drinke some Cordial stilld waters,
After your trauel, pray thee worthy brother
Vpon my loue you shall stay ? sweet now enter.

VAND: Not for the world, commend my humble ser-
uice,

And vse all meanes to bring abroad my Mistris.

EVR: I will in sadnes ; farewell happy brother.

Exeunt.

¶ ENTER PHILLIP. GVEAQ. IERONNIME.

& MVGERON. GVEAQ. & IERO. sit down to worke

PHIL. Come MVGERON, where is this worthy states
That you and Rhoderique would perfwade : (man,
To be our worthy Agent into France,
The couller we shal lay on it t'inter,
The body of the long deceased Countesse,
The French Kings neece, whom her kind husband
keepes

With such great cost, and care from buriall :

Will shew as probable as can be thought.

Thinke you he can be gotten to performe it

MVG: Feare not my Lo : The wizzard is as forward,
To vsurpe greatnes, as all greatnes is :
To abuse vertue, or as riches honor.

You cannot loade the Asse with too much honor,

He shall be yours my Lord Rhoderique and I,

Will giue him to your highnes for your foote-cloth :

PHIL: How happens it, he liud conceald so long,

MVG. It is his humor sir ; for he fayes still,
 His iocund mind loues pleasure aboue honor,
 His swindge of liberty, aboue his life,
 It is not safe (sayes he] to build his nest
 So neere the Eagle, his mind is his Kingdome
 His chamber is a Court, of all good witts,
 And many such rare sparkes of Resolusion,
 He blesseth his most loued selfe withall,
 As prestantly, your excellency shall heare.
 But this is one thing I had halfe forgotten.
 With which your highnes needs must be prepar'd,
 I haue discourst with him about the office :
 Of an Ambassador, and he stands on this.
 That when he once hath kist your Highnes hand,
 And taken his dispatch he then presents :
 Your Highnes parson, hath your place and power,
 Must put his hat on, vse you, as you him :
 That you may see before he goes how well,
 He can assume you presence and your greatness

PHIL. And will he practise his new state before
 vs ?

MUG: I and vpon you too, and kisse your
 Dutcheffe,
 As you vse at your parting.

PHIL: Out vpon him, she will not let him kisse her

MVG: He will kisse her, to doe your parson right,

PHIL: It will be excellent :

She shall not know this till he offer it :

MVG: See see, he comes,

Enter Rhod Monf: Dolieu
 & Pacque.

RHO. Heere is the gentleman
 Your highnes doth desire to doe you honor
 In the presenting of your princely parson
 And going Lord Ambassador to'th French King,
 PHIL: Is this the gentleman whose worth so highly
 You recommend to our election ?

AMBO: This is the man my Lord

PHIL: Wee vnderstand Sir :

We haue beene wrongd, by being kept so long
From notice of your honorable parts
Wherein your country clai mes a deeper intrest
Then your meere priuate selfe ; what makes wife Nature
Fashion in men thiese excellent perfections
Of haughty courage, great wit, wisedome incredible

DOLI : It pleafeth your good excellency to say so

PHI : But that the aymes therein at publique good
And you in duty thereto of your selfe
Ought to haue made vs tender of your parts

And not entombe them tirant-like alieue

RHO. We for our parts, my Lord are not in fault,
For we haue spurnd him forward euermore
Letting him know how fit an instrument
He was to play vpon in stately Musique.

MVG. And if he had bin ought else but an Asse
Your Grace tere his time long had made him great
Did not we tell you this ?

DOLI : Oftentimes,
But sure my honord Lord the times before
Were not as now they be thankes to our fortune
That we inioy so sweet and wise a prince
As is your gratioues selfe ; for then t'was pollicie
To keepe all wits of hope still vnder hatches
Farre from the Court, least their exceeding parts
Should ouer shine those that were then in place
And t'was our happines, that we might liue so
For in that freely choof'd obscuritie
Wee found our safetie, which men most of Note
Many times lost, and I ahlas for my part,
Shrunk my despised head in my poore shell
For your learnd excellency, I know knows well.

Qui bene latuit, bene vixit, still.

PHI. T was much you could containe your selfe, that
had

So great meanes to haue liu'd in greater place

DOLI : Faith Sir I had a poore roofe, or a paint-house
To shade me from the Sunne, and three or foure tyles
To shrow'd me from the Rayne, and thought my selfe

As private as I had King Giris Ring
 And could haue gone invisible, yet saw all
 That past our states rough Sea both neere and farre,
 There saw I our great Galliaffes tost
 Vpon the wallowing waues, vp with one billow
 And then downe with another : Our great men
 Like to a Masse of cloudes that now feeme like
 An Elephant, and straight wayes like an Oxe
 And then a Mouse, or like those changeable creatures
 That liue in the Burdello, now in Satten
 To morrow next in Stammell.
 When I fate all this while in my poore cell
 Secure of lightning, or the sodaine Thunder
 Conuerst with the poore Mufes gaue a scholler
 Forty or fiftie crownes a yeare to teach me
 And prate to me about the predicables
 When indeede my thoughts flew to a higher pitch
 Then Genus and Species as by this tast
 I hope your highnes happyly perceiues
 And shall hereafter more at large approue
 If any worthy oportunitie
 Make but her fore topp subiect to my hold
 And so I leaue your Grace to the tuition
 Of him that made you.

RHO : Soft good Sir I pray :
 What fayes your Excellence to this gentleman ?
 Haue I not made my word good to your highnes ?

PHI : Well Sir, how euer Enuious policie
 Hath rob'd ? my predicesfors of your seruice
 You must not scape my hands, that haue design'd
 present employmant for you ; and tis this
 Tis not vnknowne vnto you ; with what grieve
 Wee take the sorrow of the Earle Saint Anne
 For his deceased wife ; with whose dead sight
 Hee feeds his passion, keeping her from right
 Of christian buriall, to make his eyes
 Doe pittance by their euerlasting teares
 For loosing the deare sight of her quick bewties

DOL. Well spoke y-faith, your grace must giue me
leuae

To praise your witt, for faith tis rarely spoken

PHIL. The better for your good commendation
But Sir your Ambassy to the French King
Shall be to this effect ; thus you shall fay

DOL : Not so, your Excellence shall pardon me
I will not haue my tale put in my mouth
If you'le deliuer me your mind in grose
Why so I shall expresse it as I can
I warrant you t'wilbe sufficient.

PHIL : Tis very good, then Sir my will in grose
Is that in pitty of the sad Countes case
The King would aske the body of his Neece
To giue it Funerall fitting her high blood,
Which (as your selfe requires and reason wills)
I leuae to be enforst and amplyfied
With all the Ornaments of Arte and Nature
Which flowes I see in your sharp intellect

DOL : Ahlas you cannot see't in this short time
But there be, some not far hence that haue seene
And heard me too ere now : I could haue wisht
Your highnes presence in a priuat Conuenticle
At what time the high point of state was handled ?

PHIL : What was the point ?

DOL : It was my happ to make a number there
My selfe (as euery other Gentleman)
Beeing interested in that graue affayre
Where I deliuer'd my opinion : how well ?

DOL : What was the matter pray
The matter, Sir.

Was of an antient subiect, and yet newly
Cald into question ; And t'was this in breefe
We fate as I remember all in rowt,
All sorts of men together,
A Squier and a Carpenter, a Lawier and a Sawier,
A Marchant and a Broker, a Iustice and a peasant
and so forth without all difference

PHIL : But what was the matter ?

DOL, Faith a stale argument though newly handled
And I am fearefull I shall shame my selfe :
The subiect is so thred bare

PHIL : Tis no matter be as it will go to y'point I pray,

DOL : Then thus it is : the question of estate
(Or the state of the question) was in briefe
whether in an Aristocratie
Or in a Democriticall estate
Tobacco might be brought to lawfull vse
But had you heard the excellent speeches there
Touching this part.

MVG : RHO : Pray thee to the point

DOL : First to the point then,
Vpstart a weauer, blowne vp b'inspiration
That had borne office in the congregation
A little fellow and yet great in spirit
I neuer shall forget him ; for he was
A most hot liuer'd enemie to Tobacco
His face was like the ten of Diamonds
Pointed each where with pushes, and his Nose
Was like the Ase of clubs (which I must tell you
Was it that set him, and Tobacco first at such hot En-
mitie for that nose of his (according to the Puritannick
cut] hauing a narrow bridge, and this Tobacco : being
in drink durst not passe by and finding stopt his nar-
row passage fled backe as it came and went away in
Pett.

MYG : Iust cause of quarrell

PHI : But pray thee brieflye say, what said the
weauer

DOL : The weauer Sir much like a virginall iack
Start nimblly vp ; the culler of his beard
I scarce remember ; but purblind he was
With the GENEVA print, and wore one eare
Shorter then tother for a difference

PHI : A man of very open note it seemes

DOL : He was so Sir, and hotly he envaid
Against Tobacco (with a most strong breath
For he had eaten garlick the same morning

As t'was his vse partly against ill ayres
Partly to make his speeches sauorie
Said t'was a pagan plant, a prophane weede
And a most sinful smoke, that had no warrant
Out of the word ; inuented sure by Sathan
In theise our latter dayes, to cast a mist
Before mens eyes, that they might not behold
The grofenes of olde superftition
Which is as t'were deriu'd into the church
Erom the fowle sinke of Romish popery
And that it was a iudgement on our land
That the fvbstantiall commodities :
And mighty blessings of this Realme of France
Bells, Rattles, hobby horses and such like
Which had brought so much wealth into the Land
Should now be changd into the smoke of vanitie
The smoke of superftition ; for his owne part
He held a Garlick cloue being sanctifyed
Did edifie more the body of a man
Then a whole tun of this prophane Tobacco
Being tane without thankes-giuing ; in a word
He said it was a ragge of Popery ?
And none that were truely regenerate would
Prophane his Nostrils with the smoke thereof
And speaking of your grace behind your back,
He chargd and coniur'd you to see the vse,
Of vaine Tobacco banisht from the land
Forfeare least for the great abuse thereof
Or candle were put out ; and therewithall
Taking his handker-chiefe to wipe his mouth
As he had told a lie, he tun'd his noife
To the olde straine as if he were preparing
For a new exercise, But I my selfe
[Angry to heare this generous Tabacco
The Gentlemans Saint and the fouldiers idoll
So ignorantly poluted] stood me vp
Tooke some Tabacco for a complement
Brake fleame some twice or thrice, then shooke mine
eares

And lickt my lipps, as if I begg'd attention
and so directing me to your sweet Grace
Thus I replyed,

RHO: MVG: Rome for a speach there. Silence

DOL: I am amused, or I am in a quandarie gentleman [for in good faith I remember not well whether of them was my words]

PHI: Tis no matter either of them will serue the turne

DOL: Whether I should (as the Poets sayes) eloquar, an filiam? whether by answering a foole I should my selfe feeme no lesse; or by giuing way to his winde (for words are but winde) might betray the cause; to the maintaynance whereof, all true Troyans (from whose race we claime our decent] owe all their patrimonies; and if neede be their dearest blood, and their sweetest breath, I would not be tedious to your highnes:

PHI: You are not Sir: Proceede:

DOL: TABACCO that excellent plant, the use whereof [as of fift Element] the world cannot want, is that little shop of Nature, wherein her whole workeman-ship is abridg'd, where you may see Earth kindled into fier, the fire breath out an exhalation which entring in at the mouth walkes through the Regions of a mans brayne, dries out all ill Vapours but it selfe drawes downe all bad Humors by the the mouth, which in time might breed a Scabbe ouer the whole body if already they haue not; a plant of singylar vse, for on the one side, Nature being an Enemie to Vacuitie and emptiness, and on the other, there beeing so many empty braines in the World as there are, how shall Natures course be continued? How shall thiese empty braines be filled, but with ayre Natures immediate instrument to that purpose? If with ayre, what so proper as your fume: what fume so healthfull as your perfume? what perfume so soueraigne as Tabacco? Besides the excellent edge it giues a mans wit, [as they can best iudge that haue beene present at a feast of Tobacco where

commonly all good witts are conforted] what varietie of discourse it begetts ? What sparkes of wit it yeelds, it is a world to heare : as likewise to the courage of a man, for if it be true, that Iohannes de fauo et satio et writes, that hee that drinkes Veriuice piffeth vinegere, Then it must needs follow to be as true, that hee that eates smoke, farts fire ; for Garlick I will not say because it is a plant of our owne country ? but it may cure the diseases of the country, but for the diseases of the Court, they are out of the Element of Garlick to medicine ; to conclude as there is no enemy to Tabacco but Garlick, so there is no friend to Garlick, but a sheeps head and so I conclude.

PHIL : Well Sir, Yf this be but your Naturall vaine I must confesse I knew you not indeede
When I made offer to instruct your brayne
For the Ambassage, and will trust you now
It t'were to send you foorth to the great Turke
With an Ambassage

DOL : But Sir in conclusion
T'was orderd for my speach, that since Tobacco
Had so long bin in vse, it should thence foorth
Be brought to lawfull vse ; but limittid thus
That none should dare to take it but a gentleman
Or he that had some gentlemanly humor
The Murr, the Head-ach, the Cattar, the bone ach
Or other branches of the sharpe falt Rhewme
Fitting a gentleman.

RHO : Your grace has made choise
Of a most simple Lo : Ambassador

PHI : Well Sir you neede not looke for a commission
My hand shall well dispatch you for this busines
Take now the place and state of an Ambassador
Pefent our parson and performie our charge
And so farewell good Lord Ambassador

DOL : Farewell good Duke and GVEAQVIN to thee

GVE : How now you foole ? out you presumptious
gull

D'OL. How now you baggage ? ffoote, are you so coy

To the Dukes parson, to his seconde selfe ?
are you to good dame to enlarge your selfe
Vnto your yroper obiect ? flight twere a good deede

GVE : What meanes your grace to suffer me abus'd
thus

PHI : Sweet Loue be pleas'd ; you do not know this
Lord

Giue me thy hand my Lord :

DOL : And giue me thine

PHIL : Farewell againe

D'OL : Farewell againe to thee

PHI : Now go thy ways for an ambaf-
fador

DOL : Now goe thy wayes for a Duke

MVG : RHO : Most excellent Lord,

RHO. Why this was well performd and like a Duke
Whose parson you most naturally present

D'OL : I told you I would doo't, now ile begin
To make the world take notice I am noble
The first thing I will doe ile fweare to pay
No debts vpon my honor

MVG : A good cheape proofe of your Nobilitie

D'OL. But if I knew where I might pawne mine
honor,

For some odd thousand Crownes, it shalbe layd :
Ile pay't againe when I haue done withall :
Then twill be expected I shalbe of some Religion,
I must thinke of some for fashion, or for faction sake,
As it becomes great personages to doe :
Ile thinke vpon't betwixt this and the day.

RHO. Well sayd my Lord ; this Lordship of yours
wil worke a mighty alteration in you : do you not feele
it begins to worke alreadie ?

D'OL. Fayth onely in this ; it makes mee thinke,
how they that were my Companions before, shall now
be my fauorites : They that were my Friends before,
shall now be my followers : They that were my Ser-

{ Exiunt PHIL
Gueaq ; Iero :

uants before, shall now be my knaues : But they that were my Creditors before, shall remaine my Creditors still.

Mug. Excellent Lord ; Come, will you shew your Lordship in the Presence now ?

D'ol. Faith I do not care, if I go and make a face or two there, or a few gracefull legges ; speake a little Italian, and away ; there's all a Prefence doth require.

FINIS ACTVS SECUNDI.

ACTVS TERTII. Sæna prima.

Enter Vandome, and St. Anne.

St. Anne.

YOU haue enclinde me more to leauue this life,
Then I supposde it posseible for an Angell ;
Nor is your iudgement to suppresse your paision :
For so deare lou'd a Sister (being as well
Your blood and flesh, as mine) the least enforcement
Of your disswasive arguments. And besides,
Your true resemblance of her, much supplies
Her want in my affections ; with all which,
I feele in these deepe grieves, to which I yeeld
A kind of falce fluggish (and rotting sweetnes,)
Mixt with an humour where all things in life,
Lie drownd in fower, wretched, and horred thoughts :
The way to cowardly desperation opened,
And whatsoeuer vrgeth soules accurst.
To their destruction, and sometimes their plague,

So violently gripes me, that I lie
 Whole dayes and nightes bound at his tirranous feete?
 So that my dayes are not like life or light,
 But bitterest death, and a continual night.

Vand. The ground of all is vnsuffised Loue,
 Which would be best easd with some other obiect :
 The generall rule of *Naso* being autentique

Quod successeore nouo vincitur omnis Amor :
 For the affections of the minde drawne foorth
 In many currents, are not so impulsive
 In anie one ; And so the *Perſian King*
 Made the great Riuer *Ganges* runn distinctly
 In an innumerable ſort of Channels ;
 By which meanes, of a fierce and dangerous Flood,
 He turnd it into many pleasing Riuers :
 So likewife is an Armie disarrayd,
 Made penetrable for the assaulting foe :
 So huge Fiers being deffused, grow affwadgd :
 Lastly, as all force being vnite, increaseth ;
 So being diſpearſt, it growes leſſe sharpe, and ceaseth.

S. Anne. Ahlas, I know I cannot loue another,
 My hart accustomd to loue onely her,
 My eyes accustomd to view onely her,
 Will tell me whatſoever is not her, is foule and hatefull.

Vand. Yet forbear to keepe her
 Still in your fight : force not her breathles body
 Thus againſt Nature to furuiue, being dead :
 Let it consume, that it may reaffume
 A forme incorruptible ; and refraine
 The places were you vſde to ioy in her :

Heu fuge dilectas terras, fuge littus Amatum :
 For how can you be euer found or ſafe,
 Where in ſo many red ſteps of your wounds,
 Gaspe in your eyes ? with change of place be ſure,
 Like ſicke men mending, you ſhall find recure.

Enter the Duke, D'olive, Gueauquin, Ieronime, Muge,
Rhod. to ſee the dead Counteſſe that is kept in her
attire vnburied.

D'ol. Fayth Madam, my companie may well be spard at so mournefull a visitation : For, by my soule, to see *Pigmalion* dote vpon a Marble Picture, a fenceles Statue, I should laugh and spoyle the Tragedie.

Gur. Oh, tis an obiect full of pittie my Lord.

D'ol. Tis pittie in deed, that any man should loue a woman so constantly.

Duke. Bitterly turnd my Lord : we must still admire you.

D'ol. Tush my Lord, true Manhood can neither mourne nor admire : It's fitt for Women, they can weepe at pleasure, euen to admiration.

Gur. But men vse to admire rare things, my Lord,

D'ol. But this is nothing rare ; Tis a vertue common for men to loue their Wiues after death : The value of a good Wife (as all good things else) are better knowne by their want, then by their fruition : for no man loues his Wife so well while she liues, but he loues her ten times better when shee's dead.

Rho. This is sound Philosophie, my Lord.

D'ol. Faith, my Lord, I speake my thoughts ; and for mine owne part, I should so ill indure the losse of a Wife (always prouided, I lou'd her) that if I lost her this weeke, I'de haue another by the beginning a'th next : And thus resolu'd, I leaue your Highnes to deale with *Atropos*, for cutting my Ladys threed : I am for *France* ; all my care is for Followers to Imp out my Traine : I feare I must come to your Grace for a Presse ; for I will be followed as becomes an honorable Lord : and that is, like an honest Squire : for with our great Lords, followers abrod, and Hospitalitie at home, are out of date : The world's now grown thriftie : He that fils a whole Page in folio, with his Stile; thinkes it veriest Noble, to be mand with one bare Page and a *Pandare* ; and yet *Pandare* in auntient time, was the name of an honest Courtier ; what tis now, *Viderit utilitas* : Come Witts, let's to my Chamber. *Exeunt. Manent Vando. S. An.*

Vando. Well now my Lord, remember all the reasons

And arguments I vsde at first to you,
 To draw you from your hurtfull passions :
 And therewithall, admit one further cause,
 Drawne from my loue, and all the powers I haue ;
Euryone, vow'd sister to my sister,
 Whose vertues, beauties, and perfections,
 Adorne our Countrie, and do neerest match
 With her rich graces, that your loue adores,
 Hath wounded my affections ; and to her
 I would intreat your Lordships gracefull word :

S. Anne. But is it true ? Loues my dear brother now ?
 It much delights me, for your choyce is Noble :
 Yet need you not vrge me to come abrode,
 Your owne worth will suffize for your wisht speed.

Vand. I know my Lord, no man aliue can winn
 Her resolu'd iudgment from virginitie,
 Vnlesse you speake for him, whose word of all Dames
 Is held most sweet, and worthie to perswade them.

S. Anne. The world will think me too phantasticall,
 To ope so fodenly my vow'd obscurenes.

Vand. My Lord, my loue is fuddaine, and requires
 A fuddaine remedie : If I be delayed,
 Consider Loues delay breedes desperation,
 By waighing how strongly Loue workes in your selfe.

S. Anne. Deare Brother, nothing vnderneath the
 Starres,
 Makes mee so willing to pertake the ayre,
 And vndergo the burden of the world,
 As your most worthy selfe, and your wisht good :
 And glad I am that by this meanes I may
 See your descent continued, and therein
 Behold some new borne Image of my wife :
 Deare life, take knowledge that thy Brothers loue,
 Makes me dispaire with my true zeale to thee :
 And if for his sake I admit the Earth
 To hide this treasure of thy pretious beauties ;
 And that thy part furuiing, be not pleasd,
 Let it appeare to mee ye iust assisters
 Of all intentions bent to soueraighe iustice ;

And I will follow it into the Graue,
Or dying with it ; or preserue it thus,
As long as any life is left betwixt vs.

Exeunt.

Enter Monseuer, D'olive, Rhoderique.

D'ol. But didst note what a presence I came of
with-all ?

Rho. Sfoot, you drew the eyes of the whole presence
upon you :

There was one Ladie a man might see her hart
Readie to start out of her eyes to follow you.

D'ol. But *Monseuer Mustapha* there kept state,
When I accosted him ; s'light the Brasen head lookt to
be

Worshipt I thinke: No Ile commit no Idolatrie for
the proudest Image of'am all, I.

Rho. Your Lordship has the right garbe of an ex-
cellent Courtier, respects a Clowne, supple ioynted,
courtesies a verie peagoose ; tis stiffe ham'd audacity
that carries it ; get once within their distance, and
you are in their bosoms instantly.

D'ol. S'hart doe they looke ? I should stande
aloofe, like a Scholares, & make leggs at their great-
nes : No Ile none of that ; come vp close to him,
giue him a clap a'th shoulder shall make him crię oh
againe : it's a tender place to deale withal, and say,
Well encounterd noble *Brutus*.

Rho. Thats the onely way indeed to be familiar.

D'ol. S'foot Ile make leggs to none, vnlesse it be
to a Iustice of peace when he speakes in's Chaire, or
to a Cunstable when he leanes on's Staffe, tharts flat :
softnes and modestie fauors of the Cart, tis boldnes bold-
nes does the deed in the Court : and as your Camelion
varries all culours a'th Rainebow both white and red,
so must your true Courtier be able to varrie his coun-
tenance through all humors ; State, Strangnes, Scorne,
Mirth, Melanchollie, Flatterie, and so foorth : some
culours likewise his face may change vpon occasion,
Blacke or Blew it may, Tawnie it may ; but Redd and

White at no hand, auoyde that like a Sergeant: keepe your culour stiffe, vnguiltie of passion or disgrace, not changing White at fight of your Mercer, nor Red at fight of your Surgeon: aboue all finnes, heauen sheild mee from the finne of blushing; it does ill in a young Waighting-woman, but monstros monstros, in an old Courtier.

Rho. Well, all this while your Lordship forgets your Ambassage; you haue giuen out, you will be gone within this moneth, and yet nothing is readie.

D'ol. Its no matter, let the Moone keepe her course: and yet to say trueth, t'were more then time I were gone, for by heauen I am so haunted with Followers, euerie day new offers of Followers: But heauen shidle me from any more Followers.

How now, whats the newes?

Enter Muge and two others.

Mug. My Lord, heere's two of my speciall Friends, whom I would gladly commend to follow you in the honorable a^ction.

D'ol. S'foote, my eares are double lockt against Followers, you know my number's full, all places vnder mee are bestowde: Ile out of towne this night tha'ts infallible; Ile no more Followers, a mine honour.

Mug. S'light Lord, you must entertaine them, they haue paid me their income, and I haue vndertaken your Lordshippe shall grace them.

D'ol. Well my Maisters, you might haue come at a time when your entertainement would haue proou'd better then now it is like: but such as it is, vpon the commendation of my Steward here

Mug. A pox a your Lor. Steward?

D'ol. Y'are welcome in a word: deferne and spie out.

Ambo. Wee humbly thanke your Lordship.

D'ol. *Mugeron,* let'am be enterd.

Mug. In what rancke my Lord, Gentlemen or Yomen?

D'ol. Gentlemen, Their bearing berayes no leffe, it goes not alwayes by apparrell: I do allow you to suite your felues anew in my Cullours at your owne charges.

Amb. Thanke your good Lordship.

D'ol. Thy name first, I pray thee?

Cor. *Cornelius,* My Lord.

D'ol. What profesfion:

Cor. A Surgeon an't please your Lordship.

D'ol. I had rather th'hadst been a Barber, for I thinke there wilbe little blood-shed amongst my Followers, vnleffe it be of thy letting: Ile see their nailes parde before they goe. And yet now I bethinke my selfe, our Ambaſſage is into *Fraunce*, there may be em- ployment for thee: haſt thou a Tubbe?

Cor. I would be loth, my Lord, to be diſlocated or vnfurniſht of any of my properties.

D'ol. Thou ſpeakſt like thy ſelfe *Cornelius*: booke him downe Gentleman.

Mug. Verie well Sir.

D'ol. Now your profesfion, I pray?

Fripp. *Frippeſſie*, my Lord, or as ſome tearme it, *Petty Prokery*.

D'ol. An honest man Ile warrant thee, I neuer knew other of thy trade.

Frip. Trulie a richer your Lordship might haue, An honeſter I hope not.

D'ol. I beleue thee *Pettie Broker*: canſt burne Gold-lace?

Frip. I can do anie thing, my Lord, belonging to my trade.

D'ol. Booke him downe Gentleman, heele do good vpon the voyage I warrant him: prouide thee a Nagge *Pettie Broker*, thou'l finde employmēt for him doubt not: keepe thy ſelfe an honest man, and by our returne I doe not doubt but to ſee thee a rich Knaue:

Farewel *Pettie Broker*, prepare your felues against the day ; this Gentleman shall acquaint you with my Cullours : Farewell *Fripper*, Farewell *Pettie Broker* : Deserne and spie out is my *Motto*. *Exeunt.*

Amb. God continue your Lordship.

Rho. A verie seasonable praier,
For vnknowne to him, it lies now vpon his deathbedd.

D'ol. And how like you my Chamber good Witts ?

Rho. Excellent well Sir.

D'ol. Nay beleue it, it shall do well (as you will say) when you see't set foorth sutable to my proiect : Here shall stand my Court Cupbord, with it furniture of Plate : Heere shall runne a Wind Instrument : Heere shall hang my base Viall : Heere my Theorbo : and heere will I hang my selfe.

Amb. Twill do admirable well.

D'ol. But how will I hange my selfe good witts ?
Not in person, but in Picture ; I will be drawne.

Rho. What hangd and drawne too ?

D'ol. Good againe : I say I wilbe drawne, all in compleat Satten of some Courtly cullour, like a Knight of *Cupids* band : On this side shalbe ranckt Chaires and Stooles, and other such complements of a Chamber : This corner will be a conuenient roome for my Close stoole : I acquaint you with all my priuities, you see.

Mug. I Sir, we fmell your meaning.

D'ol. Heere shalbe a Peartch for my Parrat, while I remaine vnmarried, I shall haue the lesse misse of my Wife : Heere a Hoope for my Munckie when I am married, my wife will haue the lesse misse of mee : Heere will I haue the statue of some excellent Poet, and I will haue his Nose goe with a Vice (as I haue seene the experience) And that (as if t'had taken cold i'th head,)

Rho. For want of a guilt Nightcap.

D'ol. Bitter still, shall like a Spout runne pure Witt all day long ; and it shalbe fedd with a Pipe brought

at my charge, from *Helicon*, ouer the Alpes, and vnder the Sea by the braine of some great Enginer ; and I thinke twill do excellent.

Mug. No question of that, my Lord.

D'ol. Well, now Witts about your feueral charges touching my Ambassage : *Rhoderique*, is my Speach put out to making ?

Rho. Its almost done.

D'ol. Tis well, tell him he shall haue fourtie Crownes ; promise, promise ; want for no promising : And well remembred, haue I ere a Gentleman Vsher yet ; a strange thing, amonst all my followers, not one has witt enough to be a Gentleman Vsher, I must haue one ther's no remedie ; Fare-well : haue a care of my Followers, all but my pettie Broker, heele shifft for him selfe.

Rho. Well, let vs alone for your followers. *Exeunt.*

D'ol. Well said, deserue and spie out

Manet D'olive.

Amb. Me thanke your Lordship.

D'ol. Heauen I beseech thee, what an abhominable sort of Followers haue I put vpon mee : These Couriers feed on'am with my countenaunce : I can not looke into the Cittie, but one or other makes tender of his good partes to me, either his Language, his Trauaille, his Intelligence, or something : Gentlemen send me their younger Sonnes furnisht in compleat, to learne fashions for-footh ; as if the riding of fие hundred miles, & spending 1000. Crownes would make'am wiser then God meant to make'am. Others with-child with the trauailing humor, as if an Afse for going to *Paris*, could come home a Courier of *Naples* : Others are possest with the humor of Gallantrie, fancie it to be the onelie happinesse in this world, to be enabled by such a coolor to carrie a Feather in his Crest, weare Gold-lace, guilt Spurs, & so sets his fortunes ont : Turnes two or three Tenements into Trunckes, and creepes home againe with lesse then a Snayle, not a House to hide his head in : Three hundred of these

Gold-finches I haue entertaind for my Followers ; I can go in no corner, but I meete with some of my Wifflers in their accoutraments ; you may heare am halfe a mile ere they come at you, and smell am halfe an hower after they are past you ; sixe or seauen make a perfect Morrice-daunce ; they need no Bells, their Spurs serue their turne : I am ashamed to traine am abroade, theyle say I carrie a whole Forrest of Feathers with mee, and I should plod afore am in plaine stiffe, like a writing Schole-maister before his Boyes when they goe a feasting : I am afraid of nothing but I shall be Ballated, I and all my Wifflers : But its no matter, Ile fashion am, Ile shew am fashions : By heauen Ile giue three parts of am the slipp, let am looke fort : and yet to say trueth, I shall not need, for if I can but linger my Iorney another moneth, I am sure I shall mute halfe my Feathers ; I feele am begin to weare thinne alreadie : There's not tenne Crownes in twentie a their purses : And by this light, I was told at Court, that my greasie Host of the Porcupine last Holiday, was got vp to the eares in one of my Followers Satten suites ; And *Vandome* went so farre, that he swore he saw two of them hangd : My selfe indeed passing yesterday by the *Fripperie*, spide two of them hang out at a stall with a gambrell thrust from shoulder to shoulder, like a Sheepe that were new flead : Tis not for nothing that this Pettie Broker followes me ; The Vulture smels a pray ; not the Carcases, but the Cases of some of my deceased Followers ; S'light, I thinke it were my wisest course, to put tenne poundes in stocke with him, and turne pettie Broker ; certainelie there's good to be done vpon't ; if we be but a day or two out of towne heele be able to load euerie day a fresh Horse with Satten suites, and send them backe hither : indeed tis like to be hot trauaile, and therefore t'wilbe an ease to my Followers to haue their cloathes at home afore am ; Theyle on, get off how they can : Little know they what Pikes their Feathers must passe : Before they goe the Sergeants, when they come home

the Surgeons: but chuse them, Ile wash my hands
on'am.

*Exit.**FINIS ACTVS TERTII.*

ACTVS QVARTI. Sæna prima.

Vandome folus.

MY Sisters Exequies are now performed
VVith such pompe as exprest the excellencie
Of her Lords loue to her: And firde the enuie
Of our great Duke, who would haue no man equall
The honour he does t'his adored wife:
And now the Earle (as he hath promist mee)
Is in this sad Cell of my honord Mistresse,
Vrging my loue to faire *Euryone*,
VVhich I framde, onely to bring him abrode,
And (if it might succeed) make his affectes
VVith change of obiectes, change his helplis sorrow
To helpfull loue. I stood where I obserud
Their wordes and lookes, and all that past betwixt
them:
And shee hath with such cunning borne her selfe,
In fitting his affection, with pretending
Her mortified desires: her onely loue
To Vertue and her louers: and, in briefe,
Hath figurd with such life my deare dead Sister,
Enchasing all this, with her heighthned Beautie,
That I beleue she hath entangld him,
And wonn succeſſe to our industrious plot.
If he be toucht, I know it greiues his soule,

That hauing vndertane to speake for mee,
(Imagining my loue was as I fainde)
His owne loue to her, should enforce his tongue
To court her for himselfe, and deceaue mee :
By this time, we haue tried his passionate blood :
If he be caught (as heauen vouchsafe he be)
Ile play alittle with his Phantasie.

Enter St. Anne.

S. Anne. Am I alone ? Is there no Eye nor Eare
That doth obserue mee ? Heauen how haue I grapsht,
My Spirrits in my hart, that would haue burst
To giue wiſht iſſue to any violent loue ?
Dead Wife excuse me, ſince I loue thee ſtill,
That liuſt in her, whom I muſt loue for thee :
For he that is not mou'd with ſtrongeſt paſſion
In viewing her ; that man did ne're know thee :
Shee's thy furuiuing Image : But woo's mee ;
Why am I thus tranſported paſt my ſelfe ?

Van. Oh, are your dull vxorius ſpirrits raifd ?
One madneſte doth beget another ſtill.

St. Anne. But ſtay, Aduife mee Soule ; why diſt
thou light me
Ouer this threshold ? was't to wrong my Brother ?
To wrong my Wife, in wronging of my Brother ?
Ile die a miſerable man : No villane :
Yet in this caſe of loue, who is my Brother ?
Who is my Father ? Who is any kinn ?
I care not, I am neareſt to my ſelfe :
I will purſue my Paſſion ; I will haue her.

Van. Traytor, I heere arreſt thee in the names
Of Heauen, and Earth, and deepeſt *Acheron* :
Loues traytor, Brothers ; traytor to thy Wife.

St. An. O Brother, ſtood you ſo neare my diſ-
honour ?
Had you forborne awhile, all had beene changd :
You know the variable thoughts of Loue,
You know the vſe of Honour, that will euer
Retire into it ſelfe ; and my iuſt blood

Shall rather flow with Honour then with Loue :
Be you a happie Louer, I a friend,
For I will die for loue of her and thee.

Vand. My Lord and brother, Ile not challenge
more,

In loue and kindnes then my loue desernes,
That you haue found one whom your hart can like :
And that One, whom we all sought to preferre,
To make you happie in a life renewde :
It is a heauen to mee, by how much more
My hart imbrac't you for my Sisters loue :
Tis true, I did dissemble loue t'*Euryone*,
To make you happie in her deare affection,
Who more dotes on you, then you can on her :
Enioy *Euryone*, shee is your owne,
The same that euer my deare Sister was :
And heauen blesse both your loues as I release
All my faind loue, and interest to you.

S. Anne. How Noblie hath your loue deluded
mee ?

How iustlie haue you beene vniust to mee ?
Let mee embrace the Oracle of my good,
The Auctor and the Patron of my life.

Vand. Tush, betwixt vs my Lord, what need these
tearmes ?

As if we knew not one another yet ?
Make speed my Lord, and make your Nuptials short,
As they are sodaine blest in your desires.

S Anne. Oh I wish nothing more then lightning
haft.

Van. Stay, one word first my Lord ; You are a
sweet brother

To put in trust, and woo loue for another ?

S. Anne. Pray thee no more of that.

Vand. Well then be gone, *Exit S. Anne.*
my Lord, her brother comes. *Enter Vaum.*

Vaum. Most happie Friend,
How hath our plot succeeded ?

Vand. Hee's our owne.

His blood was framde for euerie shade of vertue,
 To rauish into true inamourate fire :
 The Funerall of my Sister must be held
 With all solemnitie, and then his Nuptialls,
 With no lesse speed and pompe be celebrate.

Vaum. What wonders hath your fortunate spirrite
 & vertues

Wrought to our comforts ? Could you crowne th'en-
 chantments

Of your diuine Witte with another Spell,
 Of powre to bring my Wife out of her Cell,
 You should be our quicke *Hermes*, our *Alcides*.

Vand. Thats my next labour : come my Lord,
 your selfe

Shall stand vnseene, and see by next morns light
 (Which is her Beddtime) how my Braines-bould valoure
 Will rouse her from her vowes feueritie :

No Will, nor Powre, can withstand Pollicie. *Exit.*

Enter D'oliue, Pacque, Dique.

D'ol. Welcome little Witts, are you hee my Page
Pacque here

Makes choice of, to be his fellow Coch-horse ?

Diq. I am my Lord.

D'ol. What Countrie man ?

Diq. Borne i'th Cittie.

Pac. But begot i'th Court : I can tell your Lord-
 ship, he hath had as good Court breeding, as anie
 Impe in a Countrie ; If your Lordship please to
 examine him in anie part of the Court Accidence,
 from a Noune to an Interiection, Ile vndertake you
 shall finde him sufficient.

D'ol. Saist thou so little Witt : Why then Sir, How
 manie Pronounes be there ?

Diq. Faith my Lord there are more, but I haue
 learned but three sorts ; the Goade, the Fulham, and
 the Stop-kater-tre ; which are all demonstratiues, for
 heere they be : There are Relatiues too, but they are
 nothing without their Antecedents.

D'ol. Well said, little Witt I'faith, How manie Antecedents are there ?

Dig. Faith my Lord, their number is vncertaine ; but they that are, are either Squires, or Gentlemen vshers.

D'ol. Verie well said : when all is done, the Court is the onely Schoole of good education ; especially for Pages and Waighting women ; *Paris*, or *Padua*, or the famous Schoole of England called *Winchester*, famous (I meane) for the Goose, Where Schollers weare Petticoates so long, till their Penn and Inckhorns knocke against their knees : All these I say, are but Belfries to the Bodie or Schoole of the Court : Hee that would haue his Sonne proceed Doctor in three dayes, let him fende him thither ; there's the Forge to fashion all the parts of them : There they shall learne the true vse of their good Partes indeed.

Pac. Well my Lord, you haue said well for the Court, What fayes your Lordshippe now to vs Courters, Shall we goe the voyage ?

D'ol. My little *Hermophrodites*, I entertaine you heere into my Chamber ; and if need be, nearer : your seruice you know. I will not promise Mountaines, nor assure you Annuities of fourtie or fiftie Crownes ; in a word, I will promise nothing : but I will be your good Lord, do you not doubt.

Dig. We do not my Lord, but are sure you will shew your selfe Noble : and as you promise vs nothing, so you will Honorably keepe promise with vs, and giue vs nothing.

D'ol. Prettie little Witt, y'faith ; Can he verse ?

Pac. I and sett too, my Lord ; Hee's both a Setter and a Verser.

D'ol. Prettie in faith ; but I meane, has he a vaine Naturall ?

Pac. O my Lord, it comes from him as easelie,

Dig. As Suites from a Courtier, without money : or money from a Cittizen without securitie, my Lord.

D'o. Wel, I perceiue nature has suited your Witts ;

& Ile suite you in Guarded coates, anfwerable to your Witts : for Witt's as futable to guarded Coates, as Wifedome is to welted Gownes. My other Followers Horse themselues ; my felfe will horfe you. And now tell me (for I will take you into my bosome) What's the opinion of the many headed Best touching my new adition of Honour ?

Dig. Some thinke, my Lord, it hath giuen you adition of pride, and outercuidance.

D'ol. They are deceaud that thinke so : I must confesse, it would make a Foole proude ; but for me, I am *semper idem*.

Pac. We beleue your Lordship.

D'ol. I finde no alteration in my felfe in the world, for I am sure I am no wiser then I was, when I was no Lord, nor no more bountifull, nor no more honest; onely in respect of my state, I assume a kinde of State; to receiue Suters now, with the Nodd of Nobilitie ; not (as before) with the Cappe of courtesie ; the knee of Knighthood: And why knee of Knighthood, little Witte? there's another Question for your Court Accidence.

Dig Because Gentlemen, or Yoemen, or Pessantes, or so, receiue Knighthood on their knees.

Pac. The signification of the Knee of Knighthood in Heraldie an't please your Lordship, is, that Knights are tyed in honour to fight vp to the knees in blood, for the defence of faire Ladys.

D'ol. Verie good : but if it be so, what honour doe they deserue, that purchase their Knighthood ?

Dig. Purchase their Knighthood my Lord ? Mary I thinke they come truely by't, for they pay well for't.

D'ol. You cut mee off by the knees, little Witte : but I say, (if you will heare mee) that if they deserue to be Knighted, that purchase their Knighthood with fighting vp to the knee, What doe they deserue, that purchase their Knighthood with fighting aboue the knee ?

Pac. Mary my Lord, I say the purchase is good, if the conueyance will hold water.

D'ol. VVhy this is excellent : by heauen twentie poundes annuitie shal not purchase you from my heeles. But foorth how : VVhat is the opinion of the world touching this new Honour of mine ? Doe not Fooles enuie it ?

Dig. No my Lord, but wise men wonder at it : you hauing so buried your wisedome heretofore in Tauerns, and Vaulting-houses, that the world could neuer discouer you to be capable of Honour.

D'ol. As though *Achilles* could hide himselfe vnder a Womans clothes : was he not discouered at first ? This Honor is like a Woman, or a Crocadile (chuse you whether) it flies them that follow it ; and followes them that flie it : For my selfe, how euer my worth, for the time kept his bedd ; yet did I euer prophecie to my selfe that it would rise, before the Sun-set of my dayes : I did euer dreame, that this head was borne to beare a breadth, this shoulder to support a State, this face to looke bigg, this bodie to beare a presence, these feete were borne to be reuellers, and these Calues were borne to be Courtiers : In a word, I was borne Noble, and I will die Noblie : neither shall my Nobilitie perish with death ; after ages shall refounde the memorie thereof, while the Sunne sets in the East, or the Moone in the West.

Pac. Or the Seuen Starres in the North.

D'ol. The Siege of *Bullaine* shall be no more a landmarke for Times : Agencourt Battaille, S. Iames his Fielde, the losse of Calice, & the winning of Cales, shal grow out of vse : Men shal reckon their yeares, Women their mariages, from the day of our Ambassage : As, I was borne, or married two, three, or four yeares before the great Ambassage. Farmers shall count their Leases from this day, Gentlemen their Morgages from this day : Saint *Dennis* shall be rac't out of the Kallender, and the day of our Enstalment enterd in redd letters : And as St. *Valentines* day is fortunate to choose Louers, St. *Lukes* to choose Husbandes ; So shall this day be to the choosing of Lordes : It shall

be a Criticall day, a day of Note: In that day it shall be good to quarrell, but not to fight: They that Marrie on that day, shall not repent; marie the morrow after perhapses they may: It shall be holsoime to beat a Sergeant on that day: Hee that eates Garlick on that morning, shall be a rancke Knaue till night.

Dig. What a day will this be, if it hold?

D'ol. Hold? S'foote it shall hold, and shall be helde sacred to immortalitie: let all the Chroniclers, Ballet makers, and Almanackmungers, do what they dare.

Enter Rhoderique.

Rhod. S'foote (my Lord) al's dasht, your voyage is ouerthrowne.

D'ol. What ayles the franticke Tro?

Rhod. The Lady is entoombde, that was the Subject of your Ambassage: and your Ambassage is beraid.

Pac. *Dido* is dead, and wrapt in lead.

Di. O heauy herse!

Dig. Your Lordships honor must waite vpon her.

Dig. O scuruy verse! Your Lordship's welcome home: pray let's walke your horse my Lord.

D'ol. A prettie gallery. Why my little wits, doe you beleeue this to be true?

Pac. For my part my Lord, I am of opinion you are guuld.

Dig. And I am of opinion that I am partly guiltie of the same.

Enter Muge.

Muge. Where's this Lord foole here? S'light you haue made a prettie peece of seruice an't: raised vp all the countrey in gold lace and feathers; and now with your long stay, there's no employment for them.

D'ol. Good still.

Mug. S'light I euer tooke thee to be a hammer of the right feather: but I durst hane layed my life, no man could euer haue cramd such a Gudgeon as this downe the throatte of thee: To create thee a Christmas Lord, and make thee laughter for the whole Court: I am ashame of my selfe that euer I chusde such a Grosseblocke to whet my wits on.

D'ol. Good wit yfaith.

I know all this is but a gallery now: But since you haue presumde to go thus farre with me, come what can come to the State, fincke or swimme, Ile be no more a father to it, nor the Duke; nor for the world wade one halfe steppe further in the action.

Pac. But now your Lordship is gone, what shall become of your followers?

D'ol. Followers? let them follow the Court as I haue done: there let them raise their fortunes: if not, they know the way to the pettie Brokers, there let them shifft and hang. *Exit cum suis.*

Rhod. Here we may strike the *Plaudite* to our Play, my Lord foole's gone: all our audience will forfiske vs.

Mug. Page, after, and call him againe.

Rho. Let him go: Ile take vp some other foole for the Duke to employ: euery Ordinary affoords fooles enow: and didst not see a paire of Gallants fit not far hence like a couple of Bough-pots to make the roome smell?

Mug. Yes, they are gone: But what of them?

Rhod. Ile preffe them to the Court: or if neede be, our Muse is not so barren, but she is able to deuise one tricke or other to retire *D'olive* to Court againe.

Mug. Indeed thou toldst me how gloriously he apprehended the fauour of a great Lady ith Prefence, whose hart (he said) stood a tipto in her eye to looke at him.

Rhod. Tis well remembred.

Mug. O, a Loue-letter from that Ladie would retrive him as sure as death.

Rhod. It would of mine honor: Weele faine one from her instantly: Page, fetch pen and inke here.

Exit Pag.

Mug. Now do you & your Muse engender: my barren skonce shall prompt something.

Rhod. Soft then: The Lady *Ieronime*, who I said viewed him so in the Prefence, is the Venus that must enamour him: Weele go no further for that. But in what likenesse must he come to the Court to her now? As a Lord he may not: in any other shafe he will not.

Mug. Then let him come in his owne shafe like a gull.

Rhod. Well, disguisde he shall be: That shall be his mistresses direction: this shall be my Helicon: and from this quiuier will I draw the shaft that shall wound him.

Mug. Come on: how wilt thou begin?

Rhod. Faith thus: Dearely Beloued.

Mug. Ware ho, that's prophane.

Rhod. Go to then: Diuine *D'olive*: I am sure that's not prophane.

Mug. Well, forward.

Rhod. I see in the powre of thy beauties.

Mug. Breake of your period, and say, Twas with a sigh.

Rhod. Content: here's a full pricke stands for a teare too.

Mug. So, now take my braine.

Rhod. Poure it on.

Mug. I talke like a foole, but alas thou art wise and silent.

Rhod. Excellent: And the more wise, the more silent.

Mng. That's something common.

Rhod. So should his mistris be.

Mug. That's true indeed: Who breakes way next?

Rhod. That will I fir: But alas, why art thou not noble, that thou mightst match me in Blood?

Mug. Ile answer that for her.

Rhod. Come on.

Mug. But thou art noble, though not by birth, yet by creation.

Rhod. Thats not amisse: forth now: Thy wit proues thee to be a Lord, thy presence shewes it: O that word Presence, has cost me deare.

Mug. Well said, because she saw him ith Presence.

Rhod. O do but say thou lou'st me.

Mug. Soft, there's too many OOs.

Rhod. Not a whit: O's but the next doore to P. And his mistris may vfe her O with with modestie: or if thou wilt, Ile stop it with another brachish teare.

Mug. No, no, let it runne on.

Rhod. O do but say thou lou'st me, and yet do not neither, and yet do.

Mug. Well said, let that last stand, let him doe in any case: now say thus, do not appeare at Court.

Rhod. So.

Mug. At least in my companie.

Rhod. Well.

Mug. At least before folkes.

Rhod. Why so?

Mug. For the flame will breake forth.

Rhod. Go on: thou doest well.

Mug. Where there is fire ith harth:

Rhod. What then?

Mug. There will be smoke ith chimney.

Rhod. Forth.

Mug. Warme, but burne me not: theres reason in all things.

Rhod. Well said, now doe I vie it: Come to my chamber betwixt two and three.

Mug. A very good number.

Rho. But walk not vnder my window: if thou doest, come disguisde: in any case weare not thy tuft taffeta cloke: if thou doest, thou killest me.

Mug. Well said, now to the *L'envoye*.

Rhod. Thine, if I were worth ought; and yet such,

as it skils not whose I am if I be thine ; *Ieronime* :
Now for a fit Pandar to transport it, and haue at him.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTVS QVINTI Scæna prima.

Enter Vaumont, and Vandome.

Vand.

Come my good Lord, now will I trie my Braine,
If it can forge another golden chaine,
To draw the poore Recluse, my honord mistris
From her darke Cell, and superstitious vow.
I oft haue heard there is a kind of cure
To fright a lingring Feuer from a man
By an imaginous feare, which may be true,
For one heate (all know) doth drieue out another,
One passion doth expell another still,
And therefore I will vse a fainde deuice
To kindle furie in her frozen Breast,
That rage may fire out grieve, and so restore her
To her most sociable selfe againe.

Vau. Juno Lucina fer opem,
And ease my labouring house of such a care.

Vand. Marke but my Midwifery : the day is now
Some three houres old, and now her night begins :
Stand close my Lord, if she and her sad meany
Be toward sleepe, or sleeping, I will wake them
With orderly alarmes ; Page ? Boy ? sister ?

All toong-tied ? all asleepe ? page ? fister ?

Vau. Alas *Vandome*, do not disturbe their rest
For pittie sake, tis yong night yet with them.

Vand. My Lord, your onely way to deale with women
And Parrets, is to keepe them waking still.

Page ? who's aboue ? are you all dead here ?

Dig. S'light is hell broke loose ? whose there ?

Vand. A friend. He looks out with a light.

Dig. Then know this Castle is the house of wo,
Here harbor none but two distresed Ladies
Condemn'd to darknesse, and this is their iayle,
And I the Giant set to guard the same :
My name is *Dildo*. *Retrahit fe.*

Vand. Sirra leaue your rogerie, and hearken to me :
what Page, I say.

Dig. Tempt not disasters : take thy life : Be gone.

Redit cum lumine.

Vau. An excellent villanie.

Vaud. Sirra ? I haue businesse of waight, to impart
to your Ladie.

Dig. If your busines be of waight, let it waite
till the afternoone, for by that time my Ladie will be
deliuered of her first sleepe : Be gone, for feare of watery
meteors.

Vand. Go to fir, leaue your villany, and dispatch
this newes to your Ladie.

Dig. Is your businesse from your selfe, or from some
body besides ?

Vand. From no body besides my selfe.

Dig. Very good : then Ile tel her, here's one besides
himselfe has businesse to her from no body. *Retrahit fe.*

Vau. A perfect yong hempstring.

Van. Peace least he ouer heare you. *Redit Dig.*

Dig. You are not the Constable fir, are you ?

Vand. Will you dispatch fir ? you know me well
enough, I am *Vandome*.

Eury. Whats the matter ? who's there ? Brother
Vandome.

Vand. Sister ?

Eury. What tempest driues you hither at such an hower ?

Vand. VVhy I hope you are not going to bed, I see you are not yet vnready : if euer you will deserue my loue, let it be now, by calling forth my mistris, I haue newes for her, that touch her nearely.

Eur. What ist good brother ?

Van. The worst of ils : would any tongue but mine had bene the messenger.

Mar. VVhats that seruant ?

Van. O Mistris come downe with all speed possible, and leaue that mournfull cell of yours, Ile shew you another place worthy of your mourning.

Mar. Speake man, my heart is armed with a mourning habit of such proofe, that there is none greater without it, to pierce it.

Vand. If you please to come downe, Ile impart what I know : if not, Ile leaue you.

Eury. VVhy stand you so at gaze sister ? go downe to him.

Stay, brother, she comes to you.

Vand. Twill take I doubt not, though her selfe be ice,

Theres one with all her fire, and to her spirit

I must apply my counterfeit deuice :

Stand close my Lord.

Vau. I warrant you, proceed.

Vand. Come filly mistris, where's your worthy Lord ? I know you know not, but too well I know.

Mar. Now heauen graunt all be well.

Vand. How can it be ?

VVhile you poore Turtle sit and mourne at home, .

Mewd in your cage, your mate he flies abroade,

O heauens who would haue thought him such a man ?

Eury. Why what man brother ? I beleue my speeches will proue true of him.

Vand. To wrong such a beautie, to prophane such vertue, and to proue disloyall.

Eury. Disloyall ? nay nere gilde him ore with fine

termes, Brother, he is a filthy Lord, and euer was, I did euer say so, I neuer knew any good ath haire, I do but wonder how you made shift to loue him, or what you saw in him to entertaine but so much as a peece of a good thought on him.

Mar. Good sister forbeare.

Eury. Tush sister, bid me not forbeare : a woman may beare, and beare, and be neuer the better thought on neither : I would you had neuer seene the eyes of him, for I know he neuer lou'd you in's life.

Mar. You wrong him sister, I am sure he lou'd me As I lou'd him, and happie I had bene Had I then dide, and shund this haplesse life.

Eury. Nay let him die, and all such as he is, he lay a catterwalling not long since : O if it had bene the will of heauen, what a deare blessing had the world had in his riddance ?

Vand. But had the lecher none to singe out For obiect of his light lasciuious blood, But my poore cosin that attends the Dutchesse, Lady

Ieronime ?

Eury. What, that blaberlipt blouse ?

Vand. Nay no blouse, sister, though I must confesse She comes farre short of your perfection.

Eury. Yes by my troth, if she were your cosin a thousand times, shees but a fallow freckld face peece when she is at the best.

Vand. Yet spare my cosin, sister, for my sake, She merits milder censure at your hands, And euer held your worth in noblest termes.

Eury. Faith the Gentlewoman is a sweete Gentlewoman of her selfe, I must needs giue her her due.

Vand. But for my Lord your husband, honor'd mistris, He made your beauties and your vertues too, But foyles to grace my cosins, had you seene His amorous letters, But my cosin presently will tell you all, for she reiects his sute, yet I aduisde her to make a shew she did not.

But point to meet him when you might surprise him, and this is iust the houre.

Eury. God's my life sister, loose not this aduantage, it wil be a good Trumpe to lay in his way vpon any quarrell : Come, you shall go : S'body will you suffer him to disgrace you in this sort ? dispraise your beautie ? And I do not think too, but he has bin as bold with your Honor, which aboue all earthly things should be dearest to a woman.

Vand. Next to her Beautie.

Eury. True, next to her beautie : and I doe not thinke sister, but hee deuifeth flaunders against you, euen in that high kinde.

Vand. Infinite, infinite.

Eury. And I beleue I take part with her too : would I knew that yfaith.

Vand. Make your account, your share's as deepe as hers : when you see my cosin, sheele tell you all : weeble to her presently.

Eury. Has she told you, she would tell vs ?

Vand. Affurde me, on her oath.

Eury. S'light I would but know what he can say : I pray you brother tell me.

Vand. To what end ? twill but stirre your patience.

Eury. No I protest : when I know my cariage to be such, as no staine can obscure, his flaunders shall neuer moue me, yet would I faine know what he faines.

Van. It fits not me to play the goffips part : weel to my cosin, sheele relate all.

Eury. S'light what can she say ? pray let's haue a taste an't onward.

Vaud. What can he not say, who being drunke with lust, and surfetting with desire of change, regards not what he sayes : and briefly I will tell you thus much now ; Let my melancholy Lady (sayes he) hold on this course till she waste her selfe, and consume my reuenew in Tapers, yet this is certaine, that as long as she has that sister of hers at her elbow.

Eury. Me ? why me ? I bid defiance to his foule
throate.

Vaud. Hold there *Vandome*, now it begins to take.

Eury. What can his yellow iealousie surmise against
me ? if you loue me, let me heare it : I protest it shall
not moue me.

Vaud. Marry forsooth, you are the shooing horne,
he fayes, to draw on, to draw on sister.

Eury. The shooing horne with a vengeance ? what's
his meaning in that ?

Vand. Nay I haue done, my cofin shall tell the
rest : come shal we go ?

Eury. Go ? by heauen you bid me to a banquet :
sister, resolute your selfe, for you shall go : loose no more
time, for you shall abroade on my life : his licorice
chaps are walking by this time : but for heauens sweete
hope what meanes he by that shooing horne ? As I
liue it shall not moue me.

Vand. Tell me but this, did you euer breake betwixt
my mistris and your sister here, and a certaine Lord ith
Court ?

Eury. How ? breake ?

Vand. Go to, you vnderstand me : haue not you a
Petrarch in Italian ?

Eury. Petrarch ? yes, what of that ?

Van. Well, he fayes you can your good, you may
be waiting womā to any dame in Europe : that Pe-
trarch does good offices.

Eury. Marry hang him, good offices ? S'foot how
vnderstands he that ?

Vand. As when any Lady is in priuate courtship
with this or that gallant, your Petrarch helpeſ to enter-
taine time : you vnderstand his meaning ?

Eury. Sister if you resolute to go, so it is : for by
heauen your stay shall be no barre to me, Ile go, that's
infalilble ; it had bene as good he had flandered the
diuell : shooing horne ? O that I were a man for's
fake.

Vand. But to abuse your person and your beautie

too : a grace wherein this part of the world is happie : but I shall offend too much.

Eury. Not me, it shall neuer moue me.

Vand. But to say, ye had a dull eye, a sharpe nose (the visible markes of a shrow) a drie hand, which is a signe of a bad liuer, as he said you were, being toward a husband too : this was intolerable.

Vaum. This strikes it vp to the head.

Vand. Indeed he said you dreſt your head in a pretie ſtrange fashion : but you would dreſſe your husbands head in a far ſtranger ; meaning the Count of ſaint Anne I thinke.

Eury. Gods precious, did he touch mine honor with him ?

Vand. Faith nothing but that he weares blacke, and fayes tis his miſtris colours : and yet he protests that in his eye your face ſhewes well enough by candle light, for the Count neuer ſaw it otherwise, vnleſſe twere vnder a maske, which indeed he fayes becomes you aboue all things.

Eury. Come Page, go along with me, Ile ſtay for no body : Tis at your coſins chamber, is it not ?

Vand : Marry is it, there you ſhall find him at it.

Eury. That's enough : let my ſiſter go waste his reuenew in tapers, twill be her owne another day.

Mar. Good ſiſter, ſeruant, if euer there were any loue or reſpect to me in you both.

Eury. Sister ? there is no loue, nor reſpect, nor any coniuration, thall ſtay me : and yet by my part in heauen, Ile not be moued a whit with him : you may retire your ſelfe to your old cell, and there waste your eyes in teares, your heart in ſighes, Ile away certaine.

Van. But soft, let's agree firſt what courſe we ſhal take when we take him.

Eury. Marry eu'en raife the ſtreetes on him, and bring him forth with a flocke of boyes about him, to whoote at him.

Vau. No, that were too great a diſhonor : Ile put him out on's paine preſently. *Stringit enſem.*

Pag. Nay good sir spare his life, cut of the offending part, and saue the Count.

Mar. Is there no remedie ? must I breake my vow ?
Stay Ile abroad, though with another aime
Not to procure, but to preuent his shame.

Vau. Go Page, march on, you know my cosins chamber,

My company may wrong you, I will crosse
The nearer way, and set the house afore you :
But sister see you be not mou'd for Gods sake.

Eury. Not I by heauen : Come sister, be not moued,
But if you spare him, may heauen nere spare you.

Exeunt. man. Van. & Vau.

Vand. So now the solemne votary is reuiu'd.

Vaum. Pray heauen you haue not gone a step too farre,

And raisde more sprites, then you can coniure downe.

Vaud. No my Lord, no, t'Herculean labor's past,
The vow is broke, which was the end we sweat for,
The reconcilement will meet of it selfe ?

Come lets to Court, and watch the Ladies chamber,
Where they are gone with hopefull spleene to see you.

Enter Roderique, Mugeron, D'olive in disguise towards the Ladies chamber.

Rhod. See *Mugeron*, our counterfeit letter hath taken : who's yonder think'st ?

Mug. Tis not *Dolive* :

Rhod. Ift be not he, I am sure hee's not farre off :
Those be his tressels that support the motion.

Mug. Tis he by heauen, wrapt in his carelesse cloke ?

See the Duke enters : Let him enioy the benefite of the enchanted Ring, and stand a while inuisible : at our best oportunitie weeble discouer him to the Duke.

Enter Duke, Dutchesse, Saint Anne, Vaumont, Vandome, to them Digue, whispering Vandome in the eare, and speakes as on the other side.

Dig. Monsieur Vandome, yonders no Lord to be found: my Ladie stayes at hand and craues your speech.

Vand. Tell her she mistook the place, and conduct her hither: How will she looke when she findes her expectation mockt now? *Exit. Dig.*

Vaum. What's that, *Vandome*?

Vaud. Your wife and sister are comming hither, hoping to take you and my cosin together.

Vau. Alas, how shall we appease them, when they see themselues so deluded?

Van. Let me alone, and stand you off my Lord:

Enter Mar: and Eurione.

Madame, y'are welcome to the Court: doe you see your Lord yonder? I haue made him happie by training you forth: In a word, all I said was but a traine to draw you from your vow: Nay, there's no going backe: Come forward and keepe your temper. Sister, cloud not you your forhead: yonder's a Sunne will cleare your beauties I am sure. Now you see the shooing-horne is expounded: all was but a shooing-horne to draw you hither: now shew your felues women, and say nothing.

Phil. Let him alone awhile *Vandome*: who's there? what whisper you?

Vand. Y'au done? come forward:
See here my Lord, my honorable mistris,
And her faire sister, whom your Highnesse knowes
Could neuer be importunde from their vowes
By prayer, or th'earnest futes of any friends,
Now hearing false report that your faire Dutchesse
Was dangerously sicke, to visit her
Did that which no friend else could winne her to,
And brake her long kept vow with her repaire.

Duke. Madam you do me an exceeding honor,
In shewing this true kindnesse to my Dutchesse,
Which she with all her kindnesse will requite.

Vand. Now my good Lord, the motion you haue made,

To S. An.

With such kind importunitie by your selfe,
And seconded with all perswasions
On my poore part, for mariage of this Ladie,
Her selfe now comes to tell you she embraces,
And (with that promise made me) I present her.

Eury. Sister, we must forgiue him.

S. An. Matchlesse Ladie,

Your beauties and your vertues haue atchieu'd
An action that I thought impossible,
For all the sweete attractions of your sex,
In your conditions, so to life resembling
The grace and fashion of my other wife :
You haue reuiu'd her to my louing thoughts,
And all the honors I haue done to her,
Shall be continueude (with increase) to you.

Mug. Now let's discouer our Ambassador, my Lord,

Duke. Do so. *Exiturus D'olive.*

Mug. My Lord ? my Lord Ambassador ?

D'ol. My Lord foole, am I not ?

Mug. Go to, you are he : you cannot cloke your
Lordshippe from our knowledge.

Rho. Come, come : could *Achilles* hide himselfe
vnder a womans clothes ? Greatnesse will shine through
clouds of any disguise.

Phil Who's that *Rhoderique* ?

Rho. *Monsieur D'olive*, my Lord, stolne hither dis-
guise, with what minde we know not.

Mug. Neuer striue to be gone sir : my Lord, his
habite expounds his heart : twere good he were searcht.

D'olive. Well rooks wel, Ile be no longer a blocke
to whet your dull wits on : My Lord, my Lord, you
wrong not your selfe onely, but your whole state, to
suffer such vlcers as these to gather head in your
Court ; neuer looke to haue any action fort to your
honor, when you suffer such earewigs to creepe into
your eares thus.

Phil. What's the matter *Rhoderique* ?

Rho. Alas my Lord, only the lightnesse of his
braine, because his hopes are lost.

Mug. For our parts, we haue bene trustie and secret to him in the whole manage of his ambaffage.

D'ol. Trustie ? a plague on you both, there's as much trust in a common whore as in one of you : and as for secrecy, there's no more in you then in a profest Scriuener.

Vand. Why a Scriuener, *Monsieur D'oliue* ?

D'ol. Marry sir a man cannot trust him with borrowing so much as poore fortie shillings, but he will haue it Knowne to all men by these presents.

Vand. Thats true indeed, but you employed these gentlemen very safely.

D'oliue. Employed ? I mary sir, they were the men that first kindled this humor of employment in me : a pox of employment I say : it has cost me, but what it has cost me, it skils not : they haue thrust vpon me a crew of thredbare, vbutton'd fellowes, to be my followers : Taylers, Frippers, Brokers, casheerd Clarks, Pettifoggers, and I know not who I : S'light I thinke they haue swept all the bowling allies ith citie for them : and a crew of these, rakt like old ragges out of dunghils by candle light, haue they presented to me in very good fashion, to be gentlemen of my traine, and folde them hope of raisng their fortunes by me : A plague on that phrase, Raising of fortunes, it has vndone more men then ten dicing houfes : Raife their fortunes with a vengeance ? And a man will play the foole and be a Lord, or be a foole and play the Lord, he shall be sure to want no followers, so there be hope to raise their fortunes. A burning feuer light on you, and all such followers. S'foote they say followers are but shadowes, that follow their Lords no longer then the sun shines on them : but I finde it not so : the funne is set vpon my employment, and yet I cannot shake off my shadowes ; my followers grow to my heeles like kibes, I cannot stir out of doores for am. And your grace haue any employment for followers, pray entertaine my companie : theyle spend their bloud in your seruice, for they haue little else to spend, you may

foone raise their fortunes.

Phil. Well *Monsieur D'oliue*, your forwardnesse
In this intended seruice, shall well know
What acceptation it hath wonne it selfe
In our kind thoughts : nor let this sodaine change
Discourage the designements you haue laid
For our States good : referue your selfe I pray,
Till fitter times: meane time will I secure you
From all your followers : follow vs to Court.
And good my Lords, and you my honor'd Ladies,
Be all made happie in the worthy knowledge
Of this our worthy friend *Monsieur D'oliue*.

Omnes. Good *Monsieur D'oliue.*

Exeunt.

Finis Actus quinti & ultimi.

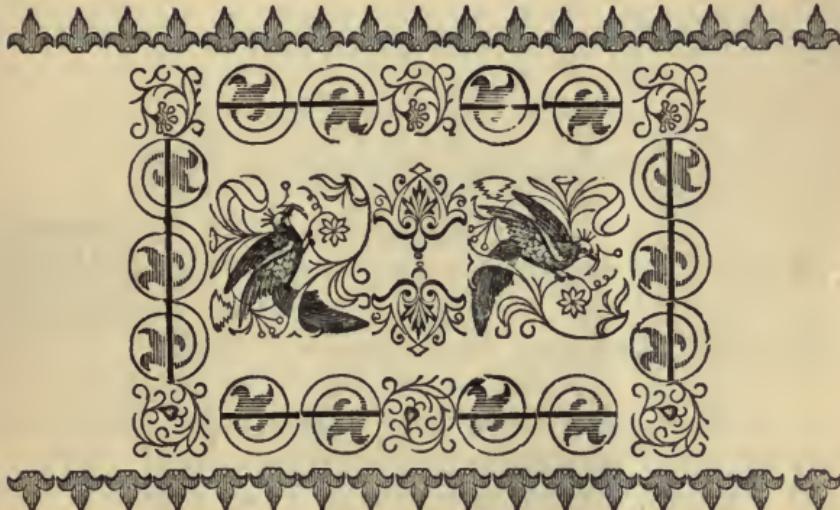
ACTORS.

Monsieur D'olive.	Guequin the Dutchesse.
Philip the Duke.	Hieronime Ladie.
S. Anne Count	Marcellina Countesse.
Vaumont Count	Eurione her sister.
Vandome.	
Rhodoricke.	
Mugeron.	
Pacque,	two pages.
Dicque,	



THE
GENTLEMAN
V S H E R.

By
GEORGE CHAPMAN.



AT LONDON
Printed by V. S. for Thomas Thorppe.
1606.



THE GENTLEMAN VSHER.

ACTVS PRIMVS, SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter Strozza, Cynanche, and Pogio.



Strozza.

Aste Nephew, what ! a sluggard ? Fie for
shame,

Shal he that was our morning Cock, turn
Owle,

And locke out day light from his drowsie eies ?

Pog. Pray pardon mee for once, lord vnkle, for Ile
bee fworne, I had such a dreame this morning : me
thought one came with a commission to take a Sorrell
curtoll, that was stolne from him, wherefoeuer hee
could find him. And because I feared he would lay
claime to my forrell curtoll in my stable I ran to the
Smith to haue him set on his mane againe, and his
taile presently, that the Commission-man might not
thinke him a curtoll. And when the Smith would not
doe it, I fell a beating of him, so that I could not wake
for my life til I was reuenged on him.

Cyn. This is your old valure nephew, that will fight sleeping as well as waking.

Pog. Slud Aunt, what if my dreame had beene true (as it might haue beene for anything I knew) there's neuer a smith in Italie, shall make an Asse of me in my sleepe, if I can chuse.

Stroz. Well said, my furious nephew: but I see You quite forget that we must rowfe to day The sharp-tuskt Bore: and blaze our huntsmanship before the duke.

Pog. Forget Lord vncle? I hope not; you thinke belike my wittes are as brittle as a Beetle, or as skittish as your Barbarie Mare: one cannot crie wehie, but straight shee cries tihi.

Stro. Well ghest, coosen *Hysteron Proteron*.

Pog. But which way will the dukes grace hunt to day?

Stro. Toward Count *Laffos* house his Grace will hunt,

Where he will visit his late honourd mistresse.

Pog. Who, Ladie *Margaret*, that deare yong dame? Will his antiquitie, neuer leaue his iniquitie?

Cyn. Why how now nephew? turnd *Parnassus* lately?

Pog. *Naffus*? I know not: but I would I had all the Dukes liuing for her sake, Ide make him a poore duke, ifaith.

Stro. No doubt of that, if thou hadst all his liuing.

Pog. I would not stand dreaming of the matter as I do now.

Cyn. Why how doe you dreame nephew?

Pog. Mary, all last night me thought I was tying her shoo-string.

Stro. What all night tying her shoostring?

Pog. I that I was, and yet I tied it not neither; for, as I was tying it, the string broke methought, and then me thought, hauing but one point at my hose, me thought, I gaue her that to tie her shoo withall.

Cyn. A poynt of much kindnesse, I assure you.

Pog. Whervpon in the verie nicke me thought the Count came rushing in, and I ranne rushing out, with my heeles about my hofe for haste.

Stro. So ; will you leaue your dreaming, and dispatch ?

Pog. Mum, not a worde more, Ile goe before, and ouertake you presently. *Exit.*

Cyn. My Lord, I fancie not these hunting sports, When the bold game you follow turnes againe, And stares you in the face : let me behold A cast of Faulcons on their merry wings, Daring the stooped prey, that shifting flies : Or let me view the fearefull Hare or Hinde, Tofft like a musicke point with harmonie Of well mouthed hounds. This is a sport for Princes, The other rude Boares yeeld fit game for Boores.

Stro. Thy timorous spirit blinds thy iudgement, wife, Those are most royll sports that most approue The huntsmans proweſſe, and his hardie minde.

Cyn. My Lord, I know too well your vertuous spirit, Take heede for Gods loue if you rowſe the Bore, You come not neere him, but discharge aloofe Your wounding Pistoll, or well aymed Dart.

Stro. I Mary wife this counſaile rightly flowes Out of thy boſome, pray thee take leſſe care, Let ladies at their tables iudge of Bores, Lords in the field : And ſo farewell ſweete loue ; Faile not to meeke me at Earle *Laffos* house.

Cyn. Pray pardon me for that : you know I loue not These ſolemne meetings.

Stro. You muſt neeđes, for once Conſtraine your diſpoſition ; and indeede I would acquaint you more with Ladie *Margaret*, For ſpeciall reaſon.

Cyn. Very good, my Lord. Then I muſt neeđes go fit me for that preſence.

Stro. I pray thee doe, farewell. *Exit Cyn.*

Enter Vincentio.

Here comes my friend.

Good day my Lord ; why does your grace confront
So cleare a morning with so clowdie lookes ?

Vin. Askſt thou my grieſes, that knowſt my deſ-
prate loue

Curbd by my fathers ſtern riualitie :

Must not I mourne that know not whether yet
I ſhall enioy a ſtepdame or a wife ?

Stro. A wife prince, neuer doubt it ; your deſerts
And youthfull graces haue engag'd ſo farre,
The beauteous *Margaret*, that ſhe is your owne.

Vin. O but the eie of watchfull iealousie
Robſ my deſires of meanes t'inioy her fauour.

Stro. Deſpaire not : there are meanes enow for
you,

Suborne ſome feruant of ſome good reſpect,
Thats neere your choice, who though ſhe needs no
wooing,

May yet imagine you are to begin,
Your ſtrange yong loue ſute, and ſo ſpeake for you,
Beare your kind letters, and get ſafe acceſſe.
All which when he ſhall do ; you neede not feare
His truſtie ſecrecie, because he dares not
Reueale escapes, whereof himſelfe is Author,
Whom you may beſt attempt, ſhe muſt reueale ;
For if ſhe loues you, ſhe already knowes,
And in an instant can refolue you that.

Vin. And ſo ſhe will, I doubt not: would to heauen
I had fit time, euen now to know her minde :
This counſaile feedes my heart with much ſweet hope.

Stro. Purſue it then ; t'will not be hard t' effect :
The Duke haſ none for him, but *Medice*
That muſtian Lord, who in his buckram face,
Bewraies, in my conceit, a map of baſeneſſe.

Vin. I, there's a parcell of vnconſtrued ſtuffe,
That unknowne Minion raiſde to honours height,
Without the helpe of Vertue, or of Art,
Or (to ſay true) nay of honest part .

O how ſhe ſhames my father ! he goes like
A Princes foote-man, in old fashioned filkes,

And most times, in his hose and dublet onely,
So miserable, that his owne few men
Doe beg by vertue of his liuerie ;
For he giues none for any seruice done him,
Or any honour, any least reward.

Stro. Tis pittie such should liue about a Prince :
I would haue such a noble counterfet, nailde
Vpon the Pillory, and after, whipt,
For his adultery wth nobilitie,

Vin. Faith I would faine disgrace him by all
meanes,
As enemy to his base-bred ignorance,
That being a great Lord, cannot write nor reade.

Stro. For that, wee'le follow the blinde side of
him,
And make it sometimes subiect of our mirth.

Enter Pogio poste.

Vin. See, what newes with your Nephew *Pogio* ?

Stro. None good I warrant you.

Pog. Where should I finde my Lord Vnkle ?

Stro. Whats the huge haste with you ?

Pog. O ho, you will hunt to day.

Stro. I hope I will.

Pog. But you may hap to hop without your hope :
for the truth is, *Kilbucke* is runne mad.

Stro. Whats this ?

Pog. Nay, tis true sir : and *Kilbucke* being runne
mad, bit *Ringwood* so by the left buttocke, you might
have turnd your nose in it.

Vin. Out Asse.

Pog. By heauen you might my Lord : d'ee thinke
I lie ?

Vin. Zwoundes, might I ? lets blanket him my
Lord : a blanket heere.

Pog. Nay, good my Lord *Vincentio*, by this rush I
tell you for good will : and *Venus* your brache there,
runnes so proud, that your Huntf-man cannot take
her downe for his life.

Stro. Take her vp foole, thou wouldst say.

Pog. Why fir he would foone take her down, and he could take her vp I warrant her.

Vin. Well said, hammer, hammer.

Po. Nay, good now lets alone, and theres your horse, Gray Strozza too haz the staggers, and haz strooke bay-Bettrice, your Barbary mare so, that shee goes halting a this fashion, most filthily.

Stro. What poison blisters thy vnhappy tongue
Euermore braying forth vnhappy newes,
Our hunting sport is at the best my Lord :
How shall I satisfie the Duke your father,
Defrauding him of his expected sport ?
See, see, he comes.

*Enter Alphonso, Medice, Sarpego, with
attendants.*

Alph. Is this the copie of the speech you wrote,
Signeur *Sarpego* ?

Sar. It is a blaze of wit poeticall,
Reade it, braue Duke, with eyes pathetical.

Alp. We will peruse it strait : well met *Vincentio*,
And good Lord *Strozza*, we commend you both
For your attendance : but you must conceiue,
Tis no true hunting we intend to day,
But an inducement to a certaine shew,
Wherewith we will present our beateous loue,
And therein we bespeake your company.

Vin. We both are ready to attend your Highnesse.

Alp. See then, heere is a Poeme that requires
Your worthy censures ; offerd if it like
To furnish our intended amorous shew :
Reade it *Vincentio*.

Vin. Pardon me my Lord :
Lord *Medices* reading, will expresse it better ;

Med. My patience can digest your scoffes my Lord.
I care not to proclaime it to the world :
I can nor write, nor reade ; and what of that ?
I can both see and heare, as well as you.

Alp. Still are your wits at warre : heere, read this poeme.

Vin. The red fac'd Sunne hath firkt the flundering shades,

And cast bright ammell on *Auroraes* brow.

Alp. High words and strange :

Reade on *Vincentio*.

Vin. The busky groues that gag-tooth'd boares do shrowd

With cringle crangle hornes do ring alowd.

Pog. My Lord, my Lord, I haue a speech heere worth ten of this, and yet Ile mend it too.

Alp. How likes *Vincentio* ?

Vin. It is strangely good,

No inkehorne euer did bring forth the like,
Could these braue prancing words with Actions spurre,
Be ridden throughly, and managed right,
T'would fright the audience, and perhaps delight.

Sarp. Doubt you of action fir ?

Vin. I, for such stiffe.

Sarp. Then know my Lord, I can both act and teach

To any words ; when I in *Padua* schoold it,
I plaid in one of *Plautus* Comedies,
Namely, *Curculio*, where his part I acted,
Proiecting from the poore summe of foure lines,
Forty faire actions.

Alp. Lets see that I pray.

Sarp. Your Highnesse shall commaund
But pardon me, if in my actions heate
Entering in post post haste, I chaunce to take vp
Some of your honord heels ;

Po. Y'ad best leauue out that action for a thing that
I know fir.

Sarp. Then shal you see what I can do without it.

Alp. See see, he hath his furniture and all.

Sarp. You must imagine, Lords, I bring good newes,

Whereof being princely proud I scowre the streete

And ouer-tumble euery man I meete.

Exit Sarp.

Pog. Beshrew my heart if he take vp my heeles.

Enter Sarp.

Sarp. *Date viam mihi Noti, atq; Ignoti,*
Dum ego, huc, officium meum facio.
Fugite omnes atq; abite, & de via secedite, nequem in
cursu; aut capite, aut cubito, aut pectore offendam, aut
genu.

Alp. Thankes good *Seigneur Sarpego.*
 How like you Lords, this stirring action?

Stro. In a cold morning it were good my Lord,
 But someting harshe vpon repletion.

Sarp. Sir I haue ventred, being enioynde to eate
 Three schollers commons, and yet drewe it neate.

Pogio. Come sir you meddle in too many matters;
 let vs I pray tend on our owne shew at my lord
Laffos.

Sarp. Doing obeisance then to euery lord
 I now consorte you sir euen *toto corde.*

Exit Sarp. & Pog.

Med. My lord, away with these scholaistique wits,
 Lay the inuention of your speech on me,
 And the performance too; ile play my parte,
 that you shall say, Nature yeelds more then Art.

Alp. Bee't so resolu'd; vnartificiall truth
 An vnfaind passion can descipher best.

Vin. But t'wil be hard my lord, for one vnlearnd.

Med. Vnlearnd? I cry you mercie sir; vnlearnd?

Vin. I meane, vntaught my lord, to make a speech,
 As a pretended Actor, without close,
 More gratious then your doublet and your hose.

Alph. What, think you sonne we meane t' exprefie
 a speech
 Of speciall weight without a like attire?

Vin. Excuse me then my lord; so stands it well.

Stro. Haz brought them rarely in, to pageant him.

Med. What ; thinke you lord ; we thinke not of attire ?

Can we not make vs ready at this age ?

Stro. Alas my lord, your wit must pardon his.

Vin. I hope it will, his wit is pittyfull.

Stro. I pray stand by my Lord ; y'are troublesome.

Vin. To none but you ; am I to you my Lord ?

Med. Not vnto mee.

Vin. Why then you wrong me *Strozza*.

Med. Nay, fall not out, my Lords.

Stro. May I not know

What your speech is my Liege ?

Alp. None but my selfe, and the Lord *Medice*.

Med. No, pray my Lord

Let none partake with vs.

Alp. No be assur'd,

But for another cause ; a word Lord *Strozza*,

I tell you true, I feare Lord *Medice*

Will scarse discharge the speach effectually :

As we goe therefore, ile explaine to you

My whole intent ; that you may seconde him

If neede and his debilitie require.

Stro. Thanks for this grace my Liege.

Vincentio ouerheares.

Med. My Lord ; your sonne.

Alp. Why how now sonne ? forbear ; yet tis no matter

Wee talke of other busynesse *Medice*

And come, we will prepare vs to our shew.

Exeunt.

Stro. *Vin.* Which as we can, weeble cast to ouerthrow.

*Enter Laffo, Corteza, Margaret, Bassiolo, Sarpego,
two Pages, Bassiolo bare before.*

Bas. Stand by there, make place.

Laff. Saie now *Bassiolo* ; you on whom relies
The generall disposition of my house,
In this our preparation, for the Duke

Are all our officers at large instructed,
For fit discharge of their peculiar places ?

Baff. At large my lord instructed.

Laff. Are all our chambers hung ? Thinke you
our house amplie capacious to lodge all the traine ?

Baff. Amply capacious : I am passing glad.
And now then to our mirth and musicall shew,
Which after supper we intend t' indure,
Welcomes cheefe dainties : for choice cates at home,
Euer attend on Princes ; mirth abroad,
Are all parts perfect.

Sarp. One I know there is.

Laff. And that is yours.

Sarp. Well guest in earnest, lord,
I neede not *erubescere*, to take
So much vpon me : That my backe will beare.

Baff. Nay, he will be perfection it selfe,
For wording well, and dexterous action too.

Laff. And will these waggish pages, hit their songs ?

2 *Pag.* *Re mi fa sol la ?*

Laff. O they are practising ; good boyes, well
done;

But where is *Pogio* ? there y' are ouershot.

To lay a capitall part vpon his braine,
Whose absence tells me plainly hee'le neglect him.

Baff. O no my Lord, he dreames of nothing else,
And giues it out in wagers, hee'le excell ;
And see, (I told your Lo :) he is come.

Enter *Pogio*.

Pog. How now my Lord, haue you borrowed a
Suite for me. Seigneur *Baffiolo*, can all fay, are all
things ready ? the Duke is hard by, and little thinks
that Ile be an Actor ifaith, I keepe all close my
Lord.

Laff. O, tis well done, call all the Ladies in,
Sister and daughter, come, for Gods sake come,
Prepare your courtliest carriage for the Duke.

Enter Corte, Margarite, and maids.

Corte. And Neece, in any case remember this,
Praise the old man, and when you see him first,
Looke me on none but him, smiling and louingly :
And then, when he comes neere, make beifance low,
With both your hands thus mouing, which not onely
Is as t'were courtly, and most comely too,
But speakes (as who should say) come hither Duke ;
And yet faies nothing, but you may denie.

Laff. Well taught fister.

Mar. I, and to much end :
I am exceeding fond to humour him.

Laff. Harke, does he come with musicke ? what,
and bound ?
An amorous deuice : daughter, obserue.

*Enter Enchanter, with spirits singing ; after them,
Medice, like Syluanus, next the Duke bound,
Vincentio, Strozza, with others.*

Viu. Now lets gull Medice, I doe not doubt,
But this attire put on, will put him out.

Stro. Weele doe our best to that end, therefore
marke.

Ench. Lady, or Princesse, both your choice com-
mands,
These spirits and I, all seruants of your beautie,
Present this royall captiue to your mercie.

Mar. Captiue to mee a subiect.

Vin. I, faire Nymph ;
And how the worthy mystery befell
Syluanus heere, this wooden god, can tell.

Alp. Now my Lord.

Vin. Now tis the time man, speake.

Med. Peace.

Alp. Peace *Vincentio*.

Vin. Swonds my Lord,
Shall I stand by and suffer him to shame you ?
My Lord *Medice* ?

Stro. Will you not speake my Lord ?

Med. How can I ?

Vin. But you must speake in earnest :
Would not your Highnesse haue him speake my Lord ?

Med. Yes, and I will speake, and perhaps speake
so,

As you shall neuer mend : I can I know.

Vin. Doe then my good Lord.

Alp. *Medice*, forth.

Med. Goddesse, fair goddesse, for no lesse, no lesse.

Alp. No lesse, no lesse ? no more, no more : speake
you.

Med. Swounds they haue put me out.

Vin. Laugh your faire goddesse,
This nobleman disdaines to be your foole.

Alp. *Vincentio*, peace.

Vin. Swounds my Lord, it is as good a shew :
Pray speake Lord *Strozza*.

Stroz. Honourable dame.

Vin. Take heede you be not out I pray, my Lord.

Stro. I pray forbeare my Lord *Vincentio* :
How this destressed Prince came thus inthralde,
I must relate with words of height and wonder :
His Grace this morning visiting the woods,
And straying farre to finde game for the Chase,
At last, out of a mirtle groue he rowsde
A vast and dreadfull Boare, so sterne and fierce,
As if the Feend fell Crueltie herselue
Had come to fright the woods in that strange shape.

Alp. Excellent good.

Vin. Too good a plague on him.

Stro. The princely *Sauage* being thus on foote,
Tearing the earth vp with his thundering hoofe,
And with the 'nragde *Ætna* of his breath.
Firing the ayre, and scorching all the woods,
Horror held all vs Huntsmen from pursuite,
Onely the Duke incenst with our cold feare,
Incouragde like a second *Hercules*.

Vin. Zwounds, too good man.

Stro. Pray thee let me alone :
And like the English signe of great Saint *George*.

Vin. Plague of that *Simile*.

Stro. Gauē valorous example, and like fire,
Hunted the monſter close, and chargde ſo fierce,
That he inforc'd him (as our ſence conceiu'd)
To leape for foile into a cristall ſpring,
Where on the ſuddaine ſtrangely vaniſhing,
Nimph-like for him, out of the waues aroſe
Your ſacred figure like *Diana* armde,
And (as in purpoſe of the beaſts reuenge)
Diſchargde an arrow through his Highneſſe breast,
Whence yet no wound or any blood appearde :
With which, the angry shadow left the light :
And this Enchanter with his power of ſpirits,
Brake from a caue, ſcattering enchanted ſounds,
That ſtrooke vs fenceleſſe, while in theſe ſtrange
bands,
Theſe cruell ſpirits thus inchainde his armes,
And led him captiue to your heauenly eyes,
Th' intent whereof on their report relies.

En. Bright Nimph, that Boare figur'd your crueltie,
Chared by loue, defended by your beautie.
This amorous Huntsman heere, we thus inthral'd,
As the attendants on your Graces charmes,
And brought him hither by your bounteous hands,
To be releaſt, or liue in endleſſe bands.

Laff. Daughter, release the Duke : alas my Liege,
What meant your Highneſſe to indure this wrong ?

Co. Enlarge him Neece, come dame, it muſt be ſo.

Mar. What Madam, ſhall I arrogate ſo much ?

Laff. His Highneſſe pleasure is to grace you ſo.

Alp. Performe it then ſweete loue, it is a deede
Worthy the office of your honor'd hand.

Mar. Too worthie I confeſſe my Lord for me,
If it were ſerious : but it is in ſport,
And women are fit Actors for ſuch pageants.

Alp. Thanks gracious loue ; why made you ſtrange
of this ?

I rest no lesse your captiue then before,
For me vntying, you have tied me more.

Thanks *Strozza* for your speech, no thanks to you.

Med. No, thanke your sonne my Lord.

Laff. T'was very well,
Exceeding well performed on euery part,
How say you *Baffiolo*?

Baff. Rare I protest my Lord.

Cor. O, my Lord *Medice* became it rarely,
Me thought I likde his manlie being out ;
It becomes Noblemen to doe nothing well.

Laff. Now then wil't please your Grace to grace
our house,
And still vouchsafe our seruice further honour.

Al. Leade vs my Lord, we will your daughter
leade. *Exit.*

Vin. You do not leade, but drag her leaden steps.

Stro. How did you like my speech ?

Vin. O fie vpon't, your Rhetoricke was too fine.

Stro. Nothing at all :

I hope faint *Georges* signe was grosse enough :
But (to be serious) as these warnings passe,
Watch you your father, Ile watch *Medice*,
That in your loue-suit, we may shun suspect :
To which end, with your next occasion, vrge
Your loue to name the person she will chooze,
By whose meanes you may safely write or meeete.

Vin. Thats our cheefe businesse: and see, heere she
comes.

Enter Margaret in haste.

Mar. My Lord, I onely come to say, y'are wel-
come,

And so must say, farewell.

Vin. One word I pray.

Mar. Whats that ?

Vin. You needes must presently deuise,
What person trusted chiefly with your guard,
You thinke is aptest for me to corrupt,
In making him a meane for our safe meeting ?

Mar. My fathers Vsher, none so fit,
If you can worke him well : and so farewell,
With thanks my good Lord *Strozza* for your speech.

Exit.

Stro. I thanke you for your patience, mocking
Lady.

Vin. O what a fellow haz she pickt vs out ?
One that I would haue choosde past all the rest,
For his close stockings onely.

Stro. And why not ?
For the most constant fashion of his hat ?

Vin. Nay then, if nothing must be left vnspoke,
For his strict forme, thus still to weare his cloke.

Stro. Well sir, he is your owne I make no doubt :
For to these outward figures of his minde,
He hath two inward swallowing properties
Of any gudgeons ; seruile Auarice,
And ouerweening thought of his owne worth,
Ready to snatch at euery shade of glory :
And therefore, till you can directlie boord him,
Waft him aloofe with hats, and other fauours,
Still as you meeet him.

Vin. Well, let me alone,
He that is one mans flauie, is free from none.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Primi.

ACTVS SECVNDVS SCÆNA PRIMA.

*Enter Medice, Corteza a Page with a cuppe of Sacke,
Strozza following close.*

Med. Come Lady, sit you heere : Page, fill some
Sacke,

I am to worke vpon this aged Dame,
To gleane from her, if there be any caufe
(In louing others) of her Neeces coines
To the most gratious loue suite of the Duke :
Heere noble Lady, this is healthfull drinke
After our supper.

Corteza. O, tis that my Lorde,
That of all drinkes keeps life and soule in me.

Med. Heere, fill it Page, for this my worthy loue :
O how I could imbrace this good olde widdow.

Cort. Now lord, when you do thus, you make me
thinke
Of my sweete husband ; for he was as like you ;
Eene the same words, and fashion : the same eies,
Manly, and cholerike, eene as you are iust,
And eene as kinde as you for all the world.

Med. O my sweete widdow, thou dost make me
prowd.

Cort: Nay, I am too old for you.

Med. Too old, that's nothing,
Come pledge me wench, for I am drie againe,
And strait will charge your widdowhood fresh ifaith :
Why that's well done.

Cort: Now fie on't, heeres a draught.

Med: O, it will warme your blood : if you should
sip,
Twould make you heart-burnd.

Cort. Faith and so they say :
Yet I must tell you, since I plide this geere,
I haue beene hanted with a horfon paine heere,
And euery moone almost with a shrewd feuer,
And yet I cannot leaue it : for thanke God,
I neuer was more sound of winde and limbe.

Enter Strozza.

Looke you, I warrant you I haue a leg,

A great bumbasted legge.

Holds out as hanfomly.

Med. Befhrew my life,
But tis a legge indeed, a goodly limbe.

Stro. This is most excellent.

Med. O that your Neece
Were of as milde a spirit as yourselfe.

Cort. Alas Lord *Medice*, would you haue a girle,
As well feene in behauour as I ?

Ah shees a fond yong thing, and growne so prowde,
The wind must blow at west stil, or sheele be angry.

Med. Masse so me thinke ; how coy shees to the
duke ?

I lay my life she haz some yonger loue.

Cort. Faith like enough.

Med. Gods me, who should it bee ?

Cort. If it be any ; *Page*, a little Sacke,
If it be any : harke now ; if it be,
I know not, by this Sacke, but if it be,
Marke what I say, my Lord ; I drink tee first.

Med. Well said good widdow, much good do thy
heart,

So ; now what if it be ?

Cort. Well, if it be ;
To come to that I said, for so I said,
If it be any, Tis the Shrewde yong Prince,
For eies can speake, and eies can vnderstand,
And I haue markt her eies ; yet by this cup,
Which I will onely kiffe.

Stro. O noble Crone,
Now such a huddle and kettle neuer was.

Cort. I neuer yet haue seene ; not yet I say,
But I will marke her after for your sake.

Med. And doe I pray ; for it is passing like ;
And there is *Strozza*, a slie Counfailor
To the yong boy : O I would giue a limbe,
To haue their knauerie limm'd and painted out.
They stand vpon their wits and paper-learning :
Giue me a fellow with a naturall wit,
That can make wit of no wit ; and wade through
Great things with nothing, when their wits sticke fast :
O they be scuruie Lords.

Cort. Faith so they be,
Your Lordship still is of my mind in all,
And eene so was my husband.

Mid. Gods my life,
Strozza hath Euesdropt here, and ouer-heard vs.

Stro. They haue descrid me ; what, Lord *Medice*
Courting the lustie widow ?

Med. I, and why not ?
Perhaps one does as much for you at home.

Stro. What, cholericke man ? and toward wedlocke
too ?

Cort. And if he be my Lord ; he may do woorse.

Stro. If he be not ; madame, he may do better.

*Enter Baffiolo with seruants with Rushes, and
a Carpet.*

Baff. My Lords, and Madame; the Dukes grace
intreates you
T' attend his new-made Dutchesse for this night,
Into his presence.

Stro. We are readie fir.

Exeunt.

Baff. Come strew this roome a fresh ; spread here
this carpet,
Nay quickly man, I pray thee ; this way foole,
Lay me it smoothe, and Euen ; looke if he will ;
This way a little more : a little there.
Hast thou no forecast ? flood me thinks a man
Should not of meere necessitie be an Asse.

Looke how he strowes here too: Come sir Giles
Goofecap,

I must do all my selfe, lay me vñ thus:
In fine smoothe threaues, looke you fir, thus in threaues.
Perhaps some tender Ladie will squat here,
And if some standing Rush should chance to pricke
her,

Shee'd squeak & spoile the songs that must be fung.

Stro. See where he is; now to him, and prepare
Your familiaritie.

Enter Vin. and Stroz.

Vin. Saeu you master *Bassio*,
I pray a word fir; but I feare I let you.

Bass. No my good Lord, no let.

Vin. I thanke you fir.
Nay pray be couerd; O I crie you mercie,
You must be bare.

Bass. Euer to you my Lord.

Vin. Nay, not to me fir,
But to the faire right of your worshipfull place.

Stro. A shame of both your worships.

Bass. What means your Lordship?

Vin. Onely to doe you right fir, and my selfe ease.
And what fir, will there be some shew to night?

Bass. A slender presentation of some musick
And soine thing else my Lord.

Vin. Tis passing good fir,
Ile not be ouerbold t'aske the particulars.

Bass. Yes, if your Lordship please.

Vin. O no good fir,
But I did wonder much; for as me thought,
I saw your hands at work.

Bass. Or else my Lord,
Our busines would be but badly done.

Vin. How vertuous is a worthy mans example?
Who is this throne for pray?

Bass. For my Lords daughter,
Whom the duke makes to represent his dutches,

Vin. T'will be exceeding fit ; and all this roome
Is passing wel prearde ; a man would sweare,
That all presentments in it would be rare.

Baff. Nay, see if thou canst lay vñ thus in threaues.

Vin. In threaues dee call it ?

Baff. I my Lord in threaues.

Vin. A pretty terme :

Well fir I thanke you highly for this kindnesse,
And pray you alwayes make as bold with me
For kindnesse more then this, if more may bee.

Baff. O my Lord this is nothing.

Vin. Sir, tis much.

And now ile leaue you fir, I know y'are busie.

Baff. Faith fir a little.

Vin. I commend me tee Sir.

Exit Vin.

Baff. A courteous prince beleeve it ; I am sory
I was no bolder with him ; what a phrase
He vsde at parting ! I commend me tee.
Ile h'ate yfaith ;

Enter Sarpego halfe drest ?

Sarp. Good master Vsher, will you dictate to me,
Which is the part precedent of this night-cap,
And which posterior ? I do *ignorare*
How I should weare it.

Baff. Why fir, this I take it
Is the precedent part ; I, so it is.

Sarp. And is all well fir thinke you ?

Baff. Passing well.

Enter Pogio, and Fungus.

Pog. Why fir come on ; the Vsher shal be iudge :
See master Vsher : this fame *Fungus* here,
Your Lords retainer, whom I hope you rule,
Would weare this better Ierkin for the Rush-man,
When I doe play the Broome-man ; and speake first.

Fun. Why fir, I borrowed it, and I will weare it.

Pog. What fir, in spite of your Lords gentleman
Vsher :

Fun. No spite sir, but you haue change twice already,

And now woulde ha't againe.

Pog. Why that's all one sir,
Gentillitie must be fanfasticall.

Baff. I pray thee *Fungus* let master *Pogio* weare it.

Fun. And what shall I weare then?

Pog. Why here is one, that was a Rush-mans Ierkin, and I pray, wer't not absurd then; a Broome-man should weare it?

Fun. Foe, theres a reason, I will keepe it sir.

Pog. Will sir; then do your office maister Vsher, Make him put off his Ierkin; you may plucke His coate ouer his eares, much more his Ierkin.

Baff. *Fungus* y'ad best be rulde.

Fun. Best sir! I care not.

Pog. No sir? I hope you are my Lords retainer. I neede not care a pudding for your Lord: But spare not, keepe it, for perhaps Ile play My part as well in this, as you in that,

Baff. Well said, master *Pogio*; my Lord shall know it.

Enter Cortezza, with the Broom-wench, & Rush-wench in their petticoates, clokes ouer them, with hats ouer their head-tyres.

Cort. Looke master Vsher, are these wags wel drest? I haue beene so in labour with vm truly.

Baff. Y'ave had a verie good deliurance, Ladie: How I did take her at her labour there, I vse to gird these Ladies so sometimes.

Enter Laffo, with Syluan and a Nymph, a man Bugge, and a woman.

1. I pray my Lord, must not I weare this haire?

Laff. I pray thee aske my Vsher; Come, dispatch, The duke is readie: are you readie there?

2. See master Vsher; must he weare this haire?

1. *Bug.* Pray master Vsher, where must I come in?

2. Am not I well for a *Bug*, master *Vsher* ?

Baff. What stirre is with these boyes here, God for-
giue me,

If t'were not for the credite on't, I'de see
Your apish trash afire, ere I'de indure this.

1. But pray good master *Vsher*.

Baff. Hence ye Brats,

You stand vpon your tyre ; but for your action
Which you must vse in singing of your songs,
Exceeding dexterously and full of life,
I hope youle then stand like a fort of blocks,
Without due motion of your hands, and heads,
And wresting your whole bodies to your words,
Looke too't, y'are best ; and in ; Go ; All go in :

Pog. Come in my masters ; let's be out anon.

Exeunt.

Laff. What, are all furnisht well ?

Baff. All well my Lord.

Laff. More lights then here, and let lowd mu-
sicke found.

Baff. Sound Musicke.

Exeunt.

Enter *Vincentio, Strozza bare, Margaret, Corteza, and
Cynanche bearing her traine. After her the duke
whispering with Medice, Lazzo with Baffiolo, &c.*

Alp. Aduaunce your selfe, faire Dutchesse to this
Throne,

As we have long since raisde you to our heart,
Better *decorum* neuer was beheld,
Then twixt this state and you : And as all eyes
Now fixt on your bright Graces thinke it fit,
So frame your fauour to continue it.

Mar. My Lord ; but to obey your earnest will,
And not make serious scruple of a toy,
I scarce durst haue presumde this minut's height.

Laff. Vsher, cause other musicke ; begin your shew.

Baff. Sound Confort ; warne the Pedant to be
readie.

Cor. Madam, I thinke you'll see a prettie shew.

Cyn. I can expect no lesse in such a presence.

Alp. Lo what attention and state beautie breedes,
Whose moning silence no shrill herald needes.

Enter Sarpego.

Sar. Lords of high degree,
And Ladies of low courtesie,
I the Pedant here,
Whom some call schoolmaistere,
Because I can speake best,
Approch before the rest.

Vin. A verie good reason.

Sar. But there are others comming,
Without maske or mumming :
For they are not ashamed,
If need be, to be named,
Nor will they hide their faces,
In any place or places ;
For though they seeme to come,
Loded with Rush, and Broome :
The Broomeman you must know,
Is seigneur *Pogio*,
Nephew, as shall appeare,
To my Lord *Strozza* here

Stro. O Lord, I thanke you sir, you grace me
much.

And to this noble dame,
Whome I with finger name.

Vin. A plague of that fooles finger.

Sar. And women will ensue,
Which I must tell you true,
No women are indeed,
But Pages made for need
To fill vp women's places.
By vertue of their faces,
And other hidden graces.
A hall, a hall ; whist, &c, be mum,
For now with siluer song they come.

*Enter Pogio, Fungus, with the song Broome-maid, and
Rush-maid. After which, Pogio.*

Pog. Heroes, and Heroines, of gallant straine,
 Let not these Broomes, motes in your eies remaine,
 For in the Moone, theres one beares with'red bushes:
 But we (deare wights) do beare greene broomes, green
 rushes,

Whereof these verdant herbals cleeped Broome,
 Do pierce and enter euerie Ladies roome,
 And to proue them high borne, and no base trash,
 Water, with which your phisnomies you wash,
 Is but a Broome. And more truth to deliuer,
 Grim *Hercules* swept a stable with a riuier,
 The wind that sweepes fowle cloudes out of the ayre,
 And for you Ladies makes the Welken faire,
 Is but a Broome : and O Dan *Titan* bright,
 Most clearly calld the Scauenger of night,
 What art thou, but a verie broome of gold ?
 For all this world not to be cride nor fold ;
 Philosophy, that passion sweepes from thought,
 Is the foules Broome, and by all braue wits sought,
 Now if Philosophers but Broomemen are,
 Each Broomeman then is a Philosopher.
 And so we come (gracing your gratioues Graces)
 To sweep Cares cobwebs from your cleanly faces.

Alp. Thanks good master Broomeman,

Fun. For me Rushman then,
 To make Rush ruffle in a verse of ten,
 A Rush which now your heeles doe lie on here.

Vin. Crie mercie fir.

Fun. Was whilome vsed for a pungent speare,
 In that odde battaile, neuer fought but twice
 (As *Homer* sings) betwixt the frogs and mice,
 Rushes make True-loue knots ; Rushes make rings,
 Your Rush maugre the beard of winter springs.
 And when with gentle, amorous, layfie lims,
 Each Lord with his faire Ladie sweetly swims
 On these coole Rushes ; they may with these bables,
 Cradles for children make ; children for cradles,
 And lest some Momus here might now crie push,
 Saying our pageant is not woorth a Rush,

Bundles of Rushes, lo, we hung along,
To picke his teeth that bites them with his tongue.

Stro. See, fee, that's Lord *Medice*.

Vin. Gods me, my Lord,
Haz hee pickt you out, picking of your teeth ?

Med. What picke you out of that ?

Stro. Not such stale stufte
As you picke from your teeth.

Alp. Leaue this warre with Rushes,
Good master pedant ; pray forth with your shew.

Sar. Lo thus farre then (braue duke) you see,
Meere entertainement ; Now our glee
Shall march forth in Moralitie :

{ And this queint Dutchesse here shall see
The fault of virgine Nicetie,
First wooed with Rurall courtesie,
Disburthen them, prounce on this ground,
And make your *Exit* with your Round.

Exeunt.

Well haue they daunc'd, as it is meet,
Both with their nimble heade and feet.

{ Now, as our country girls held off,
And rudely did their louers scoff ;
Our Nymph likewise shall onely glaunce
By your faire eies, and looke askaunce
Vpon her female friend that wooes her,
Who is in plaine field forc'd to loose her.
And after them, to conclude all,
The purlue of our Pastorall.
A female bug, and eke her friend,
Shall onely come and sing, and end.

Bugs song.

This Lady and Dutchesse we conclude,
Faire Virgins must not be too rude :
For though the rurall wilde and antike,
Abusde their loues as they were frantike ;
Yet take you in your Iuory clutches,
This noble Duke, and be his Dutches.

Thus thanking all for their *tacete*,
I void the roome, and cry *valete*.

Exit.

Alp. Generally well, and pleasingly performed.

Mar. Now I resigne this borrow'd maiesty,
Which fate vnseemely on my worthlesse head,
With humble seruice to your Highnesse hands.

Alp. Well you became it Lady, and I know
All heere could wish it might be euer so.

Stro. Heeres one faies nay to that.

Vin. Plague on you, peace.

Laff. Now let it please your Highnesse to accept
A homely banquet, to close these rude sports.

Alp. I thanke your Lordship much.

Baff. Bring lights, make place.

Enter Pogio in his cloke and broome-mans attire.

Pog. How d'ee my Lord ?

Alp. O master broome man, you did passing well.

Vin. A you mad flaue you ! you are a tickling
Actor.

Pog. I was not out like my Lord *Medice*.

How did you like me Aunt ?

Cyn. O rarely, rarely.

Stro. O thou hast done a worke of memory,
And raisde our house vp higher by a story.

Vin. Friend how conceit you my young mother
heere ?

Cyn. Fitter for you my Lord, than for your father.

Vin. No more of that sweete friend, those are bugs
words.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundi.

ACTVS TERTII SCÆNA PRIMA.

Medice after the song, whispers alone with his servant.

Med. Thou art my trusty seruant, and thou knowst, I haue beene euer bountifull Lord to thee, As still I will be : be thou thankfull then, And doe me now a seruice of import.

Ser. Any my Lord in compasse of my life.

Med. To morrow then the Duke intends to hunt, Where *Strozza* my despightfull enemie, Will give attendance busie in the chase, Wherein (as if by chance, when others shoothe At the wild Boare) do thou discharge at him, And with an arrow, cleave his canckerd heart.

Ser. I will not faile my Lord.

Med. Be secret then. And thou to me shalt be the dear'ſt of men.

Exeunt.

Enter Vincentio, and Baffiolo.

Vin. Now Vanitie and Policie inrich me With ſome ridiculous fortune on this Vſher. Wheres Master Vſher ?

Bass. Now I come my Lord.

Vin. Besides, good fir, your ſhew did ſhew ſo well,

Baff. Did it in deede my Lord ?

Vin. O fir, beleeue it, 'Twas the best fashiond and well orderd thing That euer eye beheld : and there withall, The fit attendance by the ſeruants vſde, The gentle guife in ſeruing euery guest, In other entertainments ; euery thing About your house ſo ſortfully disposde,

That euen as in a turne-spit calld a Lacke,
 One vice assists another ; the great wheeles
 Turning but softly, make the lesse to whirre
 About their businesse ; euery different part
 Concurring to one commendable end :
 So, and in such conformance, with rare grace,
 Were all things orderd in your good lordes house.

Baff. The most fit *simile* that euer was.

Vin. But shall I tell you plainly my conceit,
 Touching the man that I thinke causde this order ?

Baff. I good my Lord.

Vin. You note my *simile*.

Baff. Drawne from the turne-spit.

Vin. I fee you haue me,

Euen as in that quaint engine you haue seene,
 A little man in shreds stand at the winder,
 And seemes to put all things in a^ct about him,
 Lifting and pulling with a mightie stirre,
 Yet addes no force to it, nor nothing does :
 So, (though your Lord be a braue Gentleman)
 And seemes to do this busines, He does nothing ;
 Some man about him was the festiuall robe,
 That made him shew so glorious and diuine.

Baff. I cannot tell my Lord, yet I should know
 If any fuch there were.

Vin. Should know quoth you ;
 I warrant you know : well, some there be
 Shall haue the fortune to haue fuch rare men,
 (Like braue beasts to their Armes) support their state,
 When others of as high a worth and breede,
 Are made the wastefull food of them they feede :
 What state hath your Lord made you for yor seruice ?

Baff. He haz beene my good Lord, for I can
 spend

Some fifteene hundred crownes in lands a yeare,
 Which I haue gotten since I seru'd him first.

Vin. No more then fifteene hundred crownes a
 yeare ?

Baff. It is so much as makes me liue my Lord,
 Like a poore Gentleman.

Vin. Nay, tis prettie well :
But certainlye my nature does esteeme
Nothing enough for vertue ; and had I
The Duke my fathers meanes, all should be spent,
To keepe braue men about me : but good sir,
Accept this simple iewell at my hands,
Till I can worke perswasion of my friendship,
With worthier arguments.

Baff. No good my Lord,
I can by no meanes merite the free bounties
You haue bestowed besides.

Vin. Nay, be not strange,
But doe your selfe right, and be all one man
In all your actions, doe not thinke but some
Haue extraordinarie spirites like your selfe,
And wil not stand in their societie,
On birth and riches : but on worth and vertue,
With whom there is no nicenesse, nor respect
Of others common friendship ; be he poore
Or basely borne, so he be rich in soule,
And noble in degrees of qualities,
He shall be my friend sooner then a King.

Baff. 'Tis a most kingly iudgement in your lord-
ship,

Vin. Faith sir I know not, but tis my vaine
humour.

Baff. O, tis an honour in a Nobleman.

Vin. Y'auе some lords now so politike and proud,
They skorne to giue good lookes to worthy men.

Baff. O fie vpon vm ; by that light my lord,
I am but feruant to a Nobleman,
But if I would not skorne such puppet lords,
Would I weare breathlesse.

Vin. You sir ? so you may,
For they will cogge so when they wish to vse men,
With, pray be couerd sir, I beseech you fit,
Whoe's there ? waite of Master Vsher to the doore.
O, these be godly gudgeons : where's the deedes ?
The perfect Nobleman ?

Baff. O good my Lord.

Vin. Away, away, ere I would flatter so,
I would eate rushes like lord *Medici*.

Bass. Well, wel my Lord, would there were more
such Princes.

Vin. Alas, twere pitty sir, they would be gull'd
Out of their very skinnes.

Baff. Why how are you my lord ?

Vin. Who I, I care not :
If I be gull'd where I professe plaine loue,
T'will be their faults you know.

Baff. O t'were their shames.

Vin. Well, take my iewell, you shall not be strange,
I loue not manie words.

Baff. My lord, I thanke you, I am of few words
too.

Vin. Tis friendlie said,
You proue your selfe a friend, and I would haue you
Aduance your thoughts, and lay about for state,
Worthy your vertues : be the Mineon
Of some great King or Duke : there's *Medici*,
The Minion of my Father : O the Father !
What difference is there ? but I cannot flatter
A word to wise men.

Baff. I perceiue your Lordship.

Vin. Your Lordship ? talke you now like a friend ?
Is this plaine kindnesse ?

Baff. Is it not my Lord ?

Vin. A palpable flattring figure for men common ;
A my word I should thinke, if twere another,
He meant to gull mee.

Baff. Why tis but your due.

Vin. Tis but my due : if youle be still a stranger :
But as I wish to choose you for my friend,
As I intend when God shall call my father,
To do I can tell what : but let that passe,
Thus tis not fit ; let my friend be familiar,
Vse not me Lordship, nor yet call me Lord,
Nor my whole name *Vincentio* ; but *vince*,

As they call Iacke or Will, tis now in vse,
Twixt men of no equality or kindnesse.

Bass. I shall be quickely bold enough my Lord.

Vin. Nay, see how still you vse that coy terme,
Lord

What argues this, but that you shunne my friendship ?

Bass. Nay, pray say not so.

Vin. Who should not say so ?

Will you afford me now no name at all ?

Bass. What should I call you ?

Vin. Nay, then tis no matter.

But I told you *Vince*.

Bass. Why then my sweete *Vince*.

Vin. Whie so then ; and yet still there is a fault,
In vsing these kind words, without kinde deedes :
Pray thee imbrace me too.

Bass. Why then sweete *Vince*.

Vin. Why, now I thank you, sblood shall friends
be strange ?

Where there is plainenesse, there is euer truth :

And I will still be plaine since I am true :

Come let vs lie a little, I am wearie.

Bass. And so am I, I fweare since yesterday.

Vin. You may fir by my faith ; and firra, hark
thee,

What lordship wouldest thou wish to haue, ifaith,

When my old father dies ?

Bass. Who I ? alas.

Vin. O not you, well fir, you shall haue none,
You are as coy a peece as your Lords daughter.

Bass. Who, my mistris ?

Vin. Indeede, is she your Mistris ?

Bass. I faith sweet *Vince*, since she was three yeare
old.

Vin. And are not wee too friends ?

Bass. Who doubts of that ?

Vin. And are not two friends one ?

Bass. Euen man and wife.

Vin. Then what to you sheis, to me she should be.

Baff. Why *Vince*, thou wouldst not haue her ?

Vin. O not I : I doe not fancie any thing like you.

Baff. Nay but I pray thee tell me.

Vi. You do not meane to marry her your self ?

Baff. Not I by heauen.

Vin. Take heede now, do not gull me.

Baff. No by that candle.

Vin. Then will I be plaine.

Thinke you she dotes not too much on my father ?

Baff. O yes, no doubt on't.

Vin. Nay, I pray you speake.

Baff. You feely man you, she cannot abide him.

Vin. Why sweete friend pardon me, alas I knew not.

Baff. But I doe note you are in some things simple,

And wrong your selfe too much.

Vin. Thanke you good friend,

For your playne dealing, I doe meane so well.

Baff. But who saw euer summer mixt with winter ?

There must be equall yeares where firme loue is.

Could we two loue so well so foddainely

Were we not some thing equaller in yeares,

Than he and shee are ?

Vi. I cry ye mercy sir, I know we could not, but yet be not too bitter,

Considering loue is fearefull. And sweete friend,

I haue a letter t'intreate her kindnesse

Which if you would conuay.

Baff. I, if I would, sir ?

Vin. Why fayth, deare friend, I would not die requiteleffe.

Baff. Would you not so sir ?

By heauen a little thing would make me boxe you,

Which if you would conuaie ? why not I pray ?

Which (friend) thou shalt conuaie.

Vin. Which friend, you shall then.

Baff. Well friend, and I will then.

Vin. And vse some kinde perswasive wordes for me ?

Buff. The best I sweare that my poore toungh can
forȝe.

Vin. I, wel said, poore toungh : O tis rich in meeke-
ness ;

You are not knowne to speake well ? You haue wonne
Direction of the Earle and all his house,
The fauour of his daughter, and all Dames
That euer I sawe, come within your sight,
With a poore tongue ? A plague a your sweete lippes.

Buff. Well, we will doe our best : And faith my
Vince,

She shall haue an vnweldie and dull soule,
If she be nothing moou'd with my poore tongue,
Call it no better ; Be it what it will.

Vin. Well said ifaith ; Now if I doe not thinke
Tis possible, besides her bare receipt
Of that my Letter, with thy friendly tongue,
To get an answere of it, neuer trust me.

Buff. An answer man ? Sbloud make no doubt of
that.

Vin. By heauen I thinke so ; now a plague of Nature,
That she giues all to some, and none to others.

Buff. How I endeare him to me ! Come *Vince*,
rise,

Next time I see her, I will giue her this :
Which when she fees, sheele think it wondrous strange
Loue should goe by descent, and make the sonne
Follow the father in his amorous steppes.

Vin. She needs must thinke it strange, that neuer
yet saw

I durst speake to her, or had scarce hir sight.

Buff. Well *Vince*, I sweare thou shalt both see and
kisse her.

Vin. Sweares my deere friend ? by what ?

Buff. Euen by our friendship.

Vin. O sacred oath ! which, how long will you
keepe ?

Baff. While there be bees in *Hybla*, or white swannes

In bright *Meander*; while the banks of *Po*
Shall beare braue lillies; or Italian dames
Be called the Bonerobes of the world.

Vin. Tis elegantly faid: and when I faile,
Let there be found in *Hybla* hiues no bees;
Let no swannes swimme in bright *Meander* streame,
Nor lillies spring vpon the banks of *Po*,
Nor let one fat Italian dame be found,
But leane and brawn-falne; I, and scarfly found.

Baff. It is enough, but lets imbrace with all.

Vin. With all my hart.

Baff. So, now farewell fweet *Vince.* *Exit.*

Vin. Farewell my worthie friend, I thinke I haue
him.

Enter Baffiolo.

Baff. I had forgot the parting phrase he taught me,
I commend me t'ee fir. *Exit instant.*

Vin. At your wisht seruice fir:
O fine friend, he had forgot the phrase:
How serious apish soules are in vaine forme:
Well, he is mine, and he being trusted most
With my dear loue, may often worke our meeting,
And being thus ingagde, dare not reueale.

Enter Pogio in hasie, Strozza following.

Po. Horse, horse, horse, my lord, horse, your father
is going a hunting.

Vin. My Lord horse? you asse you, d'ee call my
Lord horse?

Stro. Nay, he speakes huddles still, lets slit his
tongue.

Po. Nay good vnkle now, sbloud, what captious
marchants you be; so the Duke tooke me vp euen
now: my lord vnckle heere, and my old lord *Lasso*, by
heauen y' are all too witty for me, I am the veriest
foole on you all, Ile be sworne.

Vin. Therein thou art worth vs all, for thou knowst thy selfe.

Stro. But your wisedom was in a pretty taking last night ; was it not I pray ?

Pog. O, for taking my drink a little ? ifaith my Lord, for that you shall haue the best sport preſently with Madam *Corteza*, that euer was ; I haue made her ſo drunke, that ſhe does nothing but kiffe my Lord *Medice*.

See ſhee comes riding the Duke, ſhees paſſing well mounted, beleeue it.

Enter Alphonſo, Corteza, Cynanche, Baffiolo first, two women attendants, and huntſ-men, Laffo.

Alph. Good wench forbeare.

Cort. My Lord, you muſt put forth your ſelfe among Ladies, I warrant you haue much in you, if you would ſhew it ; ſee, a cheeke a twentie ; the bodie of a *George*, a good legge ſtill ; ſtill a good calfe, and not flabby, nor hanging I warrant you ; a brawne of a thumb here, and t'were a pulld partridge ; Neece *Meg*, thou ſhalt haue the sweetest bedfellow on him, that euer call'd Ladie husband ; trie him you shamefac'd bable you, trie him.

Mar. Good Madame be rulde.

Cort. What a nice thing it is, my Lord, you muſt ſet forth this gere, and kiffe her ; yfaith you muſt ; get you togither and be naughts awhile, get you together.

Alph. Now what a merrie harmleſſe dame it is !

Cort. My Lord *Medice*, you are a right noble man, & wil do a woman right in a wrong matter and neede be ; pray do you giue the duke enſample vpon me ; you come a wooing to me now ; I accept it.

Laff. What meane you ſister ?

Cort. Pray my Lord away ; conſider me as I am, a woman.

Pog. Lord, how I haue whittld her ?

Cort. You come a wooing to me now ; pray thee Duke marke my Lord *Medice* ; and do you marke me

virgin ; Stand you aside, my Lord, all, and you ; giue place ; now, my Lord *Medice* ; put case I be strange a little, yet you like a man put me to it. Come kiffe me my Lord, be not ashame,

Med. Not I Madame, I come not a wooing to you.

Cort. Tis no matter my Lord, make as though you did, and come kiffe me ; I won't be strange a whit.

Laff. Fie sister, y' are too blame ; pray will you goe to your chamber.

Cort. Why, harke you brother.

Laff. Whats the matter ?

Cort. Dee thinke I am drunke ?

Laff. I thinke so truly.

Cort. But are you sure I am drunke ?

Laff. Else I would not thinke so.

Cort. But, I would be glad to be sure on't.

Laff. I assure you then.

Cort. Why then say nothing ; & Ile beg one God bwy lord, duke Ile come againe anone. *Exit.*

Laff. I hope your Grace will pardon her my liege, For tis most strange ; shees as discrete a dame As any in these countries, and as sober, But for this onely humour of the cup.

Alp. Tis good my Lord sometimes : Come, to our hunting ; now tis time I thinke.

Omn. The verie best time of the day, my Lord.

Alp. Then my Lord, I will take my leaue till night, Reseruing thanks for all my entertainment, Till I returne ; in meantime, louely dame, Remember the high state you last presented, And thinke it was not a mere festiuall shew, But an essentia type of that you are In full consent of all my faculties, And harke you good my Lord.

Vin. & St. haue al this while talked togither a prettie way.

Vin. See now, they whisper Some priuate order, (I dare lay my life)

For a forc'd marriage t'wixt my loue and father,
I therefore must make sure : and noble friends,
Ile leaue you all, when I haue brought you forth,
And seene you in the chace ; meane-while obserue
In all the time this solemne hunting lafts,
My father and his minion *Medice*,
And note, if you can gather any signe,
That they have mist me, and suspect my being,
If which fall out, send home my Page before.

Stro. I will not faile my Lord.

Medice whispers with 1. Huntsman all this while.

Med. Now, take thy time.

Hunt. I warrant you my Lord, he shall not scape
me.

Alp. Now my deere Mistresse, till our sports in-
tended

end with my absence, I will take my leaue.

Laff. *Baffiolo*, attend you on my daughter.

Exeunt.

Baff. I will my Lord.

Vin. Now will the sport beginne : I think my loue
Will handle him, as well as I haue doone. *Exit.*

Cyn. Madam, I take my leaue, and humblie thanke
you. *Exit.*

Mar. Welcome good madam ; mayds wait on my
Lady.

Baff. So mistris, this is fit.

Mar. Fit, fir, why so ?

Baff. Why so ? I haue most fortunate newes for
you.

Mar. For me fir ? I beseech you what are they ?

Baff. Merit and Fortune, for you both agree ;
Merit what you haue, and haue what you merit.

Mar. Lord with what Rhetorike you prepare your
newes !

Baff. I need not ; for the plaine contents they
beare

Vtred in any words, deserue their welcome,

And yet I hope the words will serue the turne.

Mar. What, in a letter ?

Baff. Why not ? *Mar.* Whence is it ?

Baff. From one that will not shame it with his name.

And that is Lord *Vincentio*.

Mar. King of heauen !

Is the man madde ?

Baff. Mad Madam, why ?

Mar. O heauen, I muse a man of your importance, Will offer to bring me a letter thus ?

Baff. Why, why good Mistresse, are you hurt in that ?

Your answser may be what you will your selfe.

Mar. I, but you should not doe it : Gods my life, You shall answser it.

Baff. Nay, you must answser it.

Mar. I answser it ! are you the man I trusted ?

And will betray me to a stranger thus ?

Baff. Thats nothing, dame, all friends were strangers first.

Mar. Now was there euer woman ouerseene so, In a wife mans discretion ?

Baff. Your braine is shallow, come, receiue this letter.

Mar. How dare you say so ? when you know so well

How much I am engaged to the duke ?

Baff. The duke ? a proper match : a graue olde gentman :

Haz beard at will ; and would, in my conceyт, Make a most excellent patterne, for a potter To haue his picture stamp't on a Iugge.

To keepe ale-knights in memorie of sobrietie.

Heere gentle madam, take it.

Mar. Take it fir ?

Am I common taker of loue letters ?

Baff. Common ? why when receiu'd you one before ?

Mar. Come, tis no matter ; I had thought your care

Of my bestowing, would not tempt me thus
To one I know not ; but it is because
You know I dote so much on your direction.

Baff. On my direction ?

Mar. No sir, Not on yours.

Baff. Well mistris, if you will take my aduice
At any time, then take this letter now.

Mar. Tis strange, I woonder the coy gentleman,
That seeing mee so oft, would neuer speake,
Is on the sodaine so far wrapt to write.

Baff. It shewd his iudgement that he would not
speake

Knowing with what a strict and iealous eie
He should be noted ; holde, if you loue your selfe ;
Now will you take this letter ? pray be rulde.

Mar. Come, you haue such another plaguie toungh,
And yet yfayth I will not.

Baff. Lord of heauen,
What, did it burne your hands ? holde, hold, I pray,
And let the words within it fire your heart

Mar. I woonder how the deuill, he found you out
To be his spokesman,—O the duke would thanke you,
If he knew how you vrgde me for his sonne.

Baff. The duke ? I haue fretted her,
Euen to the liuer, and had much adoe
To make her take it, but I knew t'was sure ;
For he that cannot turne and winde a woman
Like filke about his finger, is no man,
Ile make her answer't too.

Mar. O here's good stufse.
Hold, pray take it for your paines to bring it.

Baff. Ladie, you erre in my reward a little,
Which must be a kind answere to this letter.

Mar. Nay then yfaith, t'were best you brought a
Priest ;
And then your client ; and then keepe the doore.
Gods me I neuer knew so rude a man.

Baff. Wel, you shall answer ; Ile fetch pen and
paper.

Exit.

Mar. Poore Vsher, how wert thou wrought to this
brake ?

Men worke on one another for we women,
Nay each man on himselfe ; and all in one
Say ; No man is content that lies alone.
Here comes our gulled Squire.

Baff. Here Mistresse, write.

Mar. What shoulde I write ?

Baff. An answere to this letter.

Mar. Why fir, I see no cause of answere in it,
But if you needs will shew how much you rule me,
Sit downe ; and answere it, as you please your selfe,
Here is your paper, lay it faire afore you.

Baff. Lady, content, Ile be your Secretorie.

Mar. I fit him in this taske ; he thinkes his penne
The Shaft of *Cupid*, in an amorous letter

Baff. Is heere no great worth of your answere say
you ?

Beleeue it, tis exceedingly well writ.

Mar. So much the more vnfitt for me to answere,
And therefore let your Stile and it contend.

Baff. Well, you shall see I will not be farre short,
Although (indeede) I cannot write so well
When one is by, as when I am alone.

Mar. O, a good Scribe must write, though twenty
talke,

and he talke to them too.

Baff. Well, you shall see.

Mar. A proper peece of Scribeship theres no doubt ;
Some words, pickt out of Proclamations,
Or great mens Speeches ; or well-felling Pamphlets :
See how he rubbes his temples : I beleeue
His Muse lies in the backe-part of his braine,
Which thicke and grosse, is hard to be brought forward,
What ? is it loath to come ?

Baff. No, not a whit :
Pray hold your peace a little.

Mar. He sweates, with bringing on his heauie stile,
Ile plie him still, till he fweate all his wit out,

What man, not yet ?

Baff. Swoons, yowle not extort it from a man,
How do you like the worde Endeare ?

Mar. O fie vpon't.

Baff. Nay, then I fee your iudgement : what fay
you to condole ?

Mar. Worse and worse.

Baff. O braue ! I should make a sweete answere,
if I should vse no words but of your admittance.

Mar. Well fir, write what you please.

Baff. Is modell a good word with you ?

Mar. Put them toghether I pray.

Baff. So I will I warrant you.

Mar. See, see, see, now it comes powring downe.

Baff. I hope youle take no exceptions to beleue
it.

Mar. Out vpon 't, that phrase is so runne out of
breath in trifles, that we shall haue no beleefe at all in
earnest shortly. Beleeue it tis a prettie feather ; be-
leeue it a daintie Rush ; beleeue it an excellent Cocks-
combe.

Baff. So, fo, fo, your exceptions fort very col-
laterally.

Mar. Collaterally ? theres a fine word now ; wrest
in that if you can by any meanes.

Baff. I thought she would like the very worst of
them all, how thinke you ? do not I write, and heare,
and talke too now ?

Mar. By my soule, if you can tell what you write
now, you write verie readily.

Baff. That you shall see straight.

Mar. But do you not write that you speake now ?

Baff. O yes, doe you not see how I write it ?
I can not write when any bodie is by me, I.

Mar. Gods my life, stay man ; youle make it too
long.

Baff. Nay, if I can not tell what belongs to the
length of a Ladies deuice yfaith.

Mar. But I will not haue it so long.

Baff. If I cannot fit you ?

Mar. O me ; how it comes vpon him ? prethee be short.

Baff. Wel, now I haue done, & now I wil reade it ; your Lordships motiue accomodating my thoughts, with the very model of my hearts mature consideration : it shall not be out of my Element to negotiate with you in this amorous duello ; wherein I will condole with you, that our proiect cannot be so collaterally made, as our endeared hearts may verie well feeme to insinuate.

Mar. No more : no more ; fie vpon this.

Baff. Fie vpon this ? hees accurst that haz to doe with these vnsound women, of iudgement : if this be not good yfaith.

Mar. But tis so good, t'will not be thought to come from a womans braine.

Baff. Thats another matter.

Mar. Come, I will write my selfe.

Baff. A Gods name Lady : and yet I will not loose this I warrant you ; I know for what Ladie this will serue as fit ; now we shall haue a sweete peece of inditement.

Mar. How spell you foolish ?

Baff. F, oo, l, i, sh ; she will presume t' endite that cannot spel.

Mar. How spell you *Vsher* ?

Baff. Sblood, you put not in those words togither, do you ?

Mar. No, not togither.

Baff. What is betwixt I pray ?

Mar. Asse the.

Baff. Asse the ? Betwixt foolish, and *Vsher*, Gods my life, foolish Asse the *Vsher* ?

Mar. Nay then you are so iealous of your wit : now reade all I haue written I pray.

Baff. I am not so foolish as the *Vsher* would make

me: O so foolish as the Vsher would make me?
Wherin would I make you foolish?

Mar. Why fir, in willing me to beleue he lou'd
me so wel, being so meere a stranger.

Bass. O, is't so? you may say so indeed.

Mar. Cry mercie fir, and I will write so too, & yet
my hand is so vile, Pray thee sit thee downe and write
as I bid thee.

Bass. With all my heart Lady, what shall I write
now?

Mar. You shall write this fir, I am not so foolish
to thinke you loue me, being so meere a stranger.

Bass. So meere a stranger!

Mar. And yet I know, loue works strangely.

Bass. Loue workes strangely.

Mar. And therefore take heed, by whom you speake
for loue.

Bass. Speake for loue.

Mar. For he may speake for himselfe.

Bass. May speake for himselfe.

Mar. Not that I desire it,

Bass. Desire it.

Mar. But if he do; you may speede, I confesse.

Bass. Speede I confesse.

Mar. But let that passe, I do not loue to discour-
age any bodie—

Bass. Discourage any bodie.

Mar. Do you, or he, picke out what you can; & so
farewell.

Bass. And so fare well. Is this all?

Mar. I, and he may thanke your Syrens tongue that
it is so much.

Bass. A proper Letter if you mark e it.

Mar. Well fir, though it be not so proper as the
writer; yet tis as proper as the inditer; Euerie woman
cannot be a gentleman Vsher; they that cannot go
before, must come behind.

Bass. Well Ladie, this I will carrie instantly,

I commend me tee Ladie.

Exit.

Mar. Pittifull Vsher, what a prettie sleight,
Goes to the working vp of euerie thing ?
What sweet varietie serues a womans wit ?
We make men sue to vs for that we wish.
Poore men ; hold out awhile ; and do not sue,
And spite of Custome we will sue to you.

Exit.

Finis Actus tertij.

ACTVS QVARTI, SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter Pogio running in, and knocking at Cynanches doore.

Pog. O God, how wearie I am ? Aunt, Madam, *Cynanche*, Aunt ?

Cyn. How now ?

Pog. O God, Aunt : O God Aunt : O God.

Cyn. What bad newes brings this man ? where is my Lord ?

Pog. O Aunt, my Vnkle, hees shot.

Cyn. Shot, ay me ! How is he shot ?

Pog. Why, with a forked shaft

As he was hunting, full in his left fide.

Cyn. O me accurst, where is hee ? bring me, where ?

Pog. Comming with Doctor *Beniuemus*,
Ile leaue you, and goe tell my Lord *Vincentio*.

Exit.

Enier Beniuemus with others, bringing in Strozza with an arrow in his fide.

Cyn. See the sad fight, I dare not yeeld to grieve,
But force faind patience to recomfort him :
My Lord, what chance is this ? how fares your lordship ?

Stro. Wounded, and faint with anguish, let me rest.

Ben. A chaire.

Cyn. O Doctor, ist a deadly hurt ?

Ben. I hope not Madam, though not free from danger.

Cyn. Why plucke you not the arrow from his fide ?

Ben. We cannot Lady, the forckt head so fast
Stickes in the bottome of his follide ribbe.

Stro. No meane then Doctor rests there to educe it?

Ben. This onely, my good Lord, to giue your wound

A greater orifice, and in funder break
The pierced ribbe ; which being so neere the midriffe,
And opening to the region of the heart,
Will be exceeding dangerous to your life.

Stro. I will not see my bosome mangled so,
Nor sternely be anatomizde aliue,
Ile rather perish with it sticking still.

Cyn. O no ; sweete doctor thinke vpon some help.

Ben. I tolde you all that can be thought in Arte,
Which since your Lordship will not yeelde to vse,
Our last hope rests in Natures secret aide,
Whose power at length may happily expell it.

Stro. Must we attend at deaths abhorred doore,
The torturing delaies of flauish Nature ?
My life is in mine owne powers to dissolue :
And why not then the paines that plague my life ?
Rife furies, and this furie of my bane,
Affaile and conquer ; what men madnesse call :
(That hath no eye to sense, but frees the soule,
Exempt of hope, and feare with instant fate)
Is manliest reason , manliest reason then,
Resolue and rid me of this brutish life,
Hasten the cowardly protracted cure
Of all diseases : King of Phisitians, death,
Ile dig thee from this Mine of miserie.

Cyn. O hold my Lord, this is no christian part,
Nor yet skarce manly, when your mankinde foe,
Imperious death shall make your grones his trumpets
To summon resignation of lifes Fort,
To flie without resistance ; you must force
A countermine of Fortitude, more deepe
Than this poore Mine of paines, to blow him vp,
And spight of him liue victor, though subdu'd :
Patience in torment, is a valure more
Than euer crownd *Th' Alcmenean Conquerour.*

Stro. Rage is the vent of torment, let me rise.

Cyn. Men doe but crie, that rage in miseries,
And scarcely beaten children, become cries :
Paines are like womens clamors, which the leſſe
They find mens patience stirred, the more they ceaſe.
Of this tis ſaid, afflictions bring to God,
Because they make vs like him, drinking vp
Ioyes that deforme vs with the luſts of feneſe,
And turne our generall being into ſoule,
Whose actions ſimply formed and applied,
Draw all our bodies frailties from reſpect.

Stro. Away with this vnmedcinal balme
Of worded breath ; forbeare friends, let me reſt,
I ſweare I will be bands vnto my ſelfe.

Ben. That will become your lordſhip best indeed.

Stro. Ile breake away, and leape into the ſea.
Or from ſome Turret caſt me hedlong downe,
To ſhauer this fraile carkaffe into dufſt.

Cyn. O my deare Lord, what vnlike words are
theſe,
To the late fruits of your religious Nobleſſe ?

Stro. Leauē me fond woman.

Cyn. Ile be hewne from hence
Before I leauē you ; helpe me gentle Doctoṛ.

Ben. Haue patience good my Lord.

Stro. Then leade me in,
Cut off the timber of this cursed Shaft,
And let the fork'd pile canker to my heart.

Cyn. Deare Lord, reſolute on humble ſufferance.

Stro. I will not heare thee, woman, be content.

Cyn. O neuer ſhall my counſailes ceaſe to knocke
At thy impatient eares, till they flie in
And ſalue with Christian patience, Pagan finne.

Exeunt.

Enter Vincentio with a letter in his hand, Baffiolo.

Baff. This is her lettter fir, you now ſhall ſee
How ſeely a thing tis in reſpect of mine,
And what a ſimple woman ſhe haz prou'd,

To refuse mine for hers ; I pray looke heere.

Vin. Soft sir, I know not, I being her fworn ter-
uant,

If I may put vp these diſgracefull words,
Giuen of my Mistris, without touch of honour.

Baff. Diſgracefull words ; I protest I speake not
To diſgrace her, but to grace my ſelfe.

Vin. Nay then fir, if it be to grace your ſelfe,
I am content ; but otherwise you know,
I was to take exceptions to a King.

Baff. Nay, y'are ith right for that ; but reade I
pray, if there be not more choice words in that letter,
than in any three of *Gueuaras* golden epiftles, I am a
very aſle. How thinke you *Vince* ?

Vin. By heauen no leſſe fir, it is the beſt thing ;
he rends it.

Gods what a beaſt am I.

Baff. It is no matter, I can ſet it together againe.

Vin. Pardon me, fir, I protest I was rauisht : but
was it poſſible ſhe ſhould preferre hers before this ?

Baff. O fir, ſhe criðe fie vpon this.

Vin. Well, I muſt ſay nothing, loue is blind you
know, and can finde no fault in his beloued.

Baff. Nay, that's moſt certaine.

Vin. Gee't me : Ile haue this letter.

Baff. No good *Vince*, tis not worth it.

Vin. Ile ha't iſaith, heeres enough in it to ferue
for my letters as long as I liue ; Ile keepe it to
breede on as twere :

But I muſt wonder you could make her write.

Baff. Indeede there were ſome words belongd to
that.

Vin. How ſtrong an influence works in well
plac'd words,

Aud yet there muſt be a prepared loue,
To giue thoſe words ſo mighty a command,
Or twere imposſible they ſhould moue ſo muſch :
And will you tell me true ?

Baff. In any thing.

Vin. Does not this Lady loue you ?

Baff. Loue me ? why yes ; I thinke she does not hate me.

Vin. Nay but ifaith, does she not loue you dearely ?

Baff. No I protest.

Vin. Nor haue you neuer kist her ?

Baff. Kist her, that's nothing.

Vin. But you know my meaning :

Haue you not beene, as one would say, afore me ?

Baff. Not I, I sweare. *Vin.* O, y'are too true [to tell.

Baff. Nay be my troth, she haz, I must confesse, Vsde me with good respect, and nobly still, But for such matters.

Vin. Verie little more,

Would make him take her maidenhead vpon him :

Well friend, I rest yet in a little doubt,

This was not hers.

Baff. T'was by that light that shines, And Ile goe fetch her to you to confirme it.

Vin. A passing friend.

Baff. But when she comes, in any case be bold, And come vpon her with some pleasing thing, To shew y'are please : howeuer she behaues her, As for example ; if she turne her backe, Use you that action you would doe before, And court her thus ; Lady your backe part is as faire to me, as is your fore part.

Vin. T'will be most pleasing.

Baff. I, for if you loue

One part aboue another, 'tis a signe
You like not all alike, and the worst part
About your Mistris, you must thinke as faire,
As sweete, and daintie, as the very best,
So much, for so much, and considering too,
Each feuerall limbe and member in his kinde.

Vin. As a man should.

Baff. True, will you thinke of this ?

Vin. I hope I shall.

Baff. But if she chance to laugh,
You must not lose your countenance, but deuise
Some speech to shew you please, euen being laugh'd at.

Vin. I, but what speech?

Baff. Gods pretious man! do something of your
selfe?
But Ile deuise a speech. *he studies.*

Vin. Inspire him folly.

Baff. Or tis no matter, be but bold enough,
And laugh when she laughs, and it is enough
Ile fetch her to you. *Exit.*

Vin. Now was there euer such a demilance,
To beare a man so cleare through thicke and thinne?

Enter Baffiolo.

Baff. Or harke you sir, if she should steale a
laughter

Vnder her fanne, thus you may say, sweete Lady,
If you will laugh and lie downe, I am please.

Vin. And so I were by heauen, how know you
that?

Baff. Slid man, Ile hit your very thoughts in these
things.

Vin. Fetch her sweete friend, Ile hit your words I
warrant,

Baff. Be bold then *Vince*, and presse her to it hard,
A shamefac'd man is of all women barr'd. *Exit.*

Vin. How easly worthless men take worth vpon
them,

And being ouer credulous of their owne worths,
Doe vnderprize as much the worth of others.

The foole is rich, and absurd riches thinks
All merit is rung out, where his purse chinks.

Enter Baffiolo and Margaret.

Baff. My Lord, with much intreayt heeres my
Lady.

Nay, Madam, looke not backe: why *Vince* I say?

Mar. *Vince*? O monstrosie feast!

Baff. To her for shame.

Vin. Lady, your backe part is as sweete to me
As all your fore part.

Baff. He miss'd alittle: he said her back part was sweet, when he should haue said faire; but see, she laughs most fitly, to bring in the tother: *Vince*, to her againe, she laughs.

Vin. Laugh you faire Dame? If you will laugh and lie downe, I am pleasede.

Mar. What villanous stiffe is heere?

Baff. Sweet Mistris, of meere grace imbolden now The kind young Prince heere, it is onely loue Vpon my protestation, that thus daunts His most Heroicke spirit: so a while Ile leauue you close together; *Vince*, I say — *Exit.*

Mar. O horrible hearing, does he call you *Vince*?

Vin. O I, what else? and I made him imbrace me, Knitting a most familiar league of friendship.

Mar. But wherefore did you court me so absurdly?

Vin. Gods me, he taught me, I spake out of him.

Mar. O fie vpon't, could you for pitty make him Such a poore creature? twas abuse enough To make him take on him such fawcie friendship; And yet his place is great; for hees not onely My fathers Vsher, but the worlds beside, Because he goes before it all in folly.

Vin. Well, in these homely wiles, must our loues maske,

Since power denies him his apparent right.

Mar. But is there no meane to dissolue that power, And to preuent all further wrong to vs, Which it may worke, by forcing Mariage rites, Betwixt me and the Duke?

Vin. No meane but one, And that is closely to be maried first, Which I perceiue not how we can performe: For at my fathers comming backe from hunting, I feare your father and himselfe resolute, To barre my interest with his present nuptialls.

Mar. That shall they neuer doe; may not we now Our contract make, and marie before heauen? Are not the lawes of God and Nature, more

Than formall lawes of men ? are outward rites,
 More vertuous then the very substance is
 Of holy nuptialls solemnizde within ?
 Or shall lawes made to curbe the common world,
 That would not be contain'd in forme without them,
 Hurt them that are a law vnto themselues ?
 My princely loue, tis not a Priest shall let vs :
 But since th' eternall acts of our pure foules,
 Knit vs with God, the soule of all the world,
 He shall be Priest to vs ; and with such rites
 As we can heere deuise, we will expresse,
 And strongly ratifie our hearts true vowes,
 Which no externall violence shall dissolue.

Vin. This is our onely meane t'enjoy each other
 And, my deare life, I will deuise a forme
 To execute the substance of our mindes,
 In honor'd nuptialls. First then hide your face
 With this your spotlesse white and virgin vaile :
 Now this my skarfe Ile knit about your arme,
 As you shall knit this other end on mine,
 And as I knit it, heere I vow by Heaven,
 By the most sweete imaginarie ioyes,
 Of vntride nuptialls ; by loues vshering fire,
 Fore-melting beautie, and loues flame it selfe,
 As this is soft and pliant to your arme
 In a circumferent flexure, so will I
 Be tender of your welfare and your will,
 As of mine owne, as of my life and soule,
 In all things, and for euer ; onelie you
 Shall haue this care in fulnesse, onelie you
 Of all dames shall be mine, and onelie you
 Ile court, command and ioy in, till I die.

Mar. With like conceit on your arme this I tie,
 And heere in sight of heauen, by it I sweare
 By my loue to you, which commands my life,
 By the deare price of such a constant husband,
 As you haue vowed to be : and by the ioy
 I shall imbrace by all meanes to requite you :
 Ile be as apt to gourne as this filke,

As priuate as my face is to this vaile,
And as farre from offence, as this from blackneffe.
I will be courted of no man but you,
In, and for you shall be my ioyes and woes :
If you be sicke, I will be sicke, though well :
If you be well, I will be well, though sicke :
Your selfe alone my compleat world shall be,
Euen from this houre, to all eternity.

Vin. It is inough and binds as much as marriage.

Enter Baffiolo.

Baff. Ile see in what plight my poore louer stands,
Gods me ! a beckons me to haue me gone,
It seemes hees entred into some good vaine :
Ile hence, loue cureth when he vents his paine. *Exit.*

Vin. Now my sweet life, we both remember well
What we haue vow'd shall all be kept entire
Maugre our fathers wraths, danger and death :
And to confirme this, shall we spend our breath
Be well aduisde, for yet your choice shall be
In all things as before, as large and free.

Mar. What I haue vow'd, Ile keepe euen past my
death.

Vin. And I : and now in token I dissolue
Your virgin state, I take this snowie vaile,
From your much fairer face, and claime the dues
Of sacred nuptialls : and now fairest heauen,
As thou art infinitely raisde from earth,
Diffrent and opposite, so bleſſe this match,
As farre remou'd from Customes popular ſects,
And as vnſtained with her abhorrd reſpects.

Enter Baffiolo.

Baff. Mistris, away, *Pogio* runnes vp and downe,
Calling for Lord *Vincentio* ; come away,
For hitherward he bends his clamorous haste.

Mar. Remember loue. *Exit Mar. and Baffiolo.*

Vin. Or elſe forget me heauen.
Why am I ſought for by this *Pogio* ?

The Asse is great with child of some ill newes,
His mouth is neuer fill'd with other found.

Enter Pogio.

Pog. Where is my Lord *Vincentio*? where is my Lord?

Vin. Here he is Asse! what an exclaiming keep'st thou?

Pog. Slood, my Lord, I have followed you vp and downe like a *Tantalus* pig, till I haue worne out my hose here abouts, Ile be fworne, and yet you call me Asse still; But I can tell you passing ill newes my Lord.

Vin. I know that well sir, thou neuer bring'st other; what's your newes now, I pray?

Pog. O Lord, my Lord vnkle is shot in the side with an arrow.

Vin. Plagues take thy tongue, is he in any danger?

Pog. O danger; I, he haz lien speechlesse this two houres, and talkes so idly.

Vin. Accursed newes, where is he, bring me to him.

Pog. Yes, do you lead, and Ile guide you to him.

Exeunt.

Enter Strozza; brought in a Chaire, Cynanche, Benenemus, with others.

Cyn. How fares it now with my deare Lord and husband?

Stro. Come neere me wife, I fare the better farre
For the sweete food of thy divine aduice,
Let no man value at a little price.

A vertuous womans counfaile, her wing'd spirit,
Is featherd oftentimes with heauenly words;
And (like her beautie) rauishing, and pure.
The weaker bodie, still the stronger soule,
When good endeuours do her powers applie,
Her loue drawes neerest mans felicitie,
O what a treasure is a vertuous wife,
Discreet and louing, Not one gift on earth,

Makes a mans life so highly bound to heauen ;
She giues him double forces, to endure
And to enjoy ; by being one with him,
Feeling his Ioies and Griefes with equall fence ;
And like the twins *Hypocrates* reports :
If he fetch sighes, she drawes her breath as short :
If he lament, she melts her selfe in teares :
If he be glad, she triumphs ; if he stirre,
She moou's his way ; in all things his sweete Ape :
And is in alterations passing strange.
Himselfe diuinely varied without change :
Gold is right pretious ; but his price infects
With pride and auarice ; *Auctority* lifts
Hats from mens heades ; and bowes the strongest
knees,
Yet cannot bend in rule the weakest hearts ;
Musick delights but one fence ; Nor choice meats
One quickly fades, the other stirre to sinne ;
But a true wife, both fence and soule delights,
And mixeth not her good with any ill ;
Her vertues (ruling hearts) all powres command ;
All Store without her, leaues a man but poore ;
And with her, Pouertie is exceeding Store ;
No time is tedious with her, her true woorth
Makes a true husband thinke, his armes enfold ;
(With her alone) a compleate worlde of gold.

Cyn. I wish (deare loue) I coulde deserue as much,
As your most kind concept hath well exprest :
But when my best is done, I see you wounded ;
And neither can recure nor ease your pains.

Stro. *Cynanche*, thy aduise hath made me well ;
My free submision to the hand of heauen
Makes it redeeme me from the rage of paine.
For though I know the malice of my wound
Shoothes still the same distemper through my vaines,
Yet the Iudicall patience I embrace,
(In which my minde spreads her impassiuē powres
Through all my suffring parts;) expels their frailetie ;
And rendering vp their whole life to my soule,

Leaues me nought else but soule ; and so like her,
Free from the passions of my fuming blood.

Cyn. Would God you were so ; and that too much
payne.

Were not the reason, you felt fence of none.

Stro. Thinkſt thou me mad *Cynanche?* for mad
men,

By paynes vngouernd, haue no fence of Payne.

But I, I tell you am quite contrary,

Easde with well gouerning my submitted Payne.

Be cheerd then wife ; and looke not for, in mee,
The manners of a common wounded man.

Humilitie hath raisde me to the starres ;

In which (as in a fort of Cristall Globes)

I sit and see things hidde from humane sight.

I, euen the very accidents to come

Are present with my knowledge ; the feuenth day

The arrow head will fall out of my fide.

The feauenth day wife, the forked head will out.

Cyu. Would God it would my Lord, and leauue you
well.

Stro. Yes, the feuenth day, I am affurd it will :
And I shall liue, I know it ; I thanke heauen,
I knowe it well ; and ile teach my phisition,
To build his cares heereafter vpon heauen
More then on earthly medcines ; for I knowe
Many things showne me from the op'ned skies,
That passe all arts. Now my phisition
Is comming to me, he makes friendly haste ;
And I will well requite his care of mee.

Cyn. How knowe you he is comming ?

Stro. Passing well ; and that my deare friend lord
Vincentio

Will prefently come see me too ; ile stay

(My good phisition) till my true friend come.

Cyu. Ay me, his talke is idle ; and I feare,
Foretells his reaſonable Soule now leaues him.

Stro. Bring my Physition in, hee's at the doore.

Cyn. Alas, theres no Physition.

Stro. But I know it ;
See, he is come.

Enter Beneuemius.

Ben. How fares my worthy Lord ?

Stro. Good Doctor, I endure no paine at all,
And the feauenth day, the arrowes head will out.

Ben. Why should it fall out the feauenth day my
Lord ?

Stro. I know it ; the feauenth day it will not faile.

Ben. I wish it may, my Lord.

Stro. Yes, t'will be so,
You come with purpose to take prefent leauue,
But you shall stay a while ; my Lord *Vincentio*
Would see you faine, and now is comming hither :

Ben. How knowes your Lordship ? haue you sent
for him ?

Stro. No, but t'is very true ; hee's now hard by,
And will not hinder your affaires a whit.

Ben. How want of rest distempers his light braine ?
Brings my Lord any traine ?

Stro. None but himselfe.
My nephew *Pogio* now hath left his Grace.
Good Doctor go, and bring him by his hand,
(Which he will giue you) to my longing eyes.

Ben. Tis strange, if this be true.

Exit.

Cyn. The Prince I thinke,
Yet knowes not of your hurt.

Enter Vincentio holding the Doctors hand.

Stro. Yes wife, too well,
See he is come ; welcome my princely friend :
I haue beene shot my Lord ; but the feauenth day
The arrowes head will fall out of my fide,
And I shall liue.

Vin. I doe not feare your life,
But, Doctor, is it your opinion,
That the feauenth day the arrow head will out ?

Stro. No, t'is not his opinion, t'is my knowledge :

For I doe know it well ; and I do wish
 Euen for your onely sake, my noble Lord,
 This were the feuenth day ; and I now were well,
 That I might be some strength to your hard state,
 For you haue many perils to endure :
 Great is your danger ; great ; your vniust ill
 Is passing foule and mortall ; would to God
 My wound were something well, I might be with you,
 Nay do not whisper ; I know what I say,
 Too well for you, my Lord ; I wonder heauen
 Will let such violence threat an innocent life.

Vin. What ere it be, deare friend, so you be well,
 I will endure it all : your wounded state
 Is all the daunger I feare towards me.

Stro. Nay, mine is nothing ; For the feuenth day
 This arrow head will out, and I shall liue,
 And so shall you, I thinke ; but verie hardly.
 It will be hardly, you will scape indeed.

Vin. Be as will be ; pray heauen your prophecie
 Be happily accomplished in your selfe,
 And nothing then can come amisse to me.

Stro. What fayes my Doctor ? thinks he I say
 true ?

Ben. If your good Lordship could but rest a while,
 I would hope well.

Stro. Yes, I shall rest I know,
 If that will helpe your iudgment.

Ben. Yes, it will,
 And good my Lord, lets helpe you in to trie.

Stro. You please me much, I shall sleepe instantly.

Exeunt.

Enter Alphonso, and Medice.

Alp. Why should the humorous boy forsake the
 chace ?
 As if he tooke aduantage of my absence,
 To some act that my prefence would offend.

Med. I warrant you my Lord, tis to that end :
 And I beleue he wrongs you in your loue.

Children presuming on their parents kindnesse,
Care not what vnkind actions they commit
Against their quiet : And were I as you,
I would affright ny sonne from these bold parts,
And father him as I found his deserts.

Alp. I sweare I will : and can I proue he aymes
At any interruption in my loue,
Ile interrupt his life.

Med. We soone shall see,
For I haue made Madam *Corteza* search
With pick-locks, all the Ladies Cabynets
About Earle *Laffos* house ; and if there be
Traffique of loue, twixt any one of them,
And your suspected sonne ; t'will soone appeare,
In some signe of their amorous marchandise ;
See where she comes, loded with Iems & papers.

Enter. Cort.

Cor. See here, my Lord, I haue rob'd all their
Caskets,
Know you this Ring ? this Carquanet ? this Chaine ?
Will any of these letters serve your turne ?

Alp. I know not these things ; but come : let me
reade
some of these letters.

Laff. Madam, in this deed
You deserue highly of my Lord the Duke.

Cor. Nay my Lord *Medice*, I thinke I told you
I could do prettie well in these affaires :
O these yong Girles engroffe vp all the loue
From vs, (poore Beldams ;) but I hold my hand,
Ile ferret all the Cunni-holes of their kindnesse
Ere I haue done with them.

Alp. Passion of death !
See, see, Lord *Medice*, my trait'rous sonne,
Hath long ioyde in the favours of my loue :
Woe to the wombe that bore him : and my care
To bring him vp to this accursed houre,
In which all cares posseesse my wretched life.

Med. What father, would beleue he had a sonne
So full of trecherie to his innocent state ?
And yet my Lord, this letter shewes no meeting,
But a desire to meete.

Cort. Yes, yes, my Lord,
I doe suspect they meete ; and I beleue
I know well where too ; I beleue I doe ;
And therefore tell me ; does no creature know,
That you haue left the chase thus suddenly ?
And are come hither ? haue you not beene seene
By any of these Louers ?

Alp. Not by any.

Cor. Come then, come follow me ; I am perswaded
I shall go neare to shew you their kind hands.
Their confidence, that you are still a hunting,
Will make your amorous sonne that stole from thence,
Bold in his loue-sports ; Come, come, a fresh chace,
I hold this pickelocke, you shall hunt at view.
What, do they thinke to scape ? An old wiues eye
Is a bleu Cristall full of sorcerie.

Alp. If this be true, the traitrous boy shall die.

Exeunt.

Enter Laffo, Margaret, Baffiolo going before.

Laff. Tell me I pray you, what strange hopes they
are
That feed your coy conceits against the Duke,
And are prefer'd before the assured greatnes
His highnesse graciously would make your fortunes ?

Mar. I haue small hopes, my Lord ; but a desire
To make my nuptiall choice of one I loue,
And as I would be loath t' impaire my state ;
So I affect not honours that exceed it.

Laff. O you are verie temp'rate in your choice,
Pleading a iudgement past your sexe, and yeares.
But I beleue some fancie will be found,
The forge of these gay Glofes : if it be,
I shall descipher what close traitor tis
That is your Agent in your secret plots.

Baff. Swoones.

Laff. And him for whom you plot ; and on you all

I will reuenge thy disobedience,
With such feuere correction, as shall fright
All such deluders from the like attempts :
But chiefly he shall smart that is your factor.

Baff. O me, accurst !

Laff. Meanetyme Ile cut
Your poore craft short yfaith.

Mar. Poore craft indeede,
That I, or any others vse, for me.

Laff. Well Dame, if it be nothing but the iarre
Of your vnfitted fancie, that procures
Your wilfull coynesse to my Lord the Duke,
No doubt but Time, and Iudgement will conforme it
To such obedience, as so great desert
Proposde to your acceptance doth require.
To which end doe you counsaile her *Baffiolo*.
And let me see Maid gainst the Duks returne
Another tincture set vpon your lookes
Then heretofore ; For be assur'd at laft
Thou shalt consent, or else incurre my curse :
Aduise her, you *Baffiolo*.

Exit.

Baff. I, my good Lord ;
Gods pittie, what an errant Asse was I,
To entertaine the Princes craftie friendship ?
Slood, I halfe suspect the villaine guld me ;

Mar. Our Squire I thinke is startl'd.

Baff. Nay Ladie it is true,
And you must frame your fancie to the Duke,
For I protest I will not be corrupted,
For all the friends and fortunes in the world,
To gull my Lord that trusts me.

Mar. O fir, now,
Y' are true too late.

Baff. No Ladie, not a whit,
Slood, and you thinke to make an Asle of me,

May chance to rise betimes ; I know't, I know.

Mar. Out seruile coward, shall a light suspect,
That hath no flendrest prooфе of what we do,
Infringe the weightie faith that thou hast sworne,
To thy deare friend the Prince that dotes on thee ;
And will in peeces cut thee for thy falsehood ?

Baff. I care not : Ile not hazard my estate,
For any Prince on earth : and Ile disclose
The complot to your father, if you yeeld not
To his obedience.

Mar. Doe if thou dar'st,
Euen for thy scrapt vp liuing, and thy life,
Ile tell my father then, how thou didst wooe me
To loue the yong Prince ; and didst force me too,
To take his Letters ; I was well enclin'd,
I will be sworne, before, to loue the Duke,
But thy vile railing at him, made me hate him.

Baff. I raile at him ?

Mar. I marie did you fir,
And faid he was a patterne for a Potter,
Fit t' haue his picture stamp't on a stone Iugge,
To keepe *Ale-Knights* in memorie of Sobriety.

Baff. Sh'as a plaguie memory.

Mar. I could haue lou'd him else ; nay, I did loue
him,
Though I dissembled it, to bring him on,
And I by this time might haue beene a Dutchesse ;
And now I thinke on't better : for reuenge,
Ile haue the Duke, and he shall haue thy head,
For thy false wit within it, to his loue.
Now goe and tell my Father, pray be gone.

Baff. Why and I will goe.

Mar. Goe, for Gods sake goe, are you heere
yet ?

Baff. Well, now I am resolu'd.

Mar. Tis brauely done, farewell : but do you heare
fir ?

Take this with you besides ; the young Prince
keepes

A certaine letter you had writ for me,
(Endearing, and Condoling, and Mature)
And if you should denie things, that I hope
Will stop your impudent mouth: but goe your
waies,

If you can answer all this, why tis well.

Baff. Well Lady, if you will assure me heere,
You will refraine to meeete with the young Prince,
I will say nothing.

Mar. Good sir, say your worst,
For I will meeete him, and that preſently.

Baff. Then be content I pray, and leaue me
out,

And meeete hereafter as you can your felues.

Mar. No, no sir, no, tis you must fetch him to
me,

And you shal fetch him, or Ile do your arrand.

Baf. Swounds what a spight is this, I will resolute
T' endure the worst ; tis but my foolish feare,
The plot will be discouerd : O the gods !
Tis the best sport to play with these young dames ;
I haue disembl'd, Mistris, all this while
Haue I not made you in a pretty taking ?

Mar. O tis most good ; thus you may play on
me ;

You cannot be content to make me loue
A man I hated till you spake for him,
With such enchanting speeches, as no friend
Could possibly refiſt : but you must vſe
Your villanous wit, to driue me from my wits :
A plague of that bewitching tongue of yours ;
Would I had neuer heard your ſcuruie words.

Ba. Pardon deare Dame, Ile make amends
iſaith,

Thinke you that Ile play false with my deare
Vince ?

I ſwore that ſooner *Hybla* ſhould want bees,
And *Italy* bone robes, then I ; faith

And so they shall.

Come, you shall meeet, and double meeet, in spight
Of all your foes, and Dukes that dare maintaine
them,

A plague of all old doters, I disdaine them :

Mar. Said like a friend ; O let me combe the
cokfcombe.

Exeunt.

Finis Aetus Quarti.

ACTVS QVINTI SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter Alphonso, Medice, Laffo, Cortezza aboue.

Cor. Heere is the place will doe the deede ifaith ;
This Duke will shew thee how youth puts downe age,
I, and perhaps how youth does put downe youth.

Alp. If I shall fee my loue in any fort
Preuented, or abusde, th' abufer dies.

Laff. I hope there is no such intent my Liege,
For sad as death should I be to behold it.

Med. You must not be too confident my Lord,
Or in your daughter, or in them that guard her.
The Prince is politike, and enuies his Father :
And though not for himselfe, nor any good
Intended to your daughter, yet because
He knowes t'would kill his father, he would seeke
her.

Cor. Whist, whist, they come.

Enter Baffiolo, Vincentio, and Margaret.

Baff. Come, meete me boldly, come,
And let them come from hunting when they dare.

Vin. Haz the best spirit.

Baff. Spirit ? what a plague,
Shall a man feare Capriches ? you forsooth
Must haue your loue come t'ee, and when he comes,
Then you grow shamefac'd, and he must not touch
you :

But fie, my Father comes, and foe, my Aunt,
O t'is a wittie hearing, ist not thinke you ?

Vin. Nay, pray thee doe not mocke her gentle
friend.

Baff. Nay, you are euen as wife a wooer too,
If she turne from you, you euen let her turne,

And say ; you doe not loue to force a Lady.
 Tis too much rudenesse ; gosh hat, what's a Lady ?
 Must she not be touch'd ? what, is she copper thinke
 you ?

And will not bide the touch-stone ? kisse her *Vince*,
 And thou doost loue me, kisse her.

Vin. Lady, now
 I were too simple if I should not offer.

Mar. O God sir, pray away, this man talks idly.

Baff. How shay by that ; now by that candle
 there,

Were I as *Vince* is, I would handle you
 In rustie tuftie wife, in your right kinde.

Mar. O, you haue made him a sweete beagle, ha'
 y not ?

Vin. Tis the most true beleeuuer in himselfe :
 Of all that sect of follie faith's his fault.

Baff. So, to her *Vince*, I giue thee leaue my lad,
 Sweete were the words my mistris spake, when teares
 fell from her eyes.

He lies down by them.

Thus, as the Lyon lies before his den,
 Guarding his whelps, and streakes his carelesse limbs,
 And when the Panther, Foxe, or Wolfe comes neere,
 He neuer daines to rise, to fright them hence,
 But onely puts forth one of his sterne pawes,
 And keepes his deare whelps safe, as in a hutch,
 So I prefent his person and keepe mine.
 Foxes, goe by, I put my terror forth,

Cant.

Let all the world say what they can,
 Her bargaine best she makes,
 That hath the wit to choose a man,
 To pay for what he takes.

Belle Piu. &c. iterum cant.

Dispatch sweete whelps the bug, the Duke comes
 strait :

O tis a grave old louer that fame Duke,
 And choofes Minions rarely, if you marke him.

The noble *Medice*, that man, that Bobbadilla,
That foolish knaue, that hofe and dublet flinckard.

Med. Swounds my Lord, rise, lets indure no more.

Alp. A little, pray my Lord, for I beleue

We shall discouer very notable knauery.

Laff. Alas how I am greeu'd and sham'd in this.

Cor. Neuer care you Lord brother, theres no harme
done.

Baff. But that sweet Creature, my good Lords
sister,

Madam *Cortezza*, she, the noblest Dame
That euer any veine of honour bled ;
There were a wife now, for my Lord the Duke
Had he the grace to choose her, but indeede,
To speake her true praise, I must vse some study.

Cor. Now truly brother, I did euer thinke
This man the honestest man that ere you kept.

Laff. So sister, so, because he praifes you.

Cor. Nay sir, but you shall heare him further yet.

Baff. Were not her head sometimes a little light,
And so vnapt for matter of much weight,
She were the fitteſt, and the worthiſt Dame
To leape a window, and to breake her necke,
That euer was.

Cor. Gods pitty, arrant knaue,
I euer thought him a diſembling varlot.

Baff. Well, now my hearts be warie, for by this,
I feare the Duke is comming ; Ile go watch,
And giue you warning : I commend me t'ee.

Exit.

Vin. O fine phrase,

Mar. And very timely vſde.

Vin. What now sweete life, ſhall we reſolute vpon ?
We neuer ſhall inioy each other heere.

Mar. Direct you then my Lord, what we ſhall
doe,

For I am at your will, and will indure
With you, the cruellſt abſence from the ſtate
We both were borne too, that can be ſuppoſde.

Vin. That would extreamely greeue me, could my selfe

Onely endure the ill, our hardest fates,
May lay on both of vs ; I would not care,
But to behold thy sufferance, I should die.

Mar. How can your Lordship wrong my loue so much,

To thinke the more woe I sustaine for you,
Breedes not the more my comfort ? I alas
Haue no meane else, to make my merit euen
In any measure, with eniment worth.

Enter Baffiolo.

Baff. Now must I exercise my timorous louers,
Like fresh arm'd souldiers, with some false alarms,
To make them yare and warie of their foe
The boistrous bearded Duke : Ile rush vpon them
With a most hideous cry, the Duke, the Duke, the
Duke.

Ha, ha, ha, wo ho, come againe I say,
The Duke's not come ifaith.

Vin. Gods precious man,
What did you meane to put vs in this feare ?

Baff. O fir, to make you looke about the more ;
Nay, we must teach you more of this I tell you :
What, can you be too safe fir ? what I say,
Must you be pampered in your vanities ?
Ah, I doe domineere and rule the rost.

Exit.

Mar. Was euer such an Ingle ? would to God,
(If twere not for our felues) my father saw him.

Laf. Minion, you haue your praier, and my curse,
For your good Huswiferie.

Med. What faies your Highneffe ?
Can you indure these iniurie any more ?

Alp. No more, no more, aduise me what is best,
To be the penance of my gracelesse sonne ?

Med. My Lord, no meane but death or banishment,
Can be fit penance for him : if you meane
T' injoy the pleasure of your loue your selfe.

Cor. Giue him plaine death my Lord, and then y' are sure.

Alp. Death or his banishment, he shall indure, For wreake of that ioyes exile I sustaine. Come, call our Gard, and apprehend him strait.

Exeunt.

Vin. I haue some Iewells then my dearest life, Which with what euer we can get beside, Shall be our meanes, and we will make escape.

Enter Baffiolo running.

Baf. Sblood, the Duke and all come now in earnest;

The Duke, by heauen, the Duke.

Vin. Nay, then ifaith Your ieaſt is too too stale.

Baff. Gods pretious, By these ten bones, and by this hat and heart, The Duke and all comes, fee, we are caſt away.

Exeunt.

Enter Alphonſo, Medice, Laffo, Cortezza, and Iulio.

Ala. Lay hands vpon them all, purſue, purſue.

Laff. Stay thou vngracious girle.

Alp. Lord *Medice*, Leade your our Guard, and fee you apprehend The treacherous boy, nor let him ſcape with life, Vnleſſe he yeelde to his exterrall exile.

Med. Tis princely ſaid my Lord——*Exit.*

Laff. And take my *Vſher*.

Mar. Let me goe into exile with my Lord, I will not liue, if I be left behinde.

Laff. Impudent Damzell, wouldest thou follow him?

Mar. He is my husband, whom elſe ſhould I follow?

Laff. Wretch, thou ſpeakest treason to my Lord the Duke.

Alp. Yet loue me Lady, and I pardon all.

Mar. I haue a husband, and muſt loue none elſe.

Alp. Dispightfull Dame, Ile dis-inherit him,
And thy good Father heere shall cast off thee,
And both shall feede on ayre, or starue, and die.

Mar. If this be iustice, let it be our doomes :
If free and spotlesse loue in equall yeares,
With honours vnimpaired deserue such ends,
Let vs approue what iustice is in friends.

Laff. You shall I sweare : fister, take you her close
Into your chamber, locke her fast alone,
And let her stirre nor speake with any one.

Cor. She shall not brother : come Neece, come
with me.

Mar. Heauen save my loue, and I will suffer gladly.

Exeunt Cor. Mar.

Alp. Haste *Julio*, follow thou my sons pursuit,
And will Lord *Medice* not to hurt nor touch him,
But either banish him, or bring him backe :
Charge him to vse no violence to his life.

Julio I will my Lord.

Exit Julio.

Alp. O Nature ! how alas
Art thou and Reason thy true guide opposde ?
More bane thou tak'st to guide Sense, led amisse,
Then being guided. Reason giues thee blisse. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cynanche, Benevenius, Ancilla, Strozza hauing
the Arrow head.*

Stro. Now see good Doctor, t'was no frantike fancie,
That made my tongue presage this head should fall
Out of my wounded fide the feuenth day ;
But an inspired rapture of my minde,
Submitted and conioynde in patience,
To my Creator, in whom I fore-saw
(Like to an Angell) this diuine euent.

Ben. So is it plaine, and happily approu'd,
In a right christian president, confirming
What a most sacred medicine Patience is,
That with the high thirst of our soules, cleare fire
Exhausts corporeall humour ; and all paine,
Casting our flesh off, while we it retaine.

Cy. Make some religious vow then my deare Lord,
And keepe it in the proper memorie,
Of so Celestiall and free a grace.

Str. Sweete wife, thou restest my good Angell still,
Suggesting by all meanes, these ghostly counsailes.
Thou weariest not thy husbands patient eares,
With motions for new fashions in attire,
For change of Iewells, pastimes, and nice cates,
Nor studiest eminence, and the higher place
Amongst thy consorts, like all other Dames :
But knowing more worthy objects appertaine
To euery woman that desires t' inioy
A blessed life in mariage : thou contemn'st
Those common pleasures, and pursu'st the rare,
Vsing thy husband in those vertuous gifts :
For which, thou first didst choose him, and thereby
Cloy'st not with him, but lou'st him endlesfly.
In reuerence of thy motion then, and zeale
To that most soueraigne power, that was my cure,
I make a vow to goe on foote to *Rome*,
And offer humbly in S. *Peters* Temple,
This fatall Arrow head : which work, let none iudge
A superstitious Rite, but a right vse,
Proper to thls peculiar instrument,
Which visiblie resignde to memorie,
Through euery eye that fees, will stirre the soule
To Gratitude and Progresse, in the vse
Of my tried patience, which in my powers ending,
Would shut th' example out of future liues.
No act is superstitious, that applies
All power to God, deuoting hearts, through eyes.

Ben. Spoke with the true tongue of a Nobleman :
But now are all these excitations toyes,
And Honor fats his braine with other ioyes.
I know your true friend, Prince *Vincentio*
Will triumph in this excellent effect
Of your late prophecie.

Stro. O, my deare friends name
Prefents my thoughts, with a most mortall danger,

To his right innocent life : a monstros fact
Is now effected on him.

Cyn. Where ? or how ?

Stro. I doe not well those circumstances know,
But am assur'd, the substance is too true.
Come reuerend Doctor, let vs harken out,
Where the young Prince remaines, and beare with you
Medcines t' allay his danger: if by wounds,
Beare pretious Balsome, or some soueraigne iuyce ;
If by fell poifon, some choice *Antidote*,
If by blacke witchcraft, our good spirits and prayers
Shall exorcise the diuelish wrath of hell,
Out of his princely bosome.

Enter Pogio running.

Pog. Where ? where ? where ? where's my Lord
vnkle, my Lord my vnkle ?

Stro. Here's the ill tydings-bringer ; what newes
now,
with thy vnhappie prefence ?

Po. O my Lord, my Lord *Vincentio*, is almost kild
by my Lord *Medice*.

Stro. See Doctor, see, if my prefage be true.
And well I know if he haue hurt the Prince,
T'is trecherously done, or with much helpe.

Pog. Nay sure he had no helpe, but all the Dukes
Guard ; and they fet vpon him indeed ; and after he
had defended himselfe, dee fee ? he drew, & hauing as
good as wounded the Lord *Medice* almost, he strake at
him, and missd him, dee marke ?

Stroz. What tale is here ? where is this mischiefe
done ?

Pog. At Monks-well, my Lord, Ile guide you to
him presently.

Stro. I doubt it not ; fooles are best guides to ill,
And mischiefes readie way lies open still.

Lead fir I pray.

Exeunt.

Enter Corteza, and Margaret aboue.

Cort. Quiet your selfe, Nece; though your loue be
flaine,

You haue another that's woorth two of him.

Mar. It is not possible ; it cannot be
That heauen should suffer such impietie.

Cor. T'is true, I sweare neece.

Ma. O most vniust truth !

Ile cast my selfe downe headlong from this Tower,
And force an instant passage for my soule,
To seeke the wandring spirit of my Lord.

Cort. Will you do so Neece ? That I hope you
will not,

And yet there was a Maid in Saint *Marks* streete,
For such a matter did so ; and her clothes
Flew vp about her so, as she had no harme :
And grace of God your clothes may flie vp too,
And saue you harmelesse ; for your cause and hers
Are ene as like as can be.

Mar. I would not scape ;
And certainly I thinke the death is easie.

Cort. O t'is the easiest death that euer was,
Looke Neece, it is so farre hence to the ground.
You shoulde bee quite dead, long before you felt it.
Yet do not leape Neece.

Mar. I will kill my selfe
With running on some fworde ; or drinke strong poison ;
Which death is easiest I would faine endure.

Cor. Sure *Cleopatra* was of the same minde,
And did so ; she was honord euer since,
Yet do not you so Neece.

Mar. Wretch that I am ; my heart is softe and
faint ;
And trembles at the verie thought of death,
Though thoughts ten-folde more greeuous do torment
it ;

Ile feele death by degrees ; and first deform
This my accursed face with vglie woundes,
That was the first cause of my deare loues death.

Cor. That were a cruel deed ; yet *Adelasia* ;
In *Pettis Pallace of Petit* pleasure,
For all the worlde, with such a knife as this

Cut off her cheeks, and nose, and was commended
More then all Dames that kept their faces whole ;
O do not cut it.

Mar. Fie on my faint heart,
It will not giue my hand the wished strength ;
Beholde the iust plague of a sensuall life,
That to preserue it selfe in Reasons spight,
And shunne deaths horror, feels it ten times more.
Vnworthy women, why doe men adore
Our fading Beauties, when their worthiest liues,
Being lost for vs, we dare not die for them ?
Hence hapleffe Ornamentes that adorn'd this head :
Disorder euer these entering carles
And leauue my beautie like a wildernesffe,
That neuer mans eie more may dare t' inuade.

Cor. Ile tell you Neece ; and yet I will not tell
you,
A thing that I desire to haue you doe.
But I will tell you onely what you might doe,
Cause I would pleasure you in all I cud.
I haue an Ointment heere, which we Dames vse,
To take off haire when it does growe too lowe
Vpon our foreheads, and that for a neede,
If you should rub it hard vpon your face,
Would blister it, and make it looke most vildely.

Mar. O Giue me that Aunt.

Cor. Giue it you virgin ? that were well indeede :
Shall I be thought to tempt you to such matters ?

Mar. None (of my faith) shall know it : gentle
Aunt,
Bestow it on me, and Ile euer loue you.

Cor. Gods pitty, but you shall not spoile your
face.

Mar. I will not then indeede.

Cor. Why then Neece take it :
But you shall sweare you will not.

Mar. No, I sweare.

Cor. What, doe you force it from me ? Gods my
deare,

Will you mis-vse your face so ? what, all ouer ?
Nay, if you be so desp'rare, Ile be gone——*Exit.*

Mar. Fade haplesse beautie, turne the vgliest face
The euer *Aethiop*, or affrightfull fiend
Shew'd in th' amaz'd eye of prophan'd light :
See pretious Loue, if thou be it in ayre,
And canst breake darknesse, and the strongest Towres,
With thy dissolued intellectuall powres,
See a worse torment suffered for thy death,
Then if it had extended his blacke force,
In feuen-fold horror to my hated life.
Smart pretious ointment, smart, and to my braine
Sweate thy enuenom'd furie, make my eyes
Burne with thy fulphre, like the lakes of hell,
That feare of me may shiuier him to dust,
That ate his owne childe with the jawes of lust—

Exeunt.

Enter Alphonso, Laffo, and others.

Alp. I wonder how farre they pursu'd my Sonne,
That no returne of him or them appears,
I feare some haplesse accident is chanc'd,
That makes the newes so loath to pierce mine eares.

Laff. High heauen vouchsafe no such effect suc-
ceede
Those wretched causes that from my house flow,
But that in harmelesse loue all acts may end.

Enter Cortezza.

Cort. What shall I do ? Alas I cannot rule
My desparate Neece, all her sweete face is spoylde,
And I dare keepe her prisoner no more :
See, see, she comes frantike and all vndrest.

Enter Marg.

Mar. Tyrant ! behold how thou hast vsde thy
loue,
See, theefe to Nature, thou hast kil'd and rob'd,

Kil'd what my selfe kill'd, rob'd what makes thee
poore.

Beautie (a Louers treasure) thou hast lost
Where none can find it ; all a poore Maides dowre :
Thou hast forc'd from me: all my ioy and hope.
No man will loue me more ; all Dames excell me,
This ougly thing is now no more a face,
Nor any vile forme in all Earth resembled,
But thy fowle tyrannie ; for which all the paines
Two faithfull Louers feele, that thus are parted,
All ioyes they might haue felt, turne all to paines ;
All a yong virgin thinks she does endure,
To loose her loue and beautie ; on thy heart
Be heapt and prest downe till thy soule depart.

Enter Julio.

Iul. Haste Liege, your sonne is daungerously hurt.
Lord *Medice* contemnning your commaund,
By me deliuered, as your Highnesse will'd,
Set on him with your Guard ; who strooke him
downe ;
And then the coward Lord, with mortall wounds,
And flauish infolencie, plow'd vp his soft breast ;
Which barbarous fact, in part is laid on you,
For first enioyning it, and fowle exclaimes
In pittie of your sonne, your subiects breathe
Gainst your vnnaturall furie ; amongst whom
The good Lord *Strozza* desp'rately raues,
And vengeance for his friends iniustice craues.
See where he comes burning in zeale of friendship.

*Enter Strozza, Vincentio, brought in a chaire, Bene-
uenius, Pogio, Cynanche, with a guard, Strozza
before & Medice.*

Stro. Where is the tyrant ? let me strike his eyes
Into his braine, with horror of an obiect.
See Pagan *Nero* ; see how thou hast ript
Thy better bosome ; rooted vp that flowre,
From whence thy now spent life should spring anew,

And in him kild (that would haue bred thee fresh)
Thy mother and thy father.

Vin. Good friend cease.

Stro. What hag with child of Monster, would haue
nurſt

Such a prodigious longing ? But a father
Would rather eate the brawne out of his armes
Then glut the mad worme of his wild desires
With his deare iffues entrailes.

Vin. Honourd friend ;
He is my father, and he is my Prince,
In both whose rights he may commaund my life.

Stro. What is a father ? turne his entrailes gulfs
To swallow children, when they haue begot them ?
And whats a Prince ? Had all beene vertuous men,
There neuer had beene Prince vpon the earth,
And so no subiect ; all men had beene Princes :
A vertuous man is subiect to no Prince,
But to his foule and honour ; which are lawes,
That carrie Fire and Sword within themſelues
Neuer corrupted, neuer out of rule ;
What is there in a Prince ? That his least lusts
Are valued at the liues of other men,
When common faults in him ſhould prodigies be,
And his groſſe dotage rather loath'd than footh'd.

Alp. How thicke and heauily my plagues deſcend !
Not giuing my mazde powres a time to ſpeakē :
Poure more rebuke vpon me worthie Lord,
For I haue guilt and patience for them all :
Yet know, deare ſonne, I did forbid thy harme :
This Gentleman can witnes, whom I ſent
With all command of hafe to interdict
This forward man in mischiefe ; not to touch thee :
Did I not *Julio* ? vtter nougħt but truth.

Iul. All your guard heard, my Lord, I gaue your
charge,
With lowd and violent itterations.

After all which, Lord *Medice* cowardly hurt him.

The Guard. He did my Princely Lord.

Alp. Beleeue then sonne,
 And know me pierst as deeply with thy wounds :
 And pardon vertuous Ladie that haue lost
 The dearest treasure proper to your sexe.
 Ay me, it feemes by my vnhappy meanes !
 O would to God, I could with present cure
 Of these vnnaturall wounds ; and moning right
 Of this abused beautie, ioyne you both,
 (As last I left you) in eternall nuptials.

Vin. My Lord, I know the malice of this man,
 Not your vnkinde consent hath vsde vs thus.
 And since I make no doubt I shall furuiue
 These fatall dangers ; and your grace is pleasede,
 To giue free course to my vnwounded loue ;
 Tis not this outward beauties ruthfull losse,
 Can any thought discourage my desires :
 And therefore, deare life, doe not wrong me so,
 To thinke my loue the shadow of your beautie,
 I woote your vertues, which as I am sure
 No accident can alter or empaire ;
 So, be you certaine nought can change my loue.

Mar. I know your honourable minde my Lord,
 And will not do it that vnworthie wrong,
 To let it spend her forces in contending
 (Spite of your fence) to loue me thus deformed :
 Loue must haue outward obiects to delight him,
 Else his content will be too graue and sowre.
 It is inough for me my Lord, you loue,
 And that my beauties sacrifice redeemde
 My sad feare of your slaughter. You first lou'd me
 Closely for beautie; which being with'red thus,
 Your loue must fade ; when the most needfull rights
 Of Fate, and Nature, haue dissolu'd your life,
 And that your loue must needs be all in foule,
 Then will we meeete againe : and then (deare Loue)
 Loue me againe ; for then will beautie be
 Of no respect with loues eternitie.

Vin. Nor is it now ; I wooed your beautie first
 But as a louer : now as a deare husband,

That title and your vertues binde me euer.

Mar. Alas, that title is of little force
To stirre vp mens affections : when wiues want
Outward excitements, husbands loues grow skant.

Ben. Assit me Heaven, and Art, giue me your
Maske,

Open thou little store-house of great Nature,
Vse an Elixar drawne through feuen yeares fire,
That like *Medeas* Cauldron, can repaire
The vgliest losse of liuing temp'rature :
And for this princely paire of vertuous Turtles,
Be lauish of thy pretious influence
Lady, t' attone your honourable strife,
And take all let from your loues tender eyes.
Let me for euer hide this staine of Beauty,
With this recureful Maske ; heere be it fix'd
With painefesse operation ; of it selfe,
(Your beauty hauing brook'd three daies eclips)
Like a dissolued cloudt it shall fall off,
And your faire lookes regaine their freshest raies :
So shall your Princely friend, (if heauen consent)
In twice your sufferd date renue recure,
Let me then haue the honor to conioyne
Your hands, conformed to your constant hearts.

Alp. Graue *Beneuenius*, honorable Doctor,
On whose most soueraigne *Aesculapian* hand,
Fame with her richest miracles attends,
Be fortunate, as euer heeretofore,
That we may quite thee both with gold and honour,
And by thy happy meanes, haue powre to make
My Sonne, and his much iniur'd love amends,
Whose well proportion'd choice we now applaud,
And blesse all those that euer further'd it.
Where is your discrete Vsher my good Lord,
The speciall furtherer of this equall match ?

Julio. Brought after by a couple of your Guard.

Alp. Let him be fetch'd, that we may doe him
grace.

Po. Ile fetch him my Lord : away, you must not

go : O here He comes ; O master Vsher, I am sorie for you, you must preſently be chopt in peeces.

Baff. Wo to that wicked Prince that ere I ſaw him.

Pog. Come, come, I gull you master Vsher, you are like to be the Dukes Minion man ; dee thinke I would haue beene feene in your compagnie, and you had beene out of fauour ? Here's my friend maifter Vsher, my Lord.

Alp. Give me your hand friend, pardon vs I pray, We much haue wrong'd your worth, as one that knew the fitneſſe of this match aboue our felues.

Baff. Sir, I did all things for the best, I ſweare, And you must thinke I would not haue beene gul'd, I know what's fit ſir, as I hope you know now : Sweete *Vince*, how farſt thou, be of honourd cheere.

Laff. *Vince* does he call him ? O Foole, doſt thou call

The Prince *Vince*, like his equall ?

Baff. O my Lord, Ahlas You know not what haz paſt twixt vs two ; Here in thy bosome I will lie ſweete *Vince*, And die if thou die ; I protest by heauen.

Laff. I know not what this meanes.

Alp. Nor I my Lord : But ſure he ſaw the fitnes of the match, With freer and more noble eies then we.

Pog. Why I ſaw that as well as he my Lord ; I knew t'was a foolish match betwixt you two ; did not you thinke ſo my Lord *Vincentio* ? Lord vncle, did not I ſay at firſt of the Duke ; will his Antiquitie neuer leauē his Iniquitie ?

Stro. Go to, too much of this ; but aske this Lord, If he did like it.

Pog. Who, my Lord *Medice* ?

Stro. Lord *Stinkard Man*, his name is ; aske him Lord *Stinkard*, did you like the match ? ſay.

Pog. My Lord *Stinkard*, did you like the match
betwixt the Duke, and my Ladie *Margaret* ?

Med. Presumptuous Sicophant, I will haue thy
life.

Alp. Vnworthie Lord, put vp : thirst'ſt thou more
blood ?

Thy life is fitt'ſt to be call'd in question,
For thy most murthrous cowardice on my fonne ;
Thy forwardnesſe to euery cruelty
Calls thy pretended Nobleffe in ſuspect.

Stro. Nobleſſe my Lord ? ſet by your princely
fauour,

That gaue the luſtre to his painted ſtate,
Who euer view'd him but with deepe contempt,
As reading vilenesſe in his very lookeſſe ?
And if he proue not fonne of ſome base drudge,
Trim'd vp by Fortune, being dispos'd to ieafte
And dally with your ſtate, then that good Angell,
That by diuine relation ſpake in me,
Fore-telling theſe foule dangers to your fonne,
And without notice brought this reuerend man
To reſcue him from death : now failes my tongue,
And Ile confeſſe, I doe him open wrong.

Med. And ſo thou dooſt ; and I returne all note
Of infamy or baſenesſe on thy throte :
Daimne me me my Lord, if I be not a Lord.

Stro. My Liege, with all defert, euen now you ſaid
His life was dueſly forſet, for the death
Which in theſe barbarous wounds he fought your
fonne ;

Vouchſafe me then his life, in my friends right,
For many waies I know he meriſt death ;
Which, (if you grant) will iſtantly appeare,
And that I feele with ſome rare miracle.

Alp. His life is thine Lord *Strozza*, Giue him
death.

Med. What my Lord,
Will your grace caſt away an innocent life ?

Stro. Villaine thou liest, thou guiltie art of death

A hundred waies, which now Ile execute.

Med. Recall your word my Lord.

Alp. Not for the world.

Stro. O my deare Liege, but that my spirit prophetike

Hath inward feeling of such finnes in him,
As aske the forfaite of his life and soule,
I would, before I tooke his life, giue leauue
To his confession, and his penitence :
O, he would tell you most notorious wonders,
Of his most impious state ; but life and soule
Must suffer for it in him, and my hand
Forbidden is from heauen, to let him liue,
Till by confession he may haue forgiuenesse.
Die therefore monster.

Vin. O be not so vncharitable sweete friend,
Let him confesse his finnes, and aske heauen pardon.

Stro. He must not Princely friend, it is heauens iustice

To plague his life and soule, and heer's heauens iustice.

Me. O faue my life my Lord.

Laff. Hold good Lord *Strozza*.

Let him confesse the finnes that heauen hath told you,
And aske forgiuenesse.

Med. Let me good my Lord,
And Ile confesse what you accufe me of ;
Wonders indeede, and full of damn'd deserts.

Stro. I know it, and I must not let thee liue
To aske forgiuenesse.

Alp. But you shall my Lord,
Or I will take his life out of your hand.

Stro. A little then I am content my Liege :
Is thy name *Medice* ?

Med. No my Noble Lord,
My true name is *Mendice*.

Stro. *Mendice* ? see,
At first a Mighty scandall done to Honour.
Of what countrie art thou ?

Med. Of no Country I,

But borne vpon the Seas, my mother passing
Twixt *Zant and Venice*.

Stro. Where wert thou christned ?

Med. I was neuer christned

But being brought vp with beggars, call'd *Mendice*.

Alp. Strange and vnspeakeable.

Stro. How cam'st thou then

To beare that port thou didst, entring this Court ?

Med. My lord when I was young, being able
limb'd,

A Captaine of the Gipsies entertain'd me,
And many yeares I liu'd a loose life with them :
At last I was so favor'd, that they made me
The King of Gipsies ; and being told my fortune
By an old Sorceresse, that I should be great
In some great Princes loue, I tooke the treasure
Which all our company of Gipsies had
In many yeares, by feuerall stealths collected,
And leauing them in warres, I liu'd abroad,
With no lesse shew then now : and my last wrong
I did to Noblesse, was in this high Court.

Alp. Neuer was heard so strange a counterfet.

Stro. Didst thou not cause me to be shot in hunt-
ing ?

Med. I did my Lord, for which, for heauens loue
pardon.

Stro. Now let him liue my Lord, his bloods least
drop

Would staine your Court, more then the Sea could
clenze :

His soule's too fowle to expiate with death.

Alp. Hence then, be euer banish'd from my rule,
And liue a monster, loath'd of all the world.

Pog. Ile get boyes and baite him out a' th Court
my Lord.

Alp. Doe so I pray thee, rid me of his sight.

Pog. Come on my Lord *Stinckerd* Ile play Fo,
Fox, come out of thy hole with you ifaith.

Med. Ile runne and hide me from the sight of
heauen.

Pog. Fox, Fox, goe out of thy hole ; a two leg'd Fox,
A two leg'd Fox.

Exit with Pages beating Medice.

Bene. Neuer was such an accident disclosde.

Alp. Let vs forget it honourable friends,
And satisfie all wrongs with my sonnes right,
In solemn mariage of his loue and him.

Vin. I humbly thanke your Highnesse honor'd
Doctor,
The Balsome you infusde into my wounds,
Hath easde me much, and giuen me sodaine strength
Enough t' assure all danger is exempt,
That any way may let the generall ioy,
My Princely Father speakes of in our nuptialls.

Alp. Which my deere Sonne shall with thy full
recure
Be celebrate in greater Maiesty,
Than euen grac'd our greatest Ancestrie.
Then take thy loue, which heauen with all ioyes
bleffe,
And make yee both mirrors of happineſſe.

F I N I S .

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE I.

The Blind Beggar of Alexandria.

Produced on February 12, 1595—6.

In this earliest dramatic attempt of Chapman, clumsy and even absurd as it is in plot and construction, we find in the hero of the play, whether as *Irus* the beggar, *Leon* the usurer, *Count Hermes*, or *Duke Cleanthes*—the first rude draught of the one male character which the poet ever succeeded in forcibly depicting—a character fiery, passionate, uncontrollable by the ordinary rules of prudence, strangely compounded of selfishness and generosity, proceeding to its end with a scorn of difficulties, and all the while maintaining a dignity of conversation and demeanour.

“ Which not the weeds of *Irus* can disguise,
And soon detected wherefoe'er it lies.”

PAGE 51.

There can hardly be a doubt that the author wrote this opening soliloquy of *Count Labervele* in verse.

PAGE 109.

Al Fooles.

The comedy of *All Fools* is taken in a great measure from the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence, as those who will compare the characters of the two fathers, *Gostanzo* and *Marco Antonio*, with *Chremes* and *Menedemus*, and their sons *Valerio*, *Fortunio*, and *Rinaldo*, with *Clinia*, *Antipho*, and *Sorus*, may easily perceive.

PAGE III.

*To my long-lou'd and Honourable
friend Sir Thomas Walsingham Knight.*

This Dedicatory Sonnet is not found in ordinary copies of the play. It seems probable that it was inserted in a few impressions in 1605, and afterwards cancelled, because, in the dedication of his *Byron's Conspiracy and Tragedy* three years later to the same distinguished person, Chapman apologizes for previous

neglect, and apparent ingratitude to his patron “in dispensing with his right in his other impressions.”

Although there were clearly not two editions of *All Fools* in 1605, yet there are some curious variations in the impressions of that year. For instance, in Act IV. (p. 163), two speeches by Valerio and Gostanzo are confounded in one copy and separated in another. Valerio exclaims :—

“ Father, say not so.”

and Gostanzo replies ironically :—

“ Nay shees thy owne, here, rise foole, take her to thee.”

This is as it should stand, and as it is now printed, but the whole in one copy is assigned to Valerio, which confuses the sense of the scene.

Again, in the very last line of the Epilogue, in one copy is a parenthesis left blank, on which Steevens has truly observed, that it was probably intended to be supplied by the word *fools* to rhyme with “*stools*” in the preceding line. In other copies, however, this blank is omitted.

PAGE 113.

Eupolis and Cratinus.

Two Athenian Comic Poets, who flourished about 430 years before Christ.

PAGE 137.

*In any Rime, Masculine, Feminine,
Or Sdruciolla—*

The poet clearly means the rhyme called *Sdrucciolo*, or *slippery* by the Italians, which is thus described by Alberti : *Versi sdruciolati, quelli che dopo l'ultimo accento hanno piu sillabe brevi*. They are used by all the Italian poets for the sake of variety.

PAGE 140.

As mine owne wife I assure you Sir,

This line is doubtless the Notary’s answer to Valerio.

PAGE 186.

EPILOGUE TO ALL FOOLIES.

*We can but bring you meate, and set you stooles
And to our best cheere say, you all are () welcome.*

Steevens suggests that by the parenthetical marks printed be-

tween the last two words, the author designed the reader to supply a rhyme which he did not dare to set down. The judgment of a Lord Mayor's *fool* in all matters relative to good eating, was proverbial.

PAGE 187.

Monsieur D'Olive.

The scene of this play was evidently intended to be in one of the independent Dutchies, formerly bordering on France ; but it is not anywhere specified. "The introductory sketch of Monsieur D'Olive," says Hazlitt, "is the undoubted prototype of that light, flippant, gay, and infinitely delightful class of character of the professed men of wit and pleasure about town, which we have in such perfection in Wycherley and Congreve, both in the sentiments and in the style of writing."—*Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth.*

PAGE 189.

And be the onely Ring our powers should beate.

Beat seems here to be used in the language of sportsmen, who are said to *beat* the ground in quest of game.

PAGE 202.

one Cardicue of her bountie

i. e. Quart d'ecu.

PAGE 212.

*That liue in the Burdillo, now in Satten
To morrow next in Stammell.*

Stammel seems to have been a coarse and cheap kind of stuff of a pale red colour. So in the *Woman-Hater* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

" If't not a misery to see a handsome, young, fair enough, and well-mounted wench, humble herself in an old *stammel* petticoat ? "

PAGE 213.

D'OL. *What was the matter pray*

This question properly belongs to the Duke, to whom D'Olive replies in the next line.

“*Johannes de Sauo.*”

There was a *Johannes Savonarola*, a Paduan, who published in 1498 a work entitled *Practica canonicade febribus, de pulsi bus, de urinis, &c., &c.* This work seems to have passed through several Editions. A later issue bears the date of 1563. The contraction “*Cano. Sauo*” appears at the foot of each folio of the book. It must be to this author that Chapman alludes.

Quod successore nouo vincitur omnis Amor.

This verse will be found in the *Remedia Amoris* of Ovid, l. 462.

I can go in no corner, but I meete with some of my Whiffers in their accoutraments.

Whiffers, (French *viffleur*) were fifers who preceded armies or processions, or walked before persons of high station on occasions of ceremony. The term is borrowed from *whiffle*, another name for a fife or small flute. In process of time the term *whiffer* came to signify any person who went before in a procession.

the Goad, the Fulham, and the Stop-Kater-tre.

These were different sorts of false dice made use of by the sharpers and gamesters of the time. The *goads*, or gourds, are conjectured by Malone to have been dice in which a secret cavity had been made; and the *fulhams* are said by Douce to derive their names from Fulham, where they were chiefly made. One of the articles in Flowerdale's fictitious will in *The London Prodigal* is, “To my son, Mat. Flowerdale, I bequeath two bale of false dice—*videlicet*, high men, and low men, *fullomes, stop-cater trayes*, and other bones of function.”

the famous Schoole of England called Winchester, famous (I meane) for the Goose.

The swelling in the groin, a particular symptom in the *lues venerea* was called a “*Winchester goose.*” This cant term arose from the fact that the houses of ill fame in Southwark were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester. It occurs twice in

Shakespeare (*Troilus and Cress*, Act v., sc. 11; *K. Hen. vi.*, pt. 1, Act i., sc. 3.) Cotgrave in his French and English Dictionary explains the word *Poulain* as “a botch in the groine, a *Winchester Goose*.”

PAGE 233.

Hee's both a Setter and a Verser.

Common cant names at that time for notorious cheats. The “Setter” was one who watched and pointed out to his comrades the persons to be plundered.

PAGE 236.

Dido is dead, and wrapt in lead, &c.

An allusion to the eleventh Eclogue of Spenser :

“ Dido, my dear, alas ! is dead,
Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead.
O heavy hearse !
Let streaming tears be poured out in store ;
O careful verse !”

PAGE 240.

if she and her sad meany

*Be toward sleepe or sleeping, I will wake them
With orderly alarms.*

Meany, i.e., Household, people, or domestic servants, from *Mesnie* (Fr.) a family. So in “King Lear,” Act ii., sc. 4.

“ They summon’d up their meany, straight took horse.”

PAGE 243.

I never knew any good ath haire.

Of the hair, i.e., of the same kind or complexion : the word hair is used in this sense by Shakespeare (*Hen. IV. pt. 1, act iv. sc. 1.*) and by Fletcher (in *The Nice Valour*, act i. sc. 1).

PAGE 262.

The Gentleman Usher.

Date viam mihi, &c.

These are the opening lines of Act 2, scene 3, of the *Curculio* of Plautus. The correct reading is as follows :—

“ Date viam mihi, noti atque ignoti, dum ego hic officium meum Facio : fugite omnes, abite, et de via secedite :

Ne quem in cursu capite, aut cubito, aut pectore offendam, aut genu."

PAGE 264.

*I neede not erubescere, to take
So much upon me*

Sarpego seems to have Hudibras's habit of interlarding his speeches with scraps of Latin.

" English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin."

PAGE 288.

*or Italian dames
Be called the Bonerobes of the world.*

i.e., *Buonarobbas*. Florio, in his *World of Wordes* (1598), appends the following meaning to this word : "as we say, good stufte, a good wholesome plum-cheeked wench."

PAGE 302.

Gueuara's golden epistles.

A very popular Spanish collection that went through numerous editions in the sixteenth and in the earlier part of the seventeenth century ; and was translated into various languages. An English version "by G. Fenton," appeared in 1575.

PAGE 320.

gojh hat, whai's a Lady

Rather a Hebrew-sounding exclamation.

Ib.

How shay by that.

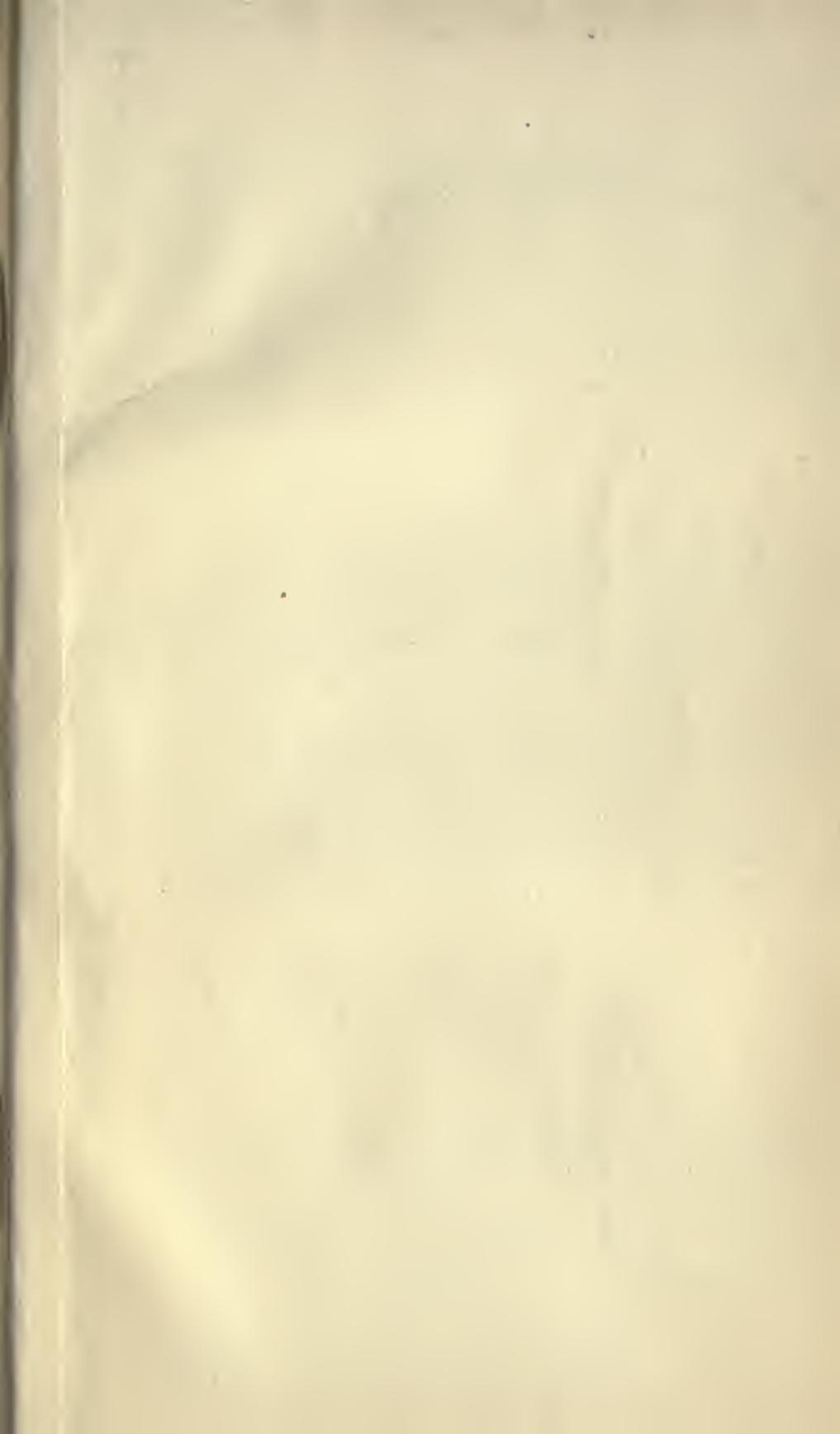
Jewish again !

PAGE 327.

Adelasia

*In Pettis Pallace of Petit pleasure,
For all the worlde; with such a Knife as this
Cut off her cheeks, and nose and was commended
More then all Dames that kept their faces whole.*

A Pettis Pallace of Pettie his pleasure (Lond. 1576, 1608) is the work referred to. In William Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (Lond. 1566, fol. 201) there is a story of "Alerane and Adelasia."



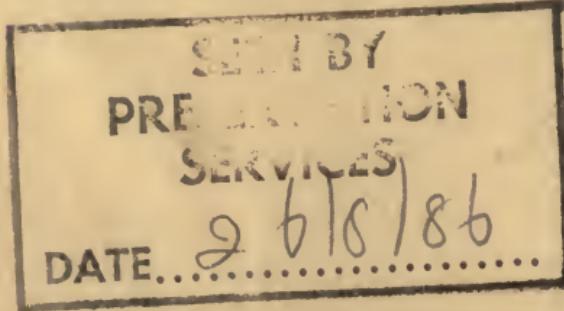


PR
2441
S5
1873
v.1

Chapman, George
The comedies and tragedi

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY



For use in
the Library
ONLY

